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Poetry.

"HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT WE TAKE."

O Heart, we will no longer question,
You and I,
Of all the strange perplexing things
that lie
About our destiny.

Saying, alas! we tarried here too long
To grasp our fate,
And there we failed in patient hope to wait,
The opening of a gate

That would have led to greener pastures
Where cool rivers flowed,
And golden sands upon their margin glowed,
And smooth the road,

Winding away among the sheltering trees,
Where perfumed breeze
Swept in from distant seas
With song of peace.

We might have shunned this pain,
For seeming gain,
Once being lost, came never back again
Through sun or rain.

Nay, Heart, but let us make,
Our refuge here,
He knoweth the way we take,
Through smile or tear,
In sunbright ways,
Or deserts lone and drear.

In His unerring hand
He holds the plan,
Which His Omniscience scanned,
Ere we began
This way or that to trend,
Toward the end.

Here resting let us make
Nor moan nor cry,
Though all the world go by,
Hushing all passionate pain
Because of the unattained,
For His most blessed sake,
Who knoweth the way we take.
—Emily B. Johnson, in The Chautauquan.

"LOVE IN A HAMMOCK."

Swinging slowly in a hammock
Hung beneath the old oak trees,
Whisp'ring softly to my darling,
And my words to her are these:

"Little darling, do you love me?
Give me one sweet answer true,
For my heart is overflowing
With the love it holds for you."

'And I yearn to tell the story,
Tho' 'tis old as Summer skies.
"Little darling, do you love me?
Just say yes and raise your eyes."

Blushing crimson as the roses,
With the dimples in her cheek,
"Little darling, do you love me?"
But in vain she tries to speak.

So I passed my arm around her,
And I told her not to fear.
"Little darling, do you love me?
Whisper softly in my ear."

With her hand upon my shoulder,
And her eyes upraised to mine,
"Little darling, do you love me?"
And she answered, "I am thine."
—Howard W. Boyden, in Washington Post.

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one beyond recall
Summer roses droop and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer sun and dew.

So in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in the bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to sun and dew;
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

Our Story Teller.

SENTENCE OF DEATH!

By H. E. CLARKE.

"Dearest Sydney—I must see you at once. I had another frightful scene with father this morning. He got into a terrible passion simply because I happened to mention your name in the most innocent way. He actually wanted to make me promise never to see you again. When I refused his rage was really awful. I am sure he is going mad. I have not been allowed to leave my bedroom all day. Isn't it too absurd? But I cannot endure this tyranny any longer. I have quite made up my mind to leave him. I shall go and live with Aunt Mary, who has often promised me a home. I must see you first, however, and this is my plan. All the fearful strain and worry about you with father has made me so irritable and uncertain tempered lately that he is sure there is something wrong with me, and I am to go to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock to see Dr. Keith Jefferies, the great nerve doctor. Father says he shall drive me there himself and call for me again in an hour. This is to make sure that I hold no communication with you. Did you ever hear anything so childish? It serves him right to hoist him with his own petard, so you must be in the doctor's waiting room at a little before 11, and then we can have three-quarters of an hour's quiet conversation. My maid, who is a very good girl, and who will accompany me to Aunt Mary's, is to post this. Yours ever,

SYLVIA BULPETT.

"P. S.—Keith-Jefferies address is No. — Harley street. Don't be late."

This was Sydney's first glimpse of the tragedy of life, in the shape of parental barbarism. It overcame him for a moment. "My poor Sylvia," he murmured. Then he pulled out his watch. Nine twenty-seven! He swallowed a cup of scalding coffee, without milk or sugar, and looked at his watch again. Nine twenty-eight! "The old brute!" he muttered, walking up and down the room. "I always said it would come to this. I should just like to——" Out came the watch once more. Nine twenty-nine! He seized his hat and rushed from the room.

The hat was a concession to custom, but the morning was warm. It was much too soon to go to her, so he ran three times round St. James' Park to quiet his nerves. Then he slackened his pace and fell to reviewing the position more calmly.

"After all, it's perhaps the best thing that could happen," was his conclusion. "Aunt Mary is not friendly with the old wretch. Aunt Mary will help me. We will be married from Aunt Mary's. I suppose I shall have to arrange this running away and it will be good fun, for old Bulpett would show fight if we came across him. He would gratify his blood-thirsty instincts and shoot me like a dog! What should I do? I could not strike her father!"

He proceeded to develop the situation in various ways, and succeeded in creating himself a very fine role, indeed, in which he should be the maiden's stavior from a brutal parent's rage, and at the same time spare the old man's gray hairs. At half past ten he hastened to the great doctor's and rang the bell. A man servant, presenting the usual combination of butler and undertaker, opened the door.

"Have you an appointment, sir?"

"No, I must take my chance."

"I am afraid you will have to wait some time, sir; there are already a good many here."

"It doesn't matter; I am in no hurry," replied Sydney, incoherently. He was shown into the waiting room, where a dozen or so of fellow creatures were collected. Most of them were young ladies, for Dr. Keith-Jefferies was a favorite with the sex, and they all had that air of dreary self-absorption peculiar to the self-centered invalid. They turned cold, listless glances upon the newcomer, and then resumed their reflections upon their own real or fancied ailments, masked by an unread Punch or a Nineteenth Century held before their faces.

"Oh, it is so very annoying," said one vivacious lady, obviously a malade imaginaire, "and it always happens. I forget all the mose serious symptoms the moment I get into the doctor's consulting room. This time I have written them all out upon a sheet of paper. Dear—dear! Which pocket did I——? Oh, how very unfortunate! I must have left it on my dressing table—I thought I must see it there. How extremely irritating!"

The door opened, and the undertaker crooked a ghostly finger in her direction. She arose and rustled out, giddily murmuring that it was really too provoking. And the others smiled bitterly, a smile which plainly said: "There's nothing the matter with the old goose, but she will keep Dr. Jefferies terrible time."

But in less than five minutes she reappeared, pale and tearful, with one hand pressed against her side, bleating to her astonished friend: "Oh, take me away, dear—take me away. Oh, it is dreadful, though I have always suspected it from the very first." A deeper gloom settled upon the remaining patients, and Sydney could not repres a glow of satisfaction as he reflected upon his own excellent health.

"SYDNEY HAD TAKEN A PIECE OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET, AND WAS TEARING IT INTO MINUTE PIECES."

Presently Sylvia glided in, looking the picture of health and spirits. She was very young, almost too young to be a martyr to the sorrows she described to Sydney, as they took possession of a remote window embrasure. She told him that she really could not bear it! Her resolution was unshaken. She had written to her Aunt Mary to expect her that night. Sydney must have a carriage at the garden gate at 9 o'clock in the evening, when she and her maid would be waiting. Her stern parent would by that time, she surmised, have dined "not wisely, but too well," and would be in no condition to detect their flight. They were then to drive to Paddington, and catch the last train for Exeter, where Aunt Mary lived.

So far Sylvia, who was a clear-headed managing young lady, had arranged, and her plan of campaign seemed to Sydney quite excellent. He promised readily to fulfill his share of the business, and then took occasion to urge that as he was both able and anxious to prepare a home for her, the sojourn of her aunt's need be only a temporary one.

Sylvia listened, reflected and shook her head. "One thing at once," said she wisely. "When I am safe at Aunt Mary's, there will be time to talk about the future. Don't forget 9 o'clock this evening. I depend upon you. Oh, I must go, the doctor is at liberty." And at the funereal beck of the undertaker she vanished.

Sydney was left in the waiting room, but his excitement and ecstasy were such that he could scarcely behave with sobriety. A golden future lay before him, his pulses throbbed as if to music, he dreamed rose colored dreams.

The undertaker coming to summon the dreamer to the doctor's presence, had to touch him on the shoulder before he took any notice, and even then he followed quite mechanically, muttering and smiling to himself in a quasi-idiotic way.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

A grave, clean shaved, keen looking man sitting at a desk was eyeing him with the closest observation; and it dawned upon him that he was in for a serious consultation—he who had never had a day's sickness in his life! He had intended to give the undertaker half a crown and to depart as he had come; but he had put it off till too late.

Here was a preposterous dilemma! The doctor, who seemed to be in a great hurry, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and sounded him with a stethoscope before he had in any way recovered his self command.

"What excuse shall I make?" Sydney asked himself meanwhile. "What excuse shall I make when he finds there is nothing the matter with me?"

To his surprise the doctor, having finished his examination, sat down at his desk to write a prescription, looking very grave indeed, and trying not to meet his patient's eye.

"Your heart is all wrong," he said gloomily. "You must be very careful. No excitement mind, no violent exertion! Light diet, chop, fish, weak brandy and water; no wine, no beer, no smoke. Take this three times a day and come to see me again in a week. I'm afraid it's all over with you. Good morning. Good morning."

Sydney was in the sunlit street again, and the tide of London life roared around as before. But to him everything was changed. He stood a stranger in a city he had never seen.

"Heart disease—I've got heart disease," he repeated to himself stupidly. "It's all over with me. He needn't have put it in that brutal way. Oh bosh! there must be some mistake; the man's an infernal charlatan. I'll take no notice of him." But a moment afterward he was painfully calling to memory every tone, every look, and weighing them with anxious deliberation. He could see nothing but the greatest concentration and seriousness in the doctor's demeanor—no trifling, no nonsense; he evidently knew what he was talking about and he had condemned a man to death; perhaps it was only the mistaken brusqueness of extreme sympathy!

"No excitement, no wine, no beer, no smoke, no nothing," he muttered. "Why, the thing's impossible—it's a nightmare. I shall wake soon. I was all right when I went into his accursed consulting room—or at least I thought I was."

And then he recollected having heard that people who had heart disease were often the last to know of their state, and he remembered, too, that he had been troubled more than once with a curious feeling in the left side. At that very moment a sharp pain went through him like a knife.

"The doctor is right enough," he muttered; "I'm very bad. I feel it now. I'll go and get his stuff made up at once. No excitement! If I get excited I suppose I shall fall down dead. But how am I to get over to-night without excitement? If I happen to die just as I am handing Sylvia into the carriage, there will be a frightful scandal. However, I must risk that. She must be taken out of the clutches of that old brute of a father of hers at all hazards. And then I must say good-bye to her forever—for it's clear that I can't marry her now with one foot, perhaps both feet, in the grave!"

He had his medicine made up and took a dose. But what could medicine do in a serious case like this? He was too far gone! He had no doubt it was only colored water—prescribed for the sake of soothing him, as if he were a child. But he would look the thing in the face, and set his house in order. He went to a livery stable and ordered a carriage to call for him at 8 o'clock in the evening. Then he posted off to his solicitor.

The lawyer was a personal friend. "My dear boy, I am glad to see you! Come and lunch with me at the club, and we'll go to Lord's afterward. But I say, you don't look very bright. Nothing wrong, I hope!"

"Can you make my will—now—directly—this very moment—right off—on the spot?"

"Most decidedly I can," replied the lawyer, becoming professional at once, and pulling a sheet of fair, white foolscap fro mhis desk. Then he looked hard at Sydney, whom three hours of mental misery had changed considerably.

"There's nothing wrong," blurted out Sydney, "but I want it out of the way, once for all. I should like to have it signed and finished by 2 o'clock, if possible."

"That is in two hours," remarked the lawyer, looking at his watch. "Yes, we can manage that, provided it isn't very long, and still go to Lord's after," and he began to write. "You're not going to die, old man, never fear; you'll cheat the devil yet a bit, and have many another lark with me."

The will was finished by 1:30, and deposited in the safe. They shook hands and Sydney said, wearily: "You'll excuse my not lunching with you today, won't you? I don't seem to have any appetite. And you'll excuse my silence, too, for the present. You'll know all there is to know pretty soon, I expect," and he sidled out of the door without looking back.

"I wonder what's up?" muttered the lawyer, as he went back to his desk. He certainly looks very ill. Some entanglement? Suicide? Nonsense! And what an odd will! Half his property goes to Sylvia Bulpett, who will have plenty of her own when that old curmudgeon of a father of hers dies. I shall know pretty soon, shall I? Poor old Cartright!"

"In the midst of life we are in death," muttered Sydney, as he strolled through Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the carefully regulated step of an invalid. He wished the sun would not shine so brightly and the children scream so loud. It affected his nerves; Sydney had nerves now! He wanted only to hide away and die in peace. Was there anything left to do? Stay! He thought it would be the proper thing to go or say goodby to his elder brother, whom he theoretically hated, but who was the only near relation he possessed. To his brother's grim offices in East India avenue Sydney now slowly betook himself.

"I'm 'fey'" he thought with a wan smile. "He'll think I've come to beg of him!"

The prosperous merchant was engaged, but would be at liberty in a few minutes; Sydney sat in the outer office watching the half dozen busy clerks. Not seldom he had blessed his stars that he was not a clerk; at this moment he would have changed places gladly with the very junior, who was copying letters, and solacing himself meantime with a surreptitious acid drop. He had at least a future.

Suddenly the door opened and the merchant came forward.

"Very sorry, Syd," he remarked. "The fact is I've got three or four men in my room wrangling over some syndicate business, and they may be ever so long."

"It doesn't matter in the least," exclaimed Sydney, much relieved. "I had really nothing to say. I only called, as I was going by, to ask how you were."

The merchant stared. He was not used to these little attentions.

"I may be going for a journey, a longish journey, before long. I don't know yet," remarked Sydney.

"Rather sudden, eh?" replied his brother. "Where are you going?"

"That's just what isn't settled yet," observed Sydney with a faint smile. "Nothing is decided. But you needn't be surprised if you hear I—I'm gone I may have to go all in a minute at last. Remember me at home, will you? There's a sovereign I've been going to give to little Sydney for the last two months—do you mind taking it? Goodby."

He rushed away, feeling he had made an ass of himself. But soon they would know the reason of his altered demeanor, and make allowances for him. He returned to his chambers. "His" chambers! He had just taken them on for another year. A month would probably have been quite long enough.

He heaved a sigh, and looked mechanically in the box for letters. There was the brown envelope of a telegram, and his heart beat wildly, dangerously, ominously. He must really cultivate calmness.

"Everything changed. Cancel all arrangements. Come at once to Sylvia."

The room swam round him, and the windows waltzed madly for a few seconds. Then, instead of dying, as he expected, he found himself pretty well.

What had happened to change everything? Was Sylvia's father dead? Had he relented? Had she met with an accident. The thought of this last possibility had made his heart beat dangerously again. In half a minute, quite forgetful of heart disease, he was driving as fast as a hansom could take him toward Mr. Bulpett's house in Hampstead.

There, all was commotion; the very footman who opened the door was in tears. "Old Bulpett's not dead, then," was Sydney's immediate deduction.

"Who is dead?" asked Sydney of a blubbering maid servant. "Neither of them, yet, sir!" replied she, and so hardened was Sydney to mortuary reflections that her remark seemed quite natural. "Here comes poor master."

Sydney's heart jumped—as it always did at sight of his tyrant.

"Forgive me, my boy, I've done you injustice," sobbed the old gentleman. "It was all pride—all infernal pride. I'm a dying man, and I beg you to forgive me."

"Where is Sylvia? Is she well?" exclaimed Sydney.

Bulpett burst into tears. "She's very ill—very ill—dying, too, we are afraid," he exclaimed, 'and that's why I want you to forgive me. I never really disliked you. I'd rather have seen her marry you than anybody else. But you were too independent—and I meant to have you on your knees before I—but there, what does it all matter now?"

"Ill?" gasped Sydney, "since when? What has happened?"

Mr. Bulpett drew him into a reception room, and then, mastering his grief somewhat, poured out his tale.

"She went to see a great doctor this morning, for what she thought a mere nervous ailment, and I allowed myself to be examined, too, as I was there. My boy, I have not a year to live!"

"And Sylvia?" cried Sydney, impatiently.

"Sylvia! Oh, Sylvia is in the last stages of consumption, and cannot last six months—half a lung. You have come to a house of mourning, indeed!"

It was as well that old Bulpett should mourn for himself—nobody else would, but Sylvia, the bright—the beautiful—

Sydney sank back upon a sofa, and buried his face in his hands; he was incapable of thought, and he felt nothing but a burning desire to see her again—to be with her, if only for a moment.

"May I—can I—will she?" he began, confusedly, but he was interrupted by an imperious peal at the bell.

"Here he is at last," cried the agonized father. "I sent for our little local doctor—Dr. Eliot—directly we got home, but he was out. I have been expecting him these two hours."

The little local doctor at this moment stepped briskly into the room.

"Your message was urgent," he said to Mr. Bulpett; "I am sorry I have been delayed so long, but I was called away to a most extraordinary case. My distinguished confrere, Dr. Keith-Jefferies, was brought home from Harley street a couple of hours ago, having attempted to commit suicide in a sudden access of mania. He has been very odd for some time; it appears that he has been sentencing all his patients to death for days!"

"Keith-Jefferies?" exclaimed Mr. Bulpett to the doctor's boundless astonishment, why, that's the very man! Mad? Why, that explains everything! Doctor, that fellow has nearly frightened us all out of our wits. Look at me, doctor; do I look like a man in the last stages of disease? I shall live to——"

"Plague every one yet," subjoined the little local doctor, who knew him of old, as he was led to see Sylvia up stairs, where she was sitting crying, her pretty head buried in her knees, rocking to and fro.

Sydney had taken a piece of paper from his pocket and was tearing it into minute pieces. It was the prescription which had cost him a couple of guineas a few hours before.

There was a brief interval, and then the door slowly opened, and Sylvia stole into the room, half laughing, half crying. "I have come to tell you, darling, that Dr. Eliot says there is nothing whatever the matter with either me—or papa," she cried, and then, starting back: "Why, Sydney, you look ten years older than when I saw you this morning, and I declare your hair has turned gray. And all on my account! My poor darling!"—Black and White.

DISGUISED AS A WAITING MAID.

A Young Woman Has a Queer Experience in Tennyson's Household.

Some of the difficulties of living up to a disguise are illustrated in an old story recently printed in Blackwood's Magazine. It is part of a lady's journal kept in the year 1839, and tells her experience in visiting the Tennyson family in the guise of a lady's maid. Her friend, Mrs. Neville, who was invited to make the visit, could not afford a maid or nurse for her little girl, so the young woman volunteered to to act in that capacity, under the name of "Marion Langlais." They both belonged to the same literary club, which included Mary and Emily Tennyson, but as she had never met them she considered herself safe from suspicion. She arranged her pretty tresses under a coarse black wig, and quite transformed herself into a conventional lady's maid.

As soon as they arrived at the poet's house her troubles began. She was expected to sleep with the housemaid, and aside from her unwelcome company she found it awkward to dispose of her black wig and had to wait for the wondering girl to fall asleep before she could settle herself for the night. After a few days she was called upon to appear in the dining room as waitress, and had her first glimpse of the poet. Her journal says: "I was to wait at table, and my heart beat so fast as I went in that I could hear nothing else for a few minutes, for on entering the room I saw Alfred Tennyson at last! And Frederick, Horatio, Emily, Mary, and the mother. Was it a delusion that I stood there behind them, changing their plates, helping them, and they so little dreaming of my identity with the servant 'Marion'? Was I asleep when the maid of all work thrust a handful of dirty forks into my hands and bid me 'Cut and wash 'em quick and bring 'em up'? I did do all this many times before dinner was over, and though I did it very well, my hand shook so the first time I took Alfred Tennyson's plate that I thought it mst be seen. The romance of the affair rushed over me."

The poet began to observe her very closely after this, and she became so nervous that she nearly forgot her part. One day as she was passing the open door of his room, where he lay smoking and reading, he called her in and asked her to bring him a book from down stairs. He attempted to describe it, but it was a German work and he thought she could not read it. "I know," she said, and quickly went down and brought it to him. "So you understand German," he said, and she gave an evasive reply and left the room. That evening at dinner Tennyson could not draw a cork from a beer bottle, and after every one had tried and failed he said to Mrs. Neville: "Where is your Marion, she can do it; she can do everything, from reading German to waiting at table. Let her try." Marion came, and, amid a chorus of apologies and explanations, she drew the cork. Another day at dinner she was summoned to the table for some trivial reason, and it was found out afterward that it was to settle a dispute about the color of her eyes. Eventually her identity was revealed, and the family took the trick all in good part.

Letting Him Down Easy.

Mr. Oldbeau—"I admit that there is—er—some difference in our ages, but think of the advantages of such a wealthy alliance.'

Miss Youngthing—"It cannot be, Mr. Oldbeau, but I will always be a granddaughter to you."—New York Weekly.

Miscellany.

KISMET.

I tossed her picture on the coals
Against the black log growing red,
And snaky flames, Medusa-like,
Coiled and uncoiled about her head;
And lo! the insensate cardboard lived—
The fire had set its spirit free,
And lovingly her fair white arms
Rose up to clasp and cling to me.

And when the picture blackened lay,
Upon its film a profile true
Unrolled in hazy silhouette,
Then darted up the chimney's flue;
And where above the ashes gray,
A blue flame bubble seems to float,
I straighway saw her face again,
A bunch of violets at her throat.

O, never more may I be freed
From this her presense; 'tis too late,
"Bismillah!" so the Moslem cries,
And I, the Christian echo: "Fate!"
I raze her image from my heart,
I put away her voice; and she—
Comes back to where our pathways met
And walks the journey's end with me.
—Ernest McGaffey.

POISON OF SOCRATES.

The Deadly Root That Recently Killed Five Boys at Tarrytown.

A piece of the root which killed five schoolboys at Tarrytown, N. Y., the other day has been sent to Dr. Nathaniel L. Britton, professor of botany in Columbia College, and to Dr. Henry H. Rusby, professor of botany in the College of Pharmacy, and both pronounce it the water hemlock, one of the deadliest poisons known.

"Its conformation, its color and, in fact, everything connected with it indicates that it is the water hemlock," said Dr. Britton. "Its scientific name is the Cicuta immaculata. It belongs to the carrot family, and puts up an herb four or five feet in height. The roots lie near the surface of the earth and are thrown out in a horizontal direction. It is plentiful in all the Eastern states, but disappears before cultivation of the soil. It is an extremely deadly poison.

"This plant, though with some variation in character, is also plentiful in Europe, and poisons of commerce are made from it there. Its scientific name there is Conaium immaculati. It is this root, or the extract of it, which caused the death of Socrates, according to Greek history."

Dr. Britton then read from Bigelow's "Medical Botany" a history of some cases of hemlock poisoning in this country. In such instances the symptoms were precisely the same as those shown by the children poisoned near Tarrytown. There was the same distortion of the eyes, the patients turned

ROOT OF THE WATER HEMLOCK.

blue around the eyes, mouth and ears and the tetanic convulsions followed. Death usually followed very soon after eating the hemlock.

Dr. Britton also showed from his own collection some specimens of the water hemlock, and in appearance they correspond exactly with the piece brought from Tarrytown.

Dr. Rusby fully agreed with all that Dr. Britton said, and he added:

"There is a whole wilderness of the water hemlock around New York. The salt marshes between there and Newark are covered with it. This herb has a white flower, and later in the summer the marshes are white with it. It is also abundant along the Hudson, and it might be well for people to remember this, for it is a very strong poison indeed. There have been cases before in this country in which children have been killed through carelessly eating it."

The poisonous root which caused the death of the boys acted with astonishing quickness. It was deadlier than strychnine, and the doctors and druggists of Tarrytown were unable to determine its nature. The root is a little larger around than an ordinary lead-pencil and is covered with a light-colored, thin bark. The fiber is woody, but is hollow like a reed and is filled with pith somewhat like that of an elder-bush. It was the bark with a small portion of the woody fiber which the boys ate. Eleven boys divided the bark on a piece only about five inches long, yet it was sufficient to kill five and make six others very sick. It is a curious fact that the poison seems to have left no ill effects on the convalescent boys. Once out of danger, they were almost as well as ever.

A BUSINESS-LIKE WIFE.

She Objects to an Insignificant Husband's Interruptions.

Mr. N. (meekly handing cup)—Olivia, dear, I'd like my chocolate, please, when you've finished—

Mrs. N. (from behind rent roll report)—Wait a moment, until I add these figures. Let's see—three hundred and forty-seven and four make—I wish you hadn't interrupted me, James! Can't you see, I'm busy with my agent's statement? (Witheringly.) I quite envy the repose you have, not being in business, but please enjoy it in silence. (Resumes addition.)

Mr. N. (after lapse of five minutes)—My dear, if you'll give me about half a cup of chocolate, I'll be off to meet—

Mrs. N. (engrossed in stock market)—"At the closing hour it was rumored that the Q. B. & C. had declared—" James, when are you going to learn not to interrupt traffic—my reading, I mean? You are always insisting on a dividend—er your chocolate—see how nervous you make me—claiming an engagement when your whole time is occupied in spending the allowances I make you. (Mrs. N. breaks wrapper of weekly trade review, and finds it highly palatable; Mr. N. breaks French roll, and finds it rather dry.)

Mr. N. (plaintively)—Really, Olivia, if it occupies so much time, a quarter of a cup might answer.

Mrs. N. (perusing banking and financial column)—"In accordance with a previous circular, Beenthere, Often & Co., bankers, beg to announce"——(hands husband page of newspaper.) "There it is now, do be quiet. (Resuming.) "That the gold bearing bonds of the Indian Specific Railroad company will be sold to——" James Newbond! Did I marry you to hear you perform on my china? Now, here is the report on the reorganization of the Spreading Terminal, from which you can learn something. (Treats husband to extended financial essay, during which he comes to a decision.)

Mr. N. (soliloquizing)—It's against her rule, but I'll risk it. (Tiptoes to chocolate urn, secures, without detection, two teaspoonfuls and retires fortified for appointment at forthcoming dog sale.)

Mrs. N. (regretfully abandoning papers and resuming domestic cares)—James!

He's gone. It's well he's married a wife who provides for him, otherwise he'd have to begin the day with a slim breakfast. I think I'll have some chocolate. Cold! That's what I pay servants for, I suppose. I'll speedily disabuse them, if they think I'm as inattentive to such matters as James!—Truth.

Pleasant Dreams.

"My wife has persuaded me to go to church with her Sunday."

"Pleasant dreams, old man."—Life.

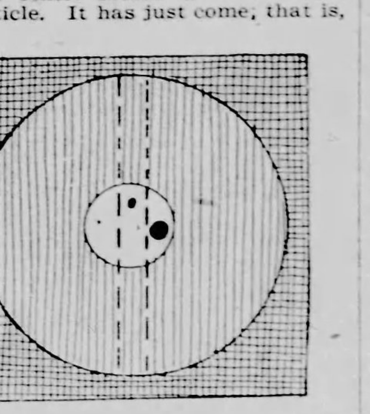
TWO COMETS IN SIGHT.

One of Them Plainly to be Observed Through an Opera Glass.

Folks who own telescopes or who have the use of telescopes that other folks own are just now studying two comets. One of them can be seen with the unaided eye, if the observer knows where to seek it. With the help of the opera glass it is very plain. This is Gale's comet.

The other is Temple's comet. It is so faint that it can barely be seen with the most powerful telescope. It is entirely too far away for practical use during the coming campaign.

Gale's comet seems to be a brand new article. It has just come; that is,



GALE'S COMET.

it came about a month ago. Astronomer Gale, in Australia, saw it first. Therefore, it is his. It is scooting along so fast, however, that it threatens to get away from him. It is now flying away from the sun, sailing rapidly into the distant nowhere, and is growing fainter. From a hundred observatories, all around the world, astronomers are watching this comet. They are trying to figure out its orbit, and from that the time of its periodical return.

The cut shows where Gale's comet is between 8 and 9 o'clock this evening. This cut, to give a proper idea of the situation of the stars and the comet, should be held almost over the head, but a little toward the southwest. The section of cheese in the southeast corner is the moon. A short distance northwest of the moon is the cluster of six stars called the sickle. Its handle points toward the moon. Immediately north of the sickle's blade is the comet—or it ought to be there—looking almost like a seventh star in the group. This sickle is a cluster in the constellation of Leo.

The comet is a small, bright spot surrounded by a faint halo which astronomers call a coma. It may have had a tail once and lost it, having passed beyond the tadpole stage of its life. Or it may be that the whole concern has just been made. In that case its tail has not yet sprouted. It is perfectly proper to theorize about comets. The natural history of comets consists mainly of assorted theories.

The other comet was named for Sir Richard Temple, who has been dead nearly 30 years. It was last seen in 1866, and for several weeks inquisitive astronomers have been poking around in the sky watching for its reappearance.

Prof. John A. Brashear on Saturday received notice from Harvard Observatory that Temple's comet had been rediscovered that morning. Such notices were sent to all observatories that astronomers might begin to make figures on its location and movements with a view to establishing more accurately the size of its orbit.

WHY THEY LAUGHED.

The Woman Who Lost a Dime in a Street Car.

The Van Buren car jogged along at its usual go-easy pace yesterday morning, says an observant Chicago Inter-Ocean reporter.

The car was comfortably filled.

The conductor, with the dark, villainous-looking mustache, was in his gruffest humor. Otherwise there was nothing to disturb the equanimity of this household on wheels.

Finally a poor woman, decidedly inclined toward embonpoint and carrying a large basket, motioned the conductor. There was a ting of the bell, a shuffle through the door and one occupant less in the car.

But she had left a reminder of her trip. A bright new dime had fallen from her handkerchief—the purse of poverty—and lay glistening in one of the interstices of the floor.

The conductor pretended that he did not see it. But he knew his business.

One of the passengers—a long, lean individual—moved his fingers nervously as though he would like to transfer the coin to his inside pocket.

The fat man next to him—a lean man is invariably wedged beside a corpulent man in the street car—gave at intervals a glance from behind his paper and then bestowed two glances at the coin, so near and yet so far.

The woman opposite spent most of the time watching the coin, occasionally glancing around as if mentally debating whether there would be an insurrection if she—the only woman in proximity—claimed the coveted coin.

Two young, giddy maidens indulged in one interrupted conference on the subject, and spoke of the possibility of two glasses of 5-cent soda water.

And the conductor looked stoically through the front door. But he knew his business.

Finally Franklin street was announced. A boy about 10 years of age, who had been sitting in the other end of the car, apparently oblivious to the commotion near the door, arose. He looked innocent enough. With a careless stride he reached the door just as the car stopped. There was a look of triumph on his face as he suddenly swooped down and with a bent hairpin successfully extracted the dime. It was a caution the way he made his escape. And the parting smile and wave of the hand from the curbstone was worth a dime in itself.

It was worth several dimes to note the sudden reanimation of the conductor. An almost inarticulate murmur—not a Sunday school word—came from under the dark mustache.

The lean, the fat man, the inquisitive-looking woman, and the giddy school girls "never smiled again"—during the trip.

But all the other passengers laughed.

OUT ON BAIL.

She Wanted Elephant Braid.

She was a chipper little damsel and evidently deeply impressed by her own stock of information on all subjects. All the idle clerks surveyed her as she tripped up to the trimming counter and said:

"I want to see some elephant braid—the widest you have."

"Elephant braid?" repeated the shop-girl, running her lead pencil through her bangs. "I don't think we have any."

"Oh, yes, you have," insisted the shopper, "for a friend of mine got some here yesterday."

"Well," the clerk asserted, taking down a large box and looking into it, "We have tiger-eye buttons, lizard pocket-books and alligator belts, but I never heard of elephant braid. Here's some Hercules braid; won't that do?"

"That's what I want," ejaculated the damsel. "Hercules braid. I thought 'elephant' did not sound right, but I knew it was something strong!"—New York World.

All the Marks.

Mother—This telegram is from Charlie, saying that he has been injured in a railroad wreck. One ear, a piece of his nose, and three fingers are missing.

Sister—How perfectly lovely!

Mother—Lovely?

Sister—Now every one will take him for a college graduate.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Humor.

SOME TEXAS STORIES.

Characteristic of Life in Parts of the Lone Star State.

Senator Perry J. Lewis, who represents the "Free State of Bexar" in the Texas house of lords, tells a story on Congressman Joe Bailey, for which, however, he quotes Senator A. M. Carter, of Forth Worth, as authority.

"One day," said Lewis, "Carter and Joe Bailey were standing on the street when they saw approaching them a darky mounted on a frisky and spirited horse, whose fine appearance caught the fancy of Carter, who is a lover of fine horseflesh. Carter hailed the darky and remarked:

"That's a pretty spirited animal you are riding, old man; is he a good runner?"

"'Well, no, sah, he isn't much of a runnin' hoss,' replied the rider.

"'Oh, then, he is a good trotter, I suppose,' remarked Carter.

"'No, sah, he ain't no trotter, neither,' said Scipio Africanus.

"'Oh, I see,' ejaculated Carter, 'he is a number-one pacer.'

"'No, sah, dis hoss ain't no trotter, nor he ain't no racer, needer.'

"'Well, what is he fit for, anyhow?' asked Carter.

"'Just ter prance aroun' an' look fine, boss,' replied the darky, 'an' dat's why I has outen a compliment named him arter Marse Joe Bailey, dar.'"

Judge W. W. Walling, who has been holding court out in the late Judge Marr's old district under a special appointment by the Governor, tells a characteristic story of Marr. The latter, though a stickler for the dignity of the bench, was a great pipe smoker, and allowed the attorneys the privilege of smoking in court. On one occasion he was trying a murder case at Carrizo Springs, in which there was much suppressed excitement and so much bad feeling that it was feared trouble might break out at any moment. Late one afternoon, while the opposing counsel were arguing the case and the feelings of the spectators were wrought up to the highest pitch a solid old citizen sitting just under the judge's stand deliberately filled his pipe, and with a graceful sweep of his arm drew a parlor match across his jeans pants leg in such a fashion as to light it with a loud, sharp crack. The court and jury were startled, and everybody looked around in a startled manner, as if expecting a general fusillade to follow, whereupon Marr quickly apprehended the situation, and rebuked the pipe smoker about as follows:

"Gentlemen, the court tolerates smoking in the court room. In fact, the court smokes itself, but it must draw the line at gentlemen lighting their pipes with their six-shooters."

A gentleman from Rio Grande City was in San Antonio a few days ago, and in conversation with the News correspondent about the Starr county drouth sufferers, said:

"We have not made a great success collecting funds for relief purposes. Judge J. W. Munroe of our town was sent out as a committee of one to solicit aid. We now realize that we made a great mistake in selecting him, not that he lacked the zeal, but for other reasons. He weighs over 200 pounds and is probably the best fed man on the Rio Grande border, and when people looked at him and heard his little story about people starving in his country, they just gave him the laugh. After canvassing a week without raising a cent, we called him in and sent out another man whose appearance did not belie his words."

Many amusing stories are told of Roy Bean, the famous justice of the peace at Langtry. He is a unique type of a rough frontiersman, with good, hard sense, and there is no red tape about the justice he deals out. On one occasion he was called to hold an inquest on a dead man at Pointed Cave. Getting the witnesses together, he said to them: "Stand up, —— —— you, and be sworn." They stood up, and this was the oath he administered to them:

"You solemnly swear that the testimony in this case, in which the state of Texas is plaintiff and the dead fellow here is defendant, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. Sit down, —— you."

On another occasion he was examining a witness who had a cigarette in his mouth, and one of the bystanders called the justice's attention to that fact.

"I don't see why he can't lie just as well with a cigarette in his mouth as out of it," replied Judge Bean, as he continued the questioning.

He was called once to hold an inquest over a man found dead. Among the effects of the deceased were $52 and a six-shooter. As funerals were cheap at Langtry in those days and there was more than enough money on the body to bury it, the question of what disposition to make of the funds was soon solved by the justice fining the deceased for carrying concealed weapons the sum remaining after the interment had been paid for.

Judge Charles Merritt Barnes, the local justice who made himself famous by overruling the Supreme Court and deciding the Sunday law unconstitutional, is a jolly good fellow, and for years before his elevation to the wool sack was a local reporter. His first case was a minor civil suit furiously contested by the opposing counsel, and, after listening patiently to all the lawyers had to say, he turned to the jury and charged them:

"Gentlemen of the jury: You have heard the argument of the counsel for the plaintiff; if you believe what he says you will find a verdict for the plaintiff. You have heard the argument for the defendant; if you believe what he says you will find a verdict for the defendant. But, if you believe as I do, I'll be blowed if I know what your verdict will be. Take the case."—Galveston Daily News.

In Its Native State.

The family was discussing the use of cotton in rheumatism, when the teacher, who boarded with them, spoke up:

"Yes, cotton is very effectual if you bind the limb with it. And they say the cotton just as it is sheared from the sheep is best."

She does not know yet why a smile went around the table.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Her Treat.

Wife—Now, deary, I made you these nice tarts with my owney, owney hands—and they are filled with something you are very, very fond of. I'm just crazy to see you eat one.

Husband (eying the tarts cautiously)—How good of you, darling!—and what are these lovely tarts filled with?

Wife (in great triumph)—Tobacco sauce!—Puck.

Had Studied His Tastes.

Miss Brightlie—Oh, Mr. Search, there's a young lady here to-night I know you will like.

Mr. Search—I feel extremely flattered to find that you have made such a close study of my tastes. Please describe her.

Miss Brightlie—She's worth a million.—New York Weekly.

Unlooked For.

He—There's one thing I'm glad of. If anything should happen to me my wife's father would always take care of her.

She—But suppose something should happen to your wife's father?—Judge.

An Angelic Creature.

Bilson—"Jimson seems to be devoted to his wife."

Timson—"No wonder. She is the most angelic creature I ever saw. Why, I believe she could even keep a girl."—New York Weekly.

HIS FIRST NIGHT IN A HOTEL.

This Customer Kept the Clerk and Bell-Boy Busy.

A night clerk at one of the principal hotels of the city had a customer the other night, says the Indianapolis Sentinel.

He ambled into the hotel with the uncertain gait and hesitating manner of a man who is conscious of the fact that he has turned up the wrong road, carrying in his hand a new valise that looked as though it had been given a coat of hog lard before driving to the station.

He saw the clerk at about the same moment that he was discovered, and stopped as though caught stealing a ham from his jinin' neighbor's smoke house. He began stroking his chin whiskers, and looked up to see where the roof was.

"Good evening, sir," nodded the clerk pleasantly.

"Howdy?" asked the new arrival. Just then his eye located the ceiling and he held it transfixed as though fearful of losing it, while the top of his head, from the chin up, was stretched back until it was on a line with his spinal column. "How's folks?"

"Why, pretty well, thank you," replied the clerk. "Your folks well?"

The upturned eyes slowly followed the lines of the decorated ceiling, the body turning in unison until the stranger's back was revealed. What there was visible seemed to have been used some.

"Right peart," was the slow and almost strangled answer, "'cept Mandy, she's ailin' ag'in. Ike hain't had no fit since corn cuttin'."

The ceiling having been duly digested, the eyes slowly returned to the horizon and then sank to the oil-cloth valise. That seemed to remind him.

"What'll I do with my trunk?"

"You might set it down on the floor, unless you would prefer holding it the rest of the evening—some do one and some do the other," returned the clerk.

"Thought this was a tavern," and the stranger started to retreat.

"It is."

"Haint it an opery house?"

"No, it's a ho—I mean tavern."

"Don't see no beds."

"They're up there above the roof. Do you want to register?"

"'Way up thar!" and again the upper part of the face receded from the chin.

"Do you want to register?"

"Uhuh! where'll I go?"

"Guess you don't understand. I asked you if you wanted to register?"

"I told you. Want to stay all night, too. Which way is it?"

The clerk got him up-stairs after a half-hour's hard work, and drew a breath of relief. "Well, there is the worst I ever see," was his mental comment.

Fifteen minutes later he heard a shout from the upper regions of the house, and sent a bell-boy up on the double quick to see what the trouble was. The boy reappeared in a moment with the stranger. In his hand was his "trunk."

"Say, young feller, kin you hang this up some place where the pesky rats can't get at it?"

"Certainly. What have you in it?"

"Shelled corn for seed."

The heavy valise was stowed away, and a bell-boy started with him in tow. At the bottom of the stairway he stopped.

"'Sposin' there's a fire in the tavern—then whar be I?"

"We'll let you know if there is."

"'Sposin' I git burned up. Then who'll do the chores to-morrer?"

"You won't burn," assured the clerk.

He seemed relieved. "Sure?"

"I know it," gasped the clerk.

This satisfied him, and he departed. The bell-boy waited till he had climbed into bed, turned the light out, locked him in, and a few minutes later his slumber sounded like a weather signal.

SHEAR NONSENSE.

There was an intense silence around Mrs. Hashem's table while the chicken was being served. It was broken by the girl with fluffy white hair, who whispered to the one with dark glasses:

"Billy Bliven has paid his board 1 1 at last."

"How do you know?"

"He got a piece of white meat instead of the wing and neck, as usual."—Washington Star.

Willie (excitedly)—Grandpa, I've been selected to read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth, and—

Grandpa—My son, I don't believe I'd do it—

"Why-e-e?"

"It don't look's though that thing was quite settled yet!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bookson—Have you read "A Costly Freak?"

Poorley—No; I've done it, got married.—Detroit Free Press.

The new moon is to the ambitious young graduate a hero, to the grocer a meagre cut of green cheese, and to the belated poultry hunter a slice of ripe melon.—Dallas News.

"Papa," said little Katie, "do you know how high those clouds are?"

"No, child," answered the father, with an indulgent smile.

"Well," said Katie, regarding them with critical eye, "I do. They're cirrus clouds, and they're about three miles and a half high. You didn't have very good schools when you were little, did you, papa?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Difficult Task.

Tramp—"You has purty easy times—nuthin' to do but stand here sellin' lead pencils."

Pencil Pedler—"Think it's easy, do yeh? Don't you know people won't buy pencils of a feller on th' street unless he looks starved an' dejected an' despairin'?"

"That's easy."

"'Taint easy to look that way right along, w'en y'r rakin' in $4 a day."—New York Weekly.

Another Engagement Broken.

He—"I love you more than you love me."

She—"No you don't. I love you more than you love me."

He—"No you don't, I do."

She—"No you don't, I do."

He—"Mary!"

She—"John!"

He—"Miss Smith!!"

She—"Mr. Jones!!!"—Truth.

An Option.

"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?"

"I don't know, Charles," she replied, coyly.

"Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks's until 10 o'clock. If I don't hear from you by 10 I'm going to ask her."—Harper's Bazar.

A Monocular Chappie.

"You'll have to wear spectacles," said the doctor.

"I'd prefer a monocle," said Chappie.

"But both of your eyes are affected," observed the doctor.

"Then I shall wear two monocles," said Chappie.—Life.

Fate Kept Them Apart.

First Bunco Man—It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that.

Second Bunco Man—What is it?

First Bunco Man—A guest at the Hotel Tapioca was found suffocated yesterday morning. He had blown out the gas.—Puck.

An Unfailing Supply.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Binks, "the oil is all gone, and we can't light our lamps."

"Give me a tin pail," said Binks. "I'll go out and stand under the elevated railroad and get you some in a minute."—Life.

Untranslatable.

He—A letter from her is a liberal education.

She—Indeed!

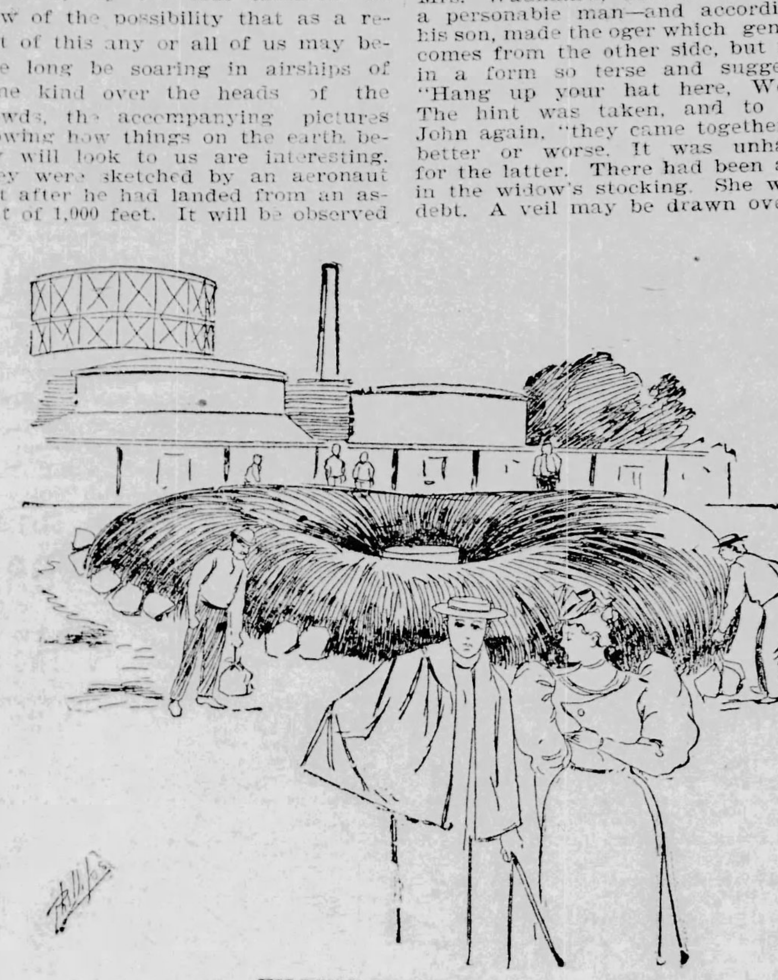
He—Yes; her handwriting is all Greek to me.—Truth.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF US

HOW THINGS LOOK TO A BALLOONIST 1,000 FEET IN THE AIR.

Preparing Against Falls—Aeronauts Examine Their Machines Carefully Before Going Up.

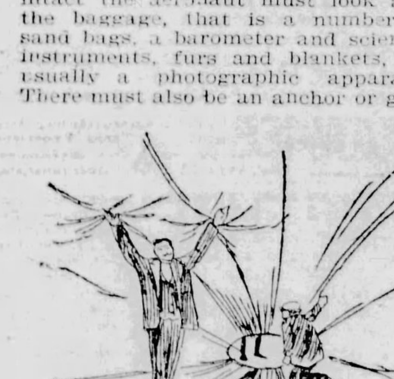
"Up in a balloon boys" is a refrain that is being sung more and more frequently by men of science. That is, the idea of practical aerial navigation is being given up by the cranks and taken up by the real thinkers. In view of the possibility that as a result of this any or all of us may before long be soaring in airships of some kind over the heads of the crowds, the accompanying pictures showing how things on the earth below will look to us are interesting. They were sketched by an aeronaut just after he had landed from an ascent of 1,000 feet. It will be observed that the shadow is more conspicuous than the substance.



FILLING THE BALOON.

Other interesting sketches made by this gentleman show balloons in various stages of construction. Pongee silk is the material used in all first-class balloons. It must be strong and entirely flawless. After proper measurements the different widths of silk are pieced together by hand and with silk thread. In addition strips of silk are pasted over the seams to prevent an escape of gas by occasional slips of the needle. No aeronaut trusts himself in a balloon whose interior he has not himself inspected. A cautious man will have the balloon laid out for him on the grass previous to its being filled and walk inside to test the firmness of the material and see that the seams are all properly covered up, for, after all, the principal thing is to keep the gas in. The French government, it is understood, is now experimenting with a balloon constructed of aluminum as thin as paper. This ought to be a hint to American inventors, who, strange to say, are credited by Europeans with having discovered the first practical method of manufacturing that light metal.

When the balloon and car are found intact the aeronaut must look after the baggage, that is a number of sand bags, a barometer and scientific instruments, furs and blankets, and usually a photographic apparatus. There must also be an anchor or grappling iron at the end of a long rope for fastening the balloon at its descent. The sand bags are necessary to lighten the balloon, and aid it in ascending. If the aeronaut wants to return to terra firma, he pulls the valve rope, by which process the buoyant material is lessened. The furs and blankets are very necessary on account of the great cold prevailing in the upper regions.



ON THE INSIDE OF THE BALLOON.

DICKENS AND THE WELLERS.

Where He Found the Prototypes of Two Famous Characters.

It is surprising how little fear of the law of libel Dickens had before his eyes, says the London Globe. From the recent correspondence in the "Athenaeum" on the subject of his Yorkshire visit, it is clear that he started with the intention of investigating the condition of certain schools which had attained an unenviable notoriety, that he selected the village of Bowes as the field of his operations, that he was admitted to one school only out of the five in the neighborhood, and that he then proceeded to depict its general features in Dotheboys hall. The statement of a correspondent that the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby" led to the breaking up of that school, and to the ruin of the schoolmaster, remains uncontradicted. After this exploit, the novelist's use of the name of Mr. Humphrey or Humphreys, the clockmaker of Barnard Castle, whose acquaintance he made in the smoking room of the King's Arms, and in whose company he visited the Bowes school, was a milder and less dangerous enterprise. But it is a further illustration of his audacity in laying on local color.

His progress, indeed, was like the enchanted chamber of Britomart. "Where as she look'd about, she did behold how over that same door was likewise writ 'Be bold, be bold,' and everywhere 'Be bold.'" In the West, as in the North, Dickens was not disobedient to this injunction. He construed it with as little hesitation in Somerset as in Yorkshire. That he adopted the uncommon name of Pickwick from that of Mr. Moses Pickwick, the coach proprietor of Bath, is generally known; for who will forget Mr. Pickwick's astonishment at the coincidence when Sam drew his attention to the "magic name in gilt letters of a goodly size" on the coach door, or the indignation of the faithful servitor: "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this 'ere liberty, sir." But it is not, we think, of more than local knowledge that he met the Wellers in the flesh. Lest so strange a discovery should be found too shocking, we hasten to qualify it by the admission that the immortal Sam at all events owes little to his prototype. We could fancy Dickens saying of this creature of his mind, as Sir Walter said of Bailie Jarvie and Dalgetty: "When I light on such a character my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step I take in his company." But, as will appear, with a kind of rudimentary Sam the novelist was certainly acquainted.

Six years ago John Weller, then aged about 70, was living in High street, Lansdown, Bath, a pretty little round-featured, red-cheeked man, like one of Randolph Caldecott's postboys. He was as cheery as he looked, and his quite unusual powers of memory and conversation were united to a pleasant sense of humor. He was at that time a candidate for St. John's hospital in the town, where if he is still alive it is possible that he may be found. He had been apprenticed successively as a jockey and as a postboy, but had exchanged these stirring situations for the more sedentary one of the coach box. He was driver for a local flyman at a moderate weekly wage.

John was communicative on the subject of his family history, and charmed to enlarge on the occasion when the great novelist crossed its path. His father, Dan Weller, an Essex man, was in the coaching line, and lived on the West road, with headquarters at Bath. He had known his sorrows, for he was a widower, but he prospered in business, and at the climax of his fortunes was in charge of the stables attached to the York House Hotel, Bath. Here he met his fate.

The York House tap was in the hands of a widow, who was reputed to be a lady of property. She viewed the man of horses with an eye, like Mrs. Wadman's, salutatory—he was a personable man—and according to his son, made the oger which generally comes from the other side, but rarely in a form so terse and suggestive: "Hang up your hat here, Weller." The hint was taken, and to quote John again, "they came together" for better or worse. It was unhappily for the latter. There had been a hole in the widow's stocking. She was in debt. A veil may be drawn over the connubial bickerings which ensued, though Mr. Weller, sr., was indiscreet enough to publish them "urbi et orbi."

From the wider sphere there suddenly dropped into that urban center a gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind. This was Mr. Dickens. He lodged in St. James's Square, an aristocratic quarter, but it was remarked of him that he went out little into society. His pleasure seemed to be to hold converse with coachmen, stablemen and persons of that class. To him Mr. Weller, sr., "oro rotundo," and in the dialect of his native Essex, disclosed his griefs, and spoke his mind. "Viddies, avoid viddies, sir." It will be noticed that the pronunciation is not that of the personage whom, notwithstanding his fictitious being, we may call the real Mr. Weller. That gentleman spoke of "widders." It was one of the few words beginning with "w" which he did not "put down with a we."

Mr. John Weller, on the other hand, contended that he gave the word as his father used to utter it; it was one of the marks, in his opinion, of his father's Essex birth and breeding. John had one anecdote about himself which is curiously like an incident in the trial. It belonged to a later period of his life, after his meeting with Mr. Dickens. That at least was his impression, but he could not fix the date. He was subpoenaed as a witness in a divorce case; he had driven one of the parties on an occasion or occasions, and in due course found himself in the gallery of the court presided over by Sir Cresswell Cresswell, or Lord Penzance. John thought it was the latter, but could not be sure. He had settled himself in a seat, in his own forcible phrase, "convalescent and happy, listening to the other divorce cases," when the case in which he was concerned must have come up, for suddenly "John Weller" was called from the body of the court. He responded from his perch aloft with a "Here, my lord," in loud tones, and then in much trepidation ran down stairs to the witnesses' room. So hurried was his exit that he left behind him a new blue umbrella, which he failed afterwards to recover. He recollected the incident chiefly by his loss.

A Future Noah Webster.

"If," said an old school-master to a visitor, "certain pupils used half as much ingenuity and application in finding out facts as they do in finding out ways to be wrong and excuses for them, they would become excellent scholars. There's Tinkins now, gazing out of the window. He never cares to learn anything, but he is always ready with a more or less ingenious blunder. Let's try him.

"Tinkins!" exclaimed the teacher.

"Yes, sir."

"Gather in yiur eyes and your wits from the outer empyrean for a moment and tell us what is the difference between the meaning of the word 'granite' and that of the word 'pomegranate?'"

"No difference, sir."

"Then why do we sometimes say 'granite' and sometimes 'pomegranate?'"

"When we are in a hurry, sir, we say colloquially 'granite,' but if we have plenty of time we take pains to say 'pomegranate.'"

"Let me compliment you on the ingenuity of your answer, Tinkins. Now you may go and look up the definitions of those two words in the unabridged, and write down each definition for me ten times. The class in rhetoric will return to their seats."

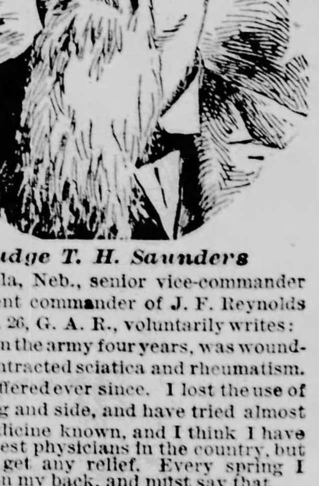
When Women Will Rule.

A German statistician figures that in 3,000 years there will be but one man to every 220 women.—London News.

Judge Saunders

Says that For Rheumatism

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best.



Judge T. H. Saunders

Of Osceola, Neb., senior vice-commander and present commander of J. F. Reynolds Post, No. 26, G. A. R., voluntarily writes:

"I was in the army four years, was wounded and contracted sciatica and rheumatism. I have suffered ever since. I lost the use of my left leg and side, and have tried almost every medicine known, and I think I have had the best physicians in the country, but failed to get any relief. Every spring I was flat on my back, and must say that

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Best

medicine I have ever taken. It has done me the most good. It was recommended to me for rheumatism, and I am satisfied and know that it will do all that you claim

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

for it. I do not want to say that it will raise a fellow from the dead; but it will come the nearest to doing it of any medicine I have ever known." T. H. SAUNDERS, Osceola, Nebraska.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The "Painted Post."

W. M. C., Covington, Ky., asks: "Why was the monument erected at the town of Painted Post, Steuben county, New York, which was unveiled on June 21? and why is the town named Painted Post?"

The monument referred to consists of blocks of granite, five and six feet square, rising eight feet, and surmounted by the bronze figure of an Indian, and is intended to take the place of the post erected on the spot where the original painted post was planted by the Indians, considerable more than a hundred years ago.

The story of the painted post is told in various ways, but we think the correct story is that told by Capt. Freegift Patchin, who had been captured by Brant, the famous Indian chief, which is given in Barber and Howe's "Historical Collections," published in 1844. He is quoted as saying:

"Near this we found the famous painted post, which is now known over the whole continent, to those conversant with the early history of our country, the origin of which was as follows: Whether it was in the Revolution or in the Dunmore battle with the Indians, which commenced in Virginia, or in the French war, I do not know; an Indian chief, on this spot, had been victorious in battle, killed, and took prisoners to the number of about sixty. This event he celebrated by causing a tree to be taken from the forest and hewed four square, painted red, and the number he killed, which was twenty-eight, represented across the post in black paint, without any heads, but those he took prisoners, which was thirty, were represented with heads on in black paint, as the others. This post he erected, and thus handed down to posterity an account that here a battle was fought; but by whom, and who the sufferers were, is covered in darkness, except that it was between the whites and Indians."

Painted Post was the scene of a noted council between the Seneca Indians and Col. Pickering, who was sent to meet them by Washington, which was held early in 1791. When the Indians were assembled, Col. Pickering asked them to send a delegation to confer with Congress, at Philadelphia. There were three reasons for the invitation. First, to attach the Indians more cordially to the interests of the United States; second, to consult as to the best methods of extending to them the blessings of civilization, and, third, to impress them with just opinions as to the physical strength of the country and enable them to see with their own eyes how futile would be every warlike effort of the Indians against the United States.

A distinguished delegation of Indian chiefs was sent by the council to Philadelphia, where Congress was in session. The council there began on March 13 and lasted until near the close of April. At its conclusion Washington gave to Red Jacket the medal of solid silver which the chief regarded as his choicest possession, and which is now owned by Ely S. Parker, of New York. It was at this council that the United States agreed to give the Indians $1,500 a year. In 1795 this was increased to $4,500, "which shall be expended yearly forever in purchasing clothing, domestic animals, implements of husbandry, and other utensils suited to their circumstances, and in compensating useful artificers, who shall reside with or near them, and be employed for their benefit."

Land Near Washington.

U. M. H., Over, Neb., writes that a Populist from that county who went to Washington city, "reports that outside the suburbs of Washington the country is a wilderness; that he saw land that can be bought for $1.25 per acre, and land with houses on it in a state of decay, could be bought for $5 per acre; mansions vacated; that the home of Washington is overrun with weeds and brush; all this within ten miles of Washington. He says it was told him there that money is worth so much that owners would rather hire the money than own the farms."

There is just truth enough in the accounts of poor land to make his statements mischievous. One naturally looks for high values near the capital city; but the contrary is the case, because the land is sterile and comparatively valueless. This applies to the Virginia side of the Potomac. The writer has been all through Eastern Virginia, and saw pine forests that have grown up since the war, trees 30 to 40 feet high, with the old corn furrows plainly discernable. Much of the sandy soil of Eastern Virginia was entirely impoverished by constant tobacco-raising for over 200 years, without proper fertilization; and this land can be bought cheaply, because it is worth little. That section has never recovered from the effects of the war. In the valley of Virginia, between the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies, is some of the finest farming land in the world. In the mountains themselves, it is sterile and of little value. One accustomed to the energetic, pushing life of the North, can hardly understand, without traveling there, the easy-going ways of the South, which have their fullest development in Virginia. We do not think there is any land that can be bought at the prices he names. Land on the Maryland side, near Washington, is held at high rates, and good farming land, not exhausted, is worth as much as in Nebraska. The reason he assigns is absurd. There is too much money in the East, and investors have a difficult time to find borrowers, even at low rates, on good security.

The 2 Per Cent Bonds.

L. W., Sand Hill, Mo., writes: "I understand there were some 2 per cent bonds floated under Harrison's administration and have so stated to some of my Democratic and Populist friends and they have denied it. Please reply through your paper, giving the circumstances."

They were not a new issue—they were extended, not floated. The circumstances were these: The 4 1-2 per cent bonds, authorized by acts of 1870 and 1871, became due on September 1, 1891. The amount outstanding of these when Harrison became president was $181,152,300. During Harrison's term, the surplus was used in buying up these bonds and cancelling them, thus saving the interest. The government made several million dollars by this process, and the bulk of these bonds were thus paid off before they were due. When their maturity arrived, on September 1, 1891, the government offered to extend them at 2 per cent, the bonds to be payable at its pleasure. The holders were eager to accept this, rather than have the bonds redeemed, as they were largely deposited in the treasury as security for national bank circulation. There are $25,364,500 of these extended bonds now outstanding, bearing 2 per cent interest. It was an excellent bit of government financiering.

A Caveat.

C. H., Coggon, Iowa, writes: "I am working on a new machine which I will try to work through haying time. Can I protect myself without taking out a full patent? If so, how? Is it necessary to have an attorney or not to secure a patent?"

You can file a caveat. A caveat, under the patent law, is a notice given to the Patent office of what you claim as inventor, to prevent the grant of a patent to any one else for the same device, for a given time. The provision of law is this:

Any citizen of the United States who has made a new invention or discovery, and desires further time to mature the same, may, on payment of a fee of $10, file in the Patent office a caveat setting forth the object and the distinguishing characteristics of the invention, and praying protection of his right until he shall have matured his invention. Such caveat shall be filed in the confidential archives of the office and preserved in secrecy, and shall be operative for the term of one year from the filing thereof.

The caveat must comprise a specification, oath, and, when the nature of the case admits of it, a drawing, and, like the application, must be limited to a single invention or improvements.

To employ a patent attorney is not absolutely necessary, but we should do so if we proposed taking out a patent.

Relieving Money Stringency.

M. A. J., Norfolk, Kan., writes: "In case of a threatened money stringency, the United States treasury is sometimes said to 'relieve it.' How is this done? Our Populist orators tell us, the assistant United States treasurer at New York deposits the nation's money in the banks, to be loaned by the bankers, at a big interest to the people, the bankers getting the interest."

This "relieving the market" has not occurred for a number of years. So far as we recall, the method employed was to buy bonds. The government had millions of currency in the treasury vaults, and money was so scarce that interest rates were exorbitant. It bought its bonds, paid for them, and the money thus furnished broke the stringency, and interest rates went down to the normal. During Cleveland's first term, some forty millions, we believe, were loaned without interest to certain New York banks, they putting up stocks and bonds as collateral in amount ample to secure the government. We fear our Populist friends are doing a fearful amount of lying about some things in the West.

Nessus.

D. B., New York: Nessus was a character in mythology. He was a centaur (half man and half horse.) He attempted to carry away Dejaneira, the wife of Hercules, but after he had taken her across a river, Hercules mortally

CURES OTHERS

To build up both solid flesh and strength after grip, pneumonia, fevers and other prostrating diseases, there is nothing to equal Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

PROSTRATION FOLLOWING GRIP.

MRS. GARRETT.

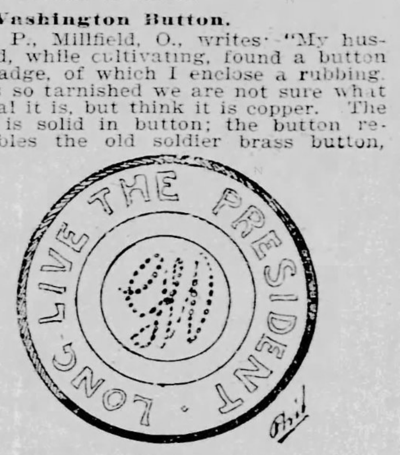
MRS. REUBEN GARRETT, *King George C. H., Va.*, writes: "I was taken with grip which finally resulted in pneumonia. Was prostrated for three months. Had a terrible cough and was emaciated and very weak. Was fast drifting into 'quick consumption.' The doctor gave me medicines all the time. I grew weaker. He advised cod liver oil emulsion. I took two bottles of it without any relief. I had pain in my left shoulder and back. I wrote you, and you prescribed your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only one bottle before I felt better. After two bottles I could sit up, and felt I had been saved from the grave. I increased rapidly in flesh and strength."

WHY NOT YOU?

wounded him with an arrow. As Nessus was dying, he told Dejaneira that if she steeped her husband's shirt in his (Nessus's) blood, she would secure her husband's love forever. This she did, but when Hercules put on the garment, the poisonous blood of the centaur caused him such horrible agony that he rushed to Mount Oeta, collected a pile of wood, set it on fire, and throwing himself into the midst of the flames, was burned to death.

A Washington Button.

E. P., Millfield, O., writes: "My husband, while cultivating, found a button or badge, of which I enclose a rubbing. It is so tarnished we are not sure what metal it is, but think it is copper. The eye is solid in button; the button resembles the old soldier brass button,



but is solid and does not rise in center but very little. Thinking there might be some interesting history connected with it I write, asking if you can recognize it—that you describe it in The Blade."

The design on the face of the button is reproduced in the cut, which is the exact size of the rubbing sent us. In the center are Washington's initials, in script—"G. W.," surrounded apparently by a laurel wreath; outside this the legend, "Long Live the President." It was undoubtedly made when Washington was President. If any one can give the history of these buttons, we shall be glad to print it.

Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Davis.

L. S., Rushville, Ill., writes: "It has been said here that Lincoln's wife and Jeff Davis's wife were sisters. Were they related?"

No. Mrs. Lincoln was Mary Todd, daughter of Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky., whose family was among the most influential of the pioneers of Kentucky and Illinois. Mrs. Jeff Davis was the daughter of President Zachary Taylor, who was at that time a colonel in the regular army. Davis was then a lieutenant of dragoons. There is no relationship of any kind between Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Davis.

Employing Teachers.

J. S., Pemberville, O., wishes to know if a member of a school board can employ his daughter as teacher. So far as the law is concerned he can. In many cases school boards pass resolutions binding the members not to engage as teacher any of their relatives. Each board can do as it pleases about the matter.

Miss Wells's Lectures.

J. T. M., West Fork, Ark., writes: "Miss Ida M. Wells has brought the subject of torture before the public. I quote from the old-time constitution of Arkansas:

"'Any slave, who may be convicted of a capital offense, shall suffer the same degree of punishment that would be inflicted upon a free white person, and no other.'"

Credit Money.

S. R. W., New Painesville, Minn., asks: "Is not the coinage of silver and getting it a face value greater than its market value, the same in principle as issuing irredeemable paper money, the difference being in degree only?"

It is precisely the same in principle. The government uses its credit for the difference between the real value and the face value of the silver dollar.

Old Coins.

J. H. S., Jones Valley, Tenn.: We cannot attempt to give premiums on foreign coins—only on United States ones. Of the American coins you mention, the only one bearing a premium is the half-dollar of 1836, Liberty Cap, milled edge, which is worth $5.

The Gold Reserve.

W. A. R., Mexico, N. Y., asks: "Was the gold reserve at any time during Harrison's administration below the $100,000,000 mark?"

No: it was not.

Ohio Squirrel Law.

J. J. R., Middleburgh, O., asks about the squirrel law in Ohio. Squirrels may be killed in Ohio from July 1 to December 5. It is illegal at all times to shoot on Sunday.

Miscellaneous.

I. N. M., Lateha City, Wash.: It is impossible to get the figures.

P. G., Brown, Ark.: Coxey is an American by birth, and of English descent.

A. H. R., Cross Keys, O.: We should be glad to publish a synopsis of the road laws of all the states, but it would be a herculean task, and a costly one, to compile them. The cost would be so great that it would not pay us to do it.

C. G., Caldwell, Kan.: Your question is one of state law, which we can not answer. If you will think a moment, the only way we could obtain information about the Kansas laws bearing on this subject would be to write to some lawyer in Kansas and find out, and we would have to pay him for his services. Consult a good attorney at home.

Cooking Rice in Syria.

An Eastern woman, Mme. Hanna Korany, of Syria, who has been in this country a year, thinks it absurd to eat potatoes every day.

"In American homes," she said to a New York writer, "it is potatoes for breakfast, luncheon and dinner—always and everywhere, potatoes. Why do not these intelligent American housekeepers, who manage and manage well, much besides their homes, and who are on the alert for every new philosophy and doctrine that can help them to better living, why do they not learn the value of rice, rice cooked as the Eastern woman can cook it, as a substitute for the everlasting potato?"

And then she tells how rice is cooked in the Orient.

First, cautions the Syrian cook, rice must be washed thoroughly in four, five or six waters, until the final water is clear; then in a dry vessel put a piece of butter the size, perhaps, of a small egg to a cup of rice, and heat until, as she says, "it is purified," but which may be taken as meaning until it is well melted and bubbling; then add the rice and mix it well with the butter.

Then salted water is generously added, and the rice is cooked slowly and without stirring until all the water is absorbed and it is tender.

An Assorted Stock.

It was in a little New Hampshire village among the mountains where the country store served as postoffice, circulating library, shoe store, grocery store, dry goods store, and everything else combined, that a Boston lady, glancing over the books, inquired: "Have you Browning?"

"No," said the attendant somewhat regretfully, and not knowing just what kind of an article Browning might be, "we has not." Then, more brightly: "But we have blacking and blueing and have a man who does whiting. We occasionally do pinking. Would any of these do?"—Boston Home Journal.

The Reporter Didn't Know Women.

City Editor—"Have you got the report of that ladies' meeting?"

Reporter—"They voted to exclude reporters. The proceedings are to be kept secret."

C. E.—"Yes, but why didn't you wait until the meeting was over and see on of the ladies and get all the particulars from her?"—New York Press.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

TRADE BOOK OF FATE

THE COMMERCIAL AGENCY'S VAST SECRET SERVICE.

How the Reporters Get Their Inside Information for the Benefit of the Subscribers.

We are told that there is a recording angel up aloft who is keeping a record of our conduct. Perhaps the system is analagous to that which prevails on the surface of the earth, says the New York Recorder.

A great many people know that there are such institutions as commercial agencies and that everybody in business is "rated" as to his commercial standing, as to his trustworthiness from the standpoint of the other man who wants to sell him goods and wants the goods to be paid for. But very few people, even many who are in business, are aware of the vast service that results in the accumulation of the necessary facts.

The commercial agency lives by subscribers. These subscribers are of various classes. That is to say, some take a large service of reports from the agency and some but a single volume of reports for the year. Naturally these reports as to the standing of business men throughout the country are of the best order when they are well up to date, and the business house that has four volumes of reports in a year will be in possession of a fuller and more trustworthy knowledge of the facts than a house that has but an annual report.

But reports are expensive, and only the largest business houses undertake to take the complete service. In addition to the book service of the agency there is the single report service. Thus if a house has sold or is about to sell goods to a certain business man near at hand or at a distance, as the case may be, and wishes to be informed as to his standing at the time of the sale, not wishing to trust to the report that may be a month or six months old, a request goes to the agency for a secret investigation of the said business man's condition, and an agent is intrusted with the job of getting the desired information. The securing of information under such circumstances is often a particularly delicate undertaking. Very often its secrecy is imperative.

This special information which large houses and many small ones are continually demanding from commercial agencies is accompanied by a special charge, and is not included in the general subscription rates.

Though this special information may cost a great deal, relatively, to a small dealer, it is much better for him to be secure than to save the rate charged for such information and be victimized by a shaky concern. With every precaution of this kind business men lose their goods at times, but in general the use of the commercial agency reports, especially those privately secured, is a pretty good guarantee against falling into a trade with an unsafe individual or firm.

HARD TIMES.

Now, who gets all this information? The answer is not easy if it is to be accurate, for the work of regular agents of the commercial agency is supplemented in many ways by people who do not appear on the surface of the system. But it will be interesting to look at the work of the agents.

These agents or reporters are selected for their trustworthiness, sagacity, and willingness to hustle. Like the newspaper reporters, they are under obligations to "get there," obstacles or no obstacles. Their obligations are honorable, and through whatever difficulties they must get at the essential facts as near as may be possible.

Primarily the duty of the reporter is to rate the general assets of the man on his list, the probable amount of his debts, the record as to his failures, removals, etc., and his reputation for squareness in the community where he is established. Of course, no very extended report is brought in in every case. Very often the record is extremely brief. In other cases it is very long, including a quantity of information that amounts almost to a personal biography and a condensed local history. The complete history revised to date is kept on the books of the agency. A skeleton is printed in the volume or reports that is sent to subscribers. If a subscriber wishes fuller information it is obtainable under the system of special rates.

The reporter finds a multitude of ways of getting the information he needs. He can go directly to the person or firm in question and ask for a candid statements of the facts, telling the person or firm what is to be done with the information.

A person so approached has three courses open to him. He may refuse to tell anything. He may tell an untruthful story, or he may tell the actual facts. Probably the most popular method is to give a reasonably good coloring to the actual facts, so that the report may show the individual at his best yet truthfully as to the situation in general.

When untruthful information is furnished there is the danger that the reporter, who in any case goes elsewhere for corroboration of some sort, will learn that the case is not as stated, and will give a much less creditable rating than if the original inquiry had been answered with approximate truthfulness.

Naturally the inquiries of the reporter when addressed directly to the person of whom the report is to be made sometimes have the appearance of audacity, or even of impertinence. Especially to a man new in business for himself the inquiry of the reporter is likely to excite an unwelcome attitude. "None of your —— business!" exclaims the old shoemaker, who has advanced sufficiently in his trade to be sought out by the agency for rating.

The wise reporter does not take a rebuff of this sort, but seeks to explain the propriety and necessity of his inquiry.

"WHAT DO YOU OWE?"

Sometimes the tradesman who was indignant at the outset, or perhaps entirely if politely non-commital, thaws out and consents to say something. Sometimes this does not work, and more than one reporter has been compelled to suffer the ignominy of actually being put out of an office or house.

In the rural districts the agency reporter's experiences are especially picturesque.

"Vat?" asks the little German saloonkeeper on the outskirts of a straggling village.

"I represent the —— Agency," says the reporter, "and I've come over to inquire about your business and liabilities."

"Vat?"

"How big your business is, you know, stock, and so forth, mortgages, and all that?"

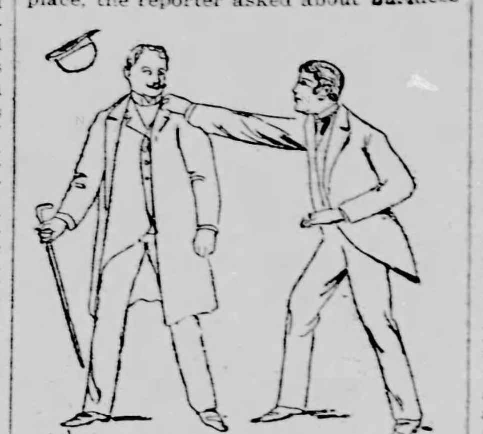
"Vatell," says the saloonkeeper, "Vat you tink?"

Then the reporter calls for a drink or invests in cigars and asks the host to have something, and works around to the point more gradually. Perhaps he is an hour doing anything at all with his man. If he speaks German he is in better chances. If not, it may be uphill work, and after all he may have to go elsewhere for the facts, or the nearest he can come to the facts.

If he is a sociable man the reporter has a better chance than if he is formidably severe in his manner and methods. He must be diplomatic. He may have a right to the information he seeks, but he has to remember that he gets it as a matter of courtesy. And he has to remember that outside information always has elements of uncertainty.

About the most trustworthy outside information is that secured from bank officials. These, especially in small towns, are generally willing to make things as comfortable as possible for the agency, realizing that the existence of creditable information is in the interest of honest trade and business security.

Last week a certain business house in New York sent to one of the agencies for information as to a certain merchant in a Connecticut town. The reporter had some difficulty in getting information. Such information as he was able to get at the outset seemed to show that the man was all right. He had never failed, and had been in business a long time at the same place. Casually dropping into the merchant's place, the reporter asked about business and had his favorable report strengthened.



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Before leaving the town, however, the reporter dropped into the local bank and had a talk with the president. Here he learned that the merchant under investigation was in a very tight place, and was as likely as not to fail within a week. The report was hurried in, and the inquiring subscriber was advised to hold off with his goods on some pretext for a few weeks at least. In three days the merchant failed.

In the vast majority of cases a considerable responsibility rests upon the discretion of the reporter, for, upon all the circumstances in the case, it is seldom easy to fix the rating in any exact way. It is generally a matter of opinion, and, although the reporter turns in as many facts as possible with as few opinions as possible, he is inevitably obliged to express a certain opinion as a result of his inquiries. Thousands are lost to a subscriber here and gained for him there by the act of the reporter.

Inevitably there is plenty of opportunity for negligence as well as for lack of judgment. The regular staff reporters each have a certain district to cover, and it is always possible to rerate a merchant without special inquiry, although the lapse of time since the last report may have made the situation of the merchant very different.

The recent business disturbances have given the agencies a vast amount of extra labor. The great increase in the number of failures has immensely complicated the system of rating. In selling spring goods, dealers wish to be informed of the most recent ratings of would-be buyers, and the reporters are hustling.

From many sections of the country the agencies receive help through dealers in small towns—from bank men, postmasters, local magnates—who are thus given the privilege of "sizing up" their fellow men and neighbors. It is claimed that this system does not work unfavorably; that the men chosen for this delicate task generally approximate the truth, and do no injustice to their fellow men, who are all unsuspicious of the privilege the improvised agents are enjoying.

—"All run down" from weakening efforts of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

BRILLIANTS.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter an' fairer, an' dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou 'rt to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
As charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
—Robert Tannahill.

The little Shakespeare in the maiden's heart
Makes Romeo of a plough-boy on his cart.
—Emerson.

AMARILLIS.

Sweet Amarillis, by a spring's
Soft and soule-melting murmurings,
Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew
A Robin red-breast; who at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and mosse to cover her;
But while he, perking, there did prie
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day,
At which poor Robin flew away;
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
He chirpt for joy to see himself disceav'd.
—Robert Herrick.

(From friendship's crown) there ever issues forth
A steady splendor; but at the tip-top
There hangs by unseen film an orbed drop
Of light, and that is love.
—Keats.

How sweetly sang the bobolink,
When thou, my love, wast nigh!
His liquid music from the brink
Of some cloud-fountain seemed to sink,
Built in the blue-domed sky.
—G. P. Lathrop.

Tanagra! think not I forget
Thy beautifully storied streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
Thy blythe and liberal shepherd boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds and blushes.
—W. S. Landor.

Pet Names.

We are nearing the time of commencements, when, enraged at the list of Nellies, Lotties and Kitties, the editorial writer will take up his pen and tell the "sweet girl graduates" that their names are Cornelia, Charlotte and Katharine.

Of course the editor is right. These names are ridiculous. Katharine is a splendid name for a young woman and Kitty a suitable name for a young feline. Still it is a matter of taste, and if Kitty likes Kitty better than Katharine her name is her own business.

The truth is that her name may be Kitty and nothing else. The "time would fail me" to tell of the children who have received an "ie" name in baptism. Such a child, grown to womanhood, may hate the babyish name, but what can she do? One hapless girl of my acquaintance has to go through life with the name of Birdie. What it stands for no one knows. The parents who named her have no idea. She is rather strong-minded, large and anything else that does not correspond with her name. She writes it Bertha, but unless she gives her friends a draught from the waters of Lethe they will always call her Birdie. She frequently is obliged to sign legal documents and must, perforce, use Birdie; that is her legal name. How any clergyman could baptize a child Birdie and not pause to remonstrate with the parents is a mystery that will never be solved.

But the reaction against the "ie" names set in several years ago, and nowadays there are Dorothys, Elizabeths and Margarets galore. Sometimes it seems that we are having almost too much of a good thing. It seems almost wicked to call a wee, dimpled girl baby Elizabeth; Bessie is so much more appropriate to the tiny thing. Let her be named Elizabeth, by all means, and let her use it when she is grown, in her school catalogue and on her visiting card, but while she is little it is no sin to have her called Bessie or Bess. Pet names are well enough in their places, but they should be kept there.—Philadelphia Times.

The Dear Girls.

Etta—I saw your intended to-day.
Maud—Whom do you refer to?
Etta—Why, Jack Brown, of course.
Maud—Oh, dear no. He is not my intended. He is only my engaged.—Judge.

Literally Speaking.

His Mother—"You shouldn't throw away your piece of buttered bread in that wasteful way, Willie, you may see the day you would be glad to have it."

Her Son—"Huh! It wouldn't keep."—Rochester Post-Express.

PIANOS AND ORGANS Pianos from $150 Organs from $27.50 Cash or on Easy Payments.
Our New Catalogue **FREE** Write for it NOW. CORNISH & CO., Washington, N. J.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Colic in Stallion.

Mrs. S. A. T., Nevada: For spasmodic colic, of which you speak, to overcome it careful treatment is necessary. There are several causes. Give the animal a full pint of raw linseed oil in which 1 oz. of pulverized saltpetre is stirred. After this operates, give the following for one dose, twice daily, for about five days: Bicarbonate of soda, 1-2 oz.; powdered gentian, 1-2 oz.; powdered nux vomica, 10 grs. The water given should at no time be very cold, yet it should not be warm, and it should be perfectly pure. If there is any doubt about it, if the purest water cannot be had, boil that which is available and let it cool. The food given should be of the best, and free from mold or must. If the animal has done a hard day's work do not give him a full ration until he has rested an hour; give him about six swallows of water and about two pounds of hay, and an hour afterward give him more water and his feed. Be careful not to overfeed him at any time. Always give the water before a meal and not after it. An essential to success is to feed at regular intervals. Never vary the time of giving his feed more than ten minutes. New hay should, if possible, be mixed with old. Too much green food may result in tympanitis or bloat. In case of an attack of colic, give 2 ozs. sulphuric ether and 2 ozs. alcohol in 8 ozs. of water. This will soon relieve the pain. This you should always have on hand.

Bunches on Colt.

W., New York: You do not say how old your colt is, nor do you say how the bunches on your colt appear, whether large or small, or filled with moisture or dry. It will be safe to give a light physic and wash the part with sugar of lead, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint; but without a full description, the editor cannot undertake to give advice that would be of certain benefit.

Fistula in Horse.

J. W. M., Florida: Open the part to the bottom with a sharp knife. Cut from the bottom so that the pus may escape. Then syringe two or three times a week with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint.

Colt With Large Joints.

H. L. T., Missouri: As the colt is but two months old, unless there is a hereditary taint, the joints will very likely eventually become natural. Does the mare show anything of the kind? If so, it may be mange. This is indicated by the eruptions becoming incrusted. Without a full knowledge, the editor can only recommend remedy for rash. Give a physic of raw linseed oil, and wash the parts affected with carbolic acid (commercial), 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. Rub kerosene on the enlargements, and wrap the joint with flannels.

Aptha in Sheep.

A. D., Montana: Your sheep have a disease known as aptha. It runs its course in from 10 to 15 days. It affects the feet as well as the lips and mouth. It causes great pain. Give to each sheep 1 1-2 ozs. epsom salts, with a little ginger in it. Do not repeat the dose. Stewart gives recipe for washing the mouth, as follows: Alum in powder, 1-2 oz.; tincture of myrrh, 1 fluid oz.; water, 1 quart. If the feet are affected, wash with soap and water, or with a weak solution of sulphate of copper. Dress with carbolic ointment, and bind with cloth. Burn sulphur in the sheds as a disinfectant. For lambs, the dose of salts should be very small.

Calves Cannot Suck.

A Reader, Kansas: Sometimes calves are slow to learn to suck. Very likely they suffered from shoate. Give each a drachm of essence of ginger and 2 drachms laudanum. After this for about four mornings give them half a pint of lime water, not too strong, in which there is stirred a teaspoonful of turpentine.

Horse Had Distemper.

C. W. F., Minnesota: The effects of distemper at times linger with a horse for a long time. Sometimes the animal is permanently injured. You are advised to give your horse nux vomica, 1 oz.; pulverized gentian root, 1 1-2 ozs.; pulverized ginger, 1 oz. Mix and divide into 12 powders. Give one every night in the feed.

Caponizing Fowls.

A. A. A., Clifford: The editor has prepared an article on caponizing. As soon as our artist can make the cuts, it will appear, which will be next week. The entire subject will be treated in a way that can be readily understood.

To Tan Sheep Skin With Wool On.

G. M. H., Wisconsin: When taken from the animal, spread it flesh side up. Then put two parts of salt, two parts of saltpetre and alum combined, make it fine, sprinkle it evenly over the surface, roll it up, let it alone for a few days, until dissolved, then take off what flesh remains, and nail the skin to the side of a barn in the sun, stretch it tight to make it soft like harness leather, put neat's foot oil on it, fasten it up in the sun again, then rub out all the oil you can with a wedge shaped stick and it is tanned with the hair on. Another way is: One of the simplest methods is to apply to flesh side, when fresh and wet, a mixture of two parts saltpetre and one of alum. These should be finely pulverized and sprinkled over every part of the skin; double the latter, flesh to flesh, roll it up and let it lie a day or two. Then with a dull knife remove the meat and fat, if there has been any left. After it is about half dry, commence rubbing and continue working until dry. If the work has been properly done, the skin will be white and pliable and the hair firmly set. Another method is to remove the flesh and fat, then wash the skin with a solution made by dissolving a little sal soda in water. To four gallons of soft water, add four ounces of pulverized alum, eight ounces of salt, one quart of new milk, one pound of prepared starch. Stir the mixture well, put in the furs and air them often by hanging them over a stick laid across the tub so that they will drain back into the tub. Handle occasionally until they have been in the solution a day or two; then add to the liquor, first removing the skins, half a teaspoonful of sulphuric acid. Stir well and put back the skins, keeping them stirring frequently for an hour, then take out, rinse and wring in soft, lukewarm water. Hang the skins in a cool place, and, when they begin to get white, work and stretch them until dry. Large skins should remain in the solution longer. Sheep skins make nice rugs if well tanned with the wool on. Wash the pelt in warm soap suds until the wool is thoroughly cleansed, rinse well, and soak for one day in a solution of eight ounces each of alum and salt in sufficient warm water to cover the pelt; drain well, stretch on a board, and, when half dry, sprinkle the flesh side with equal parts of finely pulverized alum and saltpetre; fold together and let it so remain indoors for a few days, turning the pelt over once or twice a day so as to get the solution upon each part. When well dried, dress off and rub well with a pumice stone; it will render the hide very soft and white. The edges may be trimmed and decorated to suit the taste.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dehorning Cattle.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I see in your paper of June 14, something about dehorning cattle. I tie a calf's legs, sit on his neck (to hold him down) take a sharp knife, cut the horn off smooth with the surface, any time before it is an inch long, and an inch through at the base. Then take a lump of Babit's potash as large as a hickory nut in a pair of pincers, as it is hot stuff when damp, and sear the place where the horn was till the blood stops, and then take the other off in the same way, and that is the last of the horns. I would put some pine tar around the place where the horn was when there is danger of flies. I have treated lots of them, and there is need of no second application. I never had a calf mind it much, but the best dehorner I know of is a full blooded poll bull.—Geo. A. Thurston, New York.

MISCELANEOUS.

Rules for the Dairy.

1. Cow sheds should receive regular and thorough cleaning every morning. Refuse carried out to the manure heaps, stall well cleaned with farm hoe, afterwards brushed and washed out well, clean bedding laid down, feeding trough always cleaned out previous to feeding time, warmth of shed attended to and no drauhts of cold air allowed.
2. Ventilation of cow shed should have particular attention every morning; after the shed is cleaned out, open top and bottom of window.
3. Cows well cleaned with the curry comb and brushed every morning.
4. The cows' teats cleaned before milking.
5. Milk should have particular attention in straining it.
6. Rooms containing cream and milk also milk pans, require careful attention; washing and keeping clean of room and milk vessels well attended to; the room also kept well ventilated; no bad air allowed.
7. Churns kept well cleaned; always washed out clean previous to working them.
8. Temperature of cream, previous to churning, carefully attended to; for the purpose have a thermometer 65 degrees Fahrenheit in summer and a few degrees higher in winter.
9. All dairy utensils kept perfectly clean and also in a room for themselves.
10. No dairy utensils should be washed inside a dairy; have a small wooden trough outside the dairy for this purpose.
11. Keep the floor inside the working compartment perfectly clean; no milk or other liquid allowed to remain on it.
12. Attend to the washing of the milk from the butter with great attention.
13. The hands not allowed to come in contact with the butter while making.
14. Butter not made up for final use after salting until a short period of time elapses; also, butter should not be worked too much. Use small wooden spades for working the butter throughout entire process.
15. Neatness observed in making up of butter.
16. All dairy vessels employed for making purposes kept strictly clean.
17. Working dairy compartments should be well cleaned, floor, benches, at end of week; also exterior portion of dairy well cleaned. No water allowed to remain in channels outside the dairy.
18. Have no decayed refuse near the dairy on any account.
19. Feeding of milk cows carefully attended to. Food should be clean, fresh, and given at regulated periods.
20. A moderate supply of salt (rock) very beneficial for young cows. Place lumps of salt in the feeding trough.
21. The drinking water for your cows should be perfectly clean; also the vessels.—Dairy World, London.

Let the Hens Scratch.

The natural food of fowls consists mostly of seeds, insects and grass. It is not a natural condition when the birds have but one kind of food. The birds that build in trees and feed their young would be unable to supply them if only seeds could be provided. As the concentrated foods must be given, the variety is also to be considered. Such substances as grass and the shoots of tender herbage are intended as much for dilution of the concentrated foods as for the nutrition to be obtained therefrom. The work of feeding her young is not incumbent on the hen by bringing the food to them, but she is intended to lead them, guide them and scratch for them. The feet of the hen perform the same duties as the wings of a flying bird, and her feet are well adapted for providing food for her young. Hence we may rightly conclude that scratching is a natural function of the domestic hen. The hen, however, performs greater work than the birds on the wing. Birds seldom lay more than two or three eggs before beginning incubation, but the hen may lay from 15 to 50, or even more. She must produce these eggs, as well as maintain herself. In the natural state she lays fewer eggs, but has greater difficulty in procuring food and resisting enemies. An egg is a composite substance and cannot be produced from a single article of food. The hen requires a variety of food in order to fulfill her duties as a regular and persistent layer.

It is not, therefore, conducive to egg production when the hen is deprived of her natural advantage of scratching. She does best when she is compelled to scratch and work for her food, and she will always select the kinds most suitable for her purpose. When hens are confined in enclosures they may be fed too much while in a condition of idleness. A hopper that is kept full of food where the hen can always reach it induces her to desist from the work of scratching, because the necessity for so doing then ceases and she becomes too fat. Nature teaches, therefore, that hens should be so fed as to compel them to scratch and work for their food, which keeps them in health and leads to greater egg production.—Mirror and Farmer.

Working Breeding Mares.

There are thousands of farmers who keep teams of mares for the purpose of raising one or two colts every year, but who yet cannot dispense with the labor these mares are able to perform after they have recovered from the effects of foaling. We have often worked such mares in the field or on the road after the colt is two or three weeks old. It is only necessary to confine the colt so that it will not be in the way while its dam is working, and be somewhat careful not to overwork the mare, making her milk hot and feverish. Some mares give so much milk that it is best to take them off the plow or harrow during the middle of the forenoon or afternoon. Otherwise they will work with great difficulty and the milk will be injurious to the colt. When the dam has to be gone all day, she should be milked at noon. A still better way is to halter break the colt early and have it travel alongside the team. We have seen this done with colts not six weeks old, and when thus managed the breeding mare is soon enabled to do as much work as if she were not rearing a colt.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excess will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Will also furnish remedies if desired. Address, Mr. Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

The Girl of Sixteen.

We saw a girl on the streets to-day, and for a moment wondered why her dress fit her so perfectly, and why she was so bright and pretty, why her bangs were curled just right, and why she was altogether the prettiest thing on earth. Then it suddenly occurred to us that it was because she was 16 years old. There never was a girl of 16 that was not pretty; there never was a dress that would not look well on a girl of 16. Although the dogs may bark at a woman when she is 25 or 29, she was pretty at 16.—Atchison Globe.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

CHRISTIANS CALLED UPON TO DEFEND THE SABBATH.

Those Who Desecrate the First Day of the Week Are Enemies of the Country as Well as of God.

For this week Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen a subject of world-wide interest as the theme of his sermon through the press, viz.: The necessity of guarding the Christian Sabbath against invasions that aim at its destruction. The text selected was: Ex. xxxi, 13, "Verily, my Sabbath ye shall keep."

The wisdom of cessation from hard labor one day out of the seven is almost universally acknowledged. The world has found out that it can do less work in seven days than in six, and that the 52 days of the year devoted to rest are an addition rather than a subtraction. Experiments have been made in all departments. The great Lord Castlereagh thought he could work his brain 365 days in the year, but after awhile broke down and committed suicide; and Wilberforce said of him "Poor Castlereagh! This is the result of the non-observance of the Sabbath!"

A celebrated merchant declared, "I should have been a maniac long ago but for the Sabbath." The nerves, the brain, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, intellectual and moral nature cry out for the Sabbatic rest. What is true of man is, for the most part, true of the brute.

Travelers have found out that they come to their places of destination sooner when they let their horses rest by the way on the Sabbath. What is the matter with those forlorn creatures harnessed to some of the city cars? Why do they stumble and stagger and fall? It is for the lack of the Sabbatic rest.

In other days, when the herdsmen drove their sheep and cattle from the far West down to the seaboard, it was found out by experiment that those herdsmen and drovers who halted over the seventh day got down sooner to the seaboard than those who passed on without the observance of the holy Sabbath. The fishermen off the coast of Newfoundland declare that those men during the year catch the most fish who stop during the Lord's day.

When I asked the Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer why he changed locomotives when it seemed to be a straight route, he said: "We have to let the locomotive stop and cool off or the machinery would soon break down." Men who made large quantities of salt were told that if they allowed their kettles to cool over Sunday they would submit themselves to a great deal of damage. The experiment was made, some observing the Sabbath and some not observing the Sabbath. Those who allowed the fires to go down and the kettles to cool once a week were compelled to spend only a few pennies in the way of repairs; while in the cases where no Sabbath was observed, many dollars were demanded for repairs.

In other words, intelligent man, dumb beasts, and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's day. But while the attempt to kill the Sabbath day by the stroke of ax and flail and yardstick has beautifully failed, it is proposed in our day to drown the Sabbath by flooding it with secular amusements. They would bury it very decently under the wreath of the target company and to the music of all brazen instruments.

There are to-day in the different cities ten thousand hands and ten thousand pens busy in attempting to cut out the heart of our Christian Sabbath, and leave it a bleeding skeleton of what it once was. The effort is organized and tremendous, and unless the friends of Christ and the lovers of good order shall rouse up right speedily, their sermons and protests will be uttered after the castle is taken. There are cities in the land where the Sabbath has almost perished, and it is becoming a practical question whether we who received a pure Sabbath from the hands of our fathers, shall have piety and pluck enough to give to our children the same blessed inheritance. The eternal God helping us, we will!

I protest against the invasion of the Sabbath, because it is a foreign war. Now, if you heard at this moment the booming of a gun in the harbor, or if a shell from some foreign frigate should drop into your street, would you keep your seats in church? You would want to face the foe, and every gun that could be managed would be brought into use, and every ship that could be brought out of the navy yard would swing from her anchorage, and the question would be decided. You do not want a foreign war, and yet I have to tell you that this invasion of God's holy day is a foreign war.

As among our own native-born population there are two classes—the good and the bad; so it is with the people who come from other shores—there are the law-abiding and the lawless. The former are welcome here. The more of them the better we like it. But let not the lawless come from other shores expecting to break down our Sabbath, and institute in place of it a foreign Sabbath. How do you feel, you who have been brought up amid the hills of New England, about giving up the American Sabbath? Ye who spent your childhood under the shadow of the Adirondacks or the Catskills; ye who were born on the banks of the Savannah or Ohio, or Oregon, how do you feel about giving up the American Sabbath? You say: "We shall not give it up. We mean to defend it as long as there is left any strength in our arm, or blood in our heart! Do not bring your Spanish Sabbath here. Do not bring your Italian Sabbath here. Do not bring your French Sabbath here. Do not bring your foreign Sabbath here. It shall be for us and our children forever a pure, consecrated, Christian, American Sabbath."

I will make a comparison between the American Sabbath, as some of you have known it, and the Parisian Sabbath. I speak from observation. On a Sabbath morning I was aroused in Paris by a great sound in the street. I said: "What is this?" "O," they said, "this is Sunday." An unusual rattle of vehicles of all sorts. The voices seemed more boisterous than on other days. People running to and fro, with baskets or bundles, to get to the rail trains or gardens. It seemed as if all the vehicles in Paris, of whatever sort, had turned out for the holiday.

The "Champs Elysees," one great mob of pleasure-seeking people. Balloons flying. Parrots chattering. Foot balls rolling. Peddlers hawking their knick-knacks through the streets. Punch and Judy show in a score of places, each one with a shouting audience. Hand organs, cymbals, and every kind of racket, musical and unmusical. When the evening came down, all the theaters were in full blaze of music, and full blaze of light. The wine stores and saloons were thronged with an unusual number of customers. At eventide I stood and watched the excursionists coming home, fagged out men, women and children, a gulf-stream of fatigue, irritability, and wretchedness, for I should think it would take three or four days to get over that miserable way of Sundaying. It seemed more like an American Fourth of July than a Christian Sabbath.

Now, in contrast, I present one of the Sabbaths in one of our best American cities. Holy silence coming down with the daydawn. Business men more deliberately looking into the faces of their children, and talking to them about their present and future welfare. Men sit longer at the table in the morning, because the stores are not to be opened, and the mechanical tools are not to be taken up. A hymn is sung. There are congratulations and good cheer all through the house. The street silent until 10 o'clock, when there is a regular, orderly tramp churchward. Houses of God, vocal with thanksgivings for mercies received, with prayers for comfort, with charities for poor. Rest for the body. Rest for the soul. The nerves quieted, the temper cooled, the mind cleared, the soul strengthened, and our entire population turned out on Monday morning ten years younger, better prepared for the life that is to come.

I am opposed to the invasion of the Sabbath, because it is a war on our political institutions. When the Sabbath goes down, the republic goes down. Men who are not willing to obey God's law in regard to Sabbath observance are not fit to govern themselves. Sabbath breaking means dissoluteness, and dissoluteness is incompatible with self-government. They wanted a republic in France. After a while they got a republic; but one day Nopoleon III., with his cavalry, rode through the streets, and down went the republic under the clattering hoofs.

They have a republic there again; but France never will have a permanent republic until she quits her roystering Sabbaths, and devotes one day in every week to the recognition of God and sacred institutions. Abolish the Sabbath and you abolish your religious privileges. Let the bad work go on, and you have "the commune" and you have "the revolution," and you have the sun of national prosperity going down in darkness and blood. From that reign of terror may the God of peace deliver us.

Bring your voices, your pens, your printing presses, and your pulpits into the Lord's artillery corps for the defense of our holy day. To-day in your families and in your Sabbath schools, recite: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Decree before high heaven that this war on your religious rights and the cradles of your children shall bring ignominious defeat to the enemies of God and the public weal. For those who die in the contest battling for the right we shall chisel the epitaph: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the lamb." But for that one who shall prove in this moral crisis recreant to God and the church, there shall be no honorable epitaph. He shall not be worthy even of a burial place in all this free land; but the appropriate interment of such an one would be to carry out his remains and drop them into the sea, where the lawless winds which keep no Sabbath may gallop over the grave of him who lived and died a traitor to God, the church, and the free institutions of America. Long live the Christian Sabbath. Perish forever all attempts to overthrow it.

Nothing Strange.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla vitalizes the blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

SLEEVES.

Their Interesting Evolution—Examples of the Latest Styles.

The evolution of the sleeve, from the close fitting, uncomfortable affair of a few years ago to the exaggerated balloon and fantastic arrangement which bears the name to-day, is an interesting example of the influence of fashion on taste, says the New York Sun. It is, of course, an accepted fact that fashions must change, otherwise the style of dress would become a weariness to the eye but if a limit could be put on the variations in sleeves that would keep them within the range of beauty and graceful outline, it would be a step toward im-

provement. Some of the styles are modernized copies of sleeves in the old portraits, and are worthy of illustration for their ingenuity and eccentricity of design rather than for their beauty and usefulness. A very peculiar variety has the fulness laid in deep plaits at the inside seam, and is trimmed with Vandyke points of lace which half cover the sleeve. Another has a deep, plain cuff on lower sleeve, which is cut with a band on the top that extends to the shoulder. Circular cuffs at the elbow, and circular epaulettes at the shoulder, are still another fancy, and draped butterfly puffs are divided by two plaited ruffles. The puffs are really pretty for evening sleeves when made over another sleeve of lace.

A FAMOUS LIFEBOAT.

It is the Oldest in Existence and Has Had a Great Career.

To those who go down to the sea in ships, there can be few more venerable relics than the oldest lifeboat. This interesting craft is the Tyne, and we note with satisfaction that she has been relegated to a special ornamental shelter erected by the Corporation of South Shields, just opposite the Wouldhave and Greathead memorial, which stands at the approach to the South Shields pier. Her days of active service being over, the people of South Shields have done well to transfer the Tyne from the humble wooden shed, in which she has lain so long, to a more honorable resting-place. The Tyne has won her laurels; she is at once the oldest and most renowned lifeboat the world possesses. The lifeboat, as everybody knows, was invented at South Shields, and the first, known only as "the original," that built from the design of Wouldhave and Greathead in 1790, was lost in 1830 while attempting to rescue the crew of the brig Glatton. The Tyne followed her, and for 50 years bore the storm and stress in her gallant work of rescue on one of the wildest of our wild British coasts. In that 50 years deeds of daring have been performed in the Tyne which shed a bright lustre on the name of Shields. She has saved 1,028 lives, and not only that, but she set an example which soon bore fruit in the formation of the National Lifeboat Institution, and has since been followed all over the civilized world. The Tyne ought to be a national relic. But she is in good keeping, and though all the world forget her, yet will South Shields not.—London Shipping World.

As to Borrowing.

Gump—I wish a fellow could borrow money as easily as he can borrow trouble.

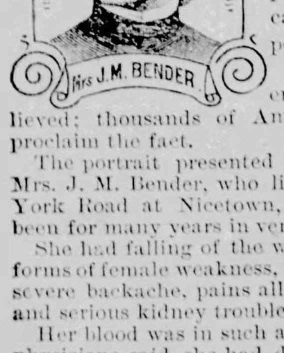
Hump—If you could make money as easily as you can make trouble, you wouldn't need to borrow any.—Boson Transcript.

TO HELP WOMEN.

That Is Why This Woman Writes.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Few people have any idea of the suffering that oppresses some women.



Pains run rampant through their entire bodies. They suffer secretly as long as they can, and then go all to pieces and don't care what happens.

Yet this misery is easily relieved; thousands of American women proclaim the fact.

The portrait presented here is that of Mrs. J. M. Bender, who lives on the old York Road at Nicetown, Pa. She has been for many years in very poor health.

She had falling of the womb and other forms of female weakness, with headache, severe backache, pains all over her body, and serious kidney trouble.

Her blood was in such a bad state that physicians said she had dropsy. Nearly discouraged she tried *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound, and to her great surprise it made her a well woman.

She now wishes to tell women all over the world to take the Vegetable Compound and be well. Any druggist has it.

Nothing in all the world has cured so many cases of female weaknesses as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Why don't *you* try it?

FOR HIDDEN JEWELS

KING THEEBAW'S ROYAL GEMS VALUED AT £300,000

Buried in a Moat in Mandalay, Burmah—Strange Confession of a British Soldier.

All England is deeply interested in a new mystery—what became of King Theebaw's crown jewels and other wealth when the British occupied the palace in Mandalay, Burmah, after the campaign of 1885.

This question has come up through the death-bed confession of a private in the West Surrey regiment, who declares that he and a companion, Pri-

THE BURMESE CROWN.

vate William White, secured all or a portion of these treasures and hid them in a moat in the vicinity. This statement has been made public, and Private White has been sent to Burmah to help recover the treasure, says the New York World.

At the time of the British occupation orders were given by the government that the annexation of Burmah should be carried out peacefully and without bloodshed, and every endeavor was made to obtain King Theebaw's submission. But he refused to comply with the British demands, and the troops were marched from the flotilla to the palace walls. An assault was then made, and the palace was occupied. Shortly after Theebaw abdicated, and he and his two wives were sent off by steamer.

As soon as the king had given his submission guards were hurriedly placed in the royal rooms to protect the jewels of countless worth which were known to be there. And great was the British disappointment when it was discovered that the treasures had disappeared. Among these missing treasures was a gold calf weighing several hundred-weight, as well as a portion of the regalia and quantities of precious stones. The crown is studded with rubies and diamonds and is surmounted by a peacock.

At the time suspicion rested on the Burmah ministers and the maids of honor, and every effort was made to trace the treasure, but without avail. Now, after nine years, the whole sub-

THE HENZA.

ject comes up on this confession of a private soldier who was present at the attack on the palace, and who declared that he and a companion buried the stolen plunder beneath a sentry-box.

Theebaw's kingly wealth was indisputable. He had accumulated from his ruby mines a most valuable collection of stones, and his insignia were set with diamonds of the rarest size. What was known as his betel-box was of pure gold, and the cover was ornamented with rows of rubies and diamonds, the center ruby alone weighing 39 1-2 carats. There was also in this collection a golden ewer, made as a receptacle for sacred water to be used at the coronation. It was done in the shape of a crayfish of pure gold, and studded with jewels.

The crown is also of gold and covered with pearls and diamonds.

These articles, together with the royal peacock and the Henza, were present at all royal audiences and were therefore familiar to the many agents and officers of the British government who had been admitted to Theebaw's presence. They were, in fact, carried about with him.

That a private soldier could have made away with them without attracting the attention of the officers seems incredible enough, but the fact that the Indian government has shown the utmost anxiety to have the story investigated appears to indicate that the native princes are themselves in the dark as to what became of the wealth. It is roughly estimated that the value of the treasure that disappeared is at least £300,000, and this estimate is based on the native description of the articles.

King Theebaw was an Oriental despot, himself governed by his wives, who, when the king died, usually got up a massacre of each other's relatives. Like most of his order, he was especially fond of rubies and diamonds, and it was said at the time of his abdication that even his kitchen utensils were ornamented with them. That some portion of this wealth fell into the hands of looting soldiers there can be no doubt, but that the golden paraphernalia of state was carried off by two men and buried under a sentry-box, to be discovered at this day,

COVER AND STAND OF BETEL-BOX.

is incredible to any but the stolid British public, which, like the Pasha in Maryatt's tale, repudiates all facts and swallows all fables.

The English papers have taken advantage of the story to revive all the mythical tales of Theebaw's Oriental magnificence and to furnish very excellent pictures of the Mandalay Palace, the royal spittoon and the golden peacock that accompanied him on all affairs of state. Through all this picturesqueness one can perceive an earnest pique that Great Britain somehow failed to gobble that 39-carat ruby.

A Particular Young Man.

Ten Broke—I would like to marry your daughter, sir.

Hardcash (beginning his usual tirade)—I understand that you are a spendthrift, sir. Now, young man, every cent of money I have, I acquired by honest toil.

Ten Broke—All the better. I'd hate to take money that was acquired dishonestly.

—Raymond's Monthly.

On Their Tour Abroad.

"I'm so glad I took German lessons at school, Jack," she said, smiling happily, "for now I can tell that the band is playing 'The Watch on the Rhine' without even looking at the programme."—Puck.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Memories of the War.

"Boys, we are going to be whipped to-morrow."

"Why?" asked his companion in gray.

"Because the d—d Sixth corps is in front," was the surly reply.

This conversation took place during the night of the second day's fight at Gettysburg. The Sixth corps had reached the battle field on July 2 after one of the most extraordinary forced marches recorded in history. Upon taking position, the opposing lines were so close together that the above remarks were overheard by General William H. Penrose, who was in command of the First brigade of the First division of the old Sixth.

The profane prophecy was treasured as the highest compliment that could be paid to the fighting qualities of Sedgwick's corps, uttered as it was, by its accustomed enemy. "And the prophecy was fulfilled," added Gen. Penrose—a declaration heartily concurred in by a prominent citizen of Denver, Gen. W. H. Lessig, who commanded the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania infantry, in the same brigade, division and corps.

The death of Sedgwick must have deeply touched the heart of Grant. It was like having his right arm shot off. Yet no time for tears. Carry his body hence. "The army will advance at 4 o'clock." A rude pine box was brought, the body of the dead commander placed in it and sent back to Washington—another message, black-bordered and black-sealed, to the North; two, indeed, for Wadsworth, killed two days before, and Sedgwick, went back together. The body of the former was met by a military escort at the Potomac and borne through the streets of Washington in a hearse with sable nodding plumes. But Sedgwick was poor; an express wagon answered for him.

The prophet Isaiah said 700 years before the Christan era: "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire."

How well this describes the battle of Spottsylvania court house. The historian says: "The woods took fire and many of the wounded perished in the flames." Before the ambulance could reach them, before comrades could lay down their arms and carry them to the rear, flames came and devoured them.

Sedgwick's death, so instantaneous, was a glorious translation. The mortal put on the immortal painlessly and in the twinkling of an eye; but to have flames lick up the blood while they consumed the body!

Three days after Sedgwick fell Hancock—what martial splendor in that name!—burst through the Confederate lines—burst, that is the term—and captured 4,000 prisoners, driving the enemy back to the village. Five times Lee charged to dislodge Hancock, then fell back vanquished.

To walk over that battlefield now is to see a new generation of forest trees. The storm of lead destroyed the first growth entirely. One tree, eighteen inches in diameter, was cut through and through, and fell shot to death by bullets from both armies. Nature is restoring things down there now, covering up and concealing every wound in the breast. Let us learn the same lesson from the "mute races of the trees."

When the army of the Potomac, 100,000 strong strong, under Grant, entered upon its campaign May 3, 1864, with Hancock upon the left, Warren on the center and Sedgwick on the right, the war had reached the fifth act in the great tragedy. The heavens were yet hung with black, with streakings of the breaking day all round the low horizon. At last a Henry V. was in the saddle. Agincourt was not far off. From the lieutenant-general down to the private in the rear rank the blood was summoned up; sinews were stiffened; hard-favored rage disfigured every face, and every eye had a terrible aspect."

If Grant's star reached its zenith, white and serene, at Appomattox, it was because it was as red as Mars at Vicksburg, and red like crimson at Spottsylvania.

Suppose a soldier of the Union army should pass through 101 battles and engagements, counting from Belmont, November 7, 1861, to Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865, beginning his army life as a private in the Thirteenth Iowa, and ending as brevet major-general of United States volunteers, that his life should thus become a portion of the stormy army of the Tennessee from its organization until its muster out, and during that time should sustain official and personal relations with its five commanders—Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Logan and Howard—all dead save Howard—as well as with its subordinate commanders and a majority of them dead; that he should be the bosom friend of the brilliant McPherson, whose death caused a shadow to fall upon him from which his soul has never been lifted; suppose such a soldier to have been the adjutant of his regiment, of his brigade, of his division, then adjutant-general of the Seventeenth army corps, and next chief of staff and adjutant-general of the army of the Tennessee, thus acquiring and cherishing to-day a larger acquaintance with the remnants of that splendid army than any other living member. Such a soldier as I have tried to portray in these poor-phrased thoughts is William T. Clark.—H. D. T., in Rocky Mountain News.

Both Were Heroes.

There are two instances of noble courage, the reading of which should stir the blood of every American. One occurred at Fredricksburg, on the day when half the brigades of Meagher and Caldwell lay on the bloody slope leading up to the Confederate entrenchments.

Among the assaulting regiments was the Fifth New Hampshire, and it lost 186 out of 300 men who made the charge. The survivors fell back behind a fence within easy reach of the Confederate rifle pits. Just before reaching it the last of the color guards was shot, and the flag fell in the open field.

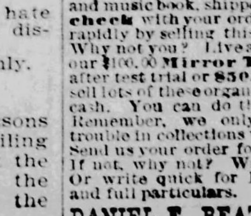
A captain, Perry, instantly ran out to rescue it, and as he reached it was shot through the heart; another captain, Murray, made the same attempt, and was also killed, and so was a third, Moore. Several private soldiers met a like fate. They were all killed close to the flag, and their dead bodies fell across one another.

Taking advantage of this breastwork, Lieutenant Nettleton crawled from behind the fence to the colors, seized them and bore back the blood won trophy.

The other incident took place at Gaines' Mill, where Gregg's First South Carolina regiment bore the brunt of an assault upon a certain strong position. Moving forward at a run, the South Carolinians were swept by a fierce and searching fire.

Young James Taylor, a lad of 16, was carrying the flag, and was killed after being shot down three times, twice rising and struggling onward with the colors. The third time he fell, the flag was seized by George Cotchett, and when he in turn fell, by Shubrick Hayne. Hayne also was struck down almost immediately, and a fourth lad—for none of these men were over 20 years old—grasped the colors and fell mortally wounded across the body of his friend.

The fifth, Gadsden Holmes, was pierced with no less than seven balls. The sixth man, Dominick Spellman, more fortunate, but not less brave, bore the flag throughout the rest of the battle.—The Ohio Soldier.



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THOSE SUMMER CURTAINS.

They Are Beautiful in Coloring and Infinite in Variety.

The curtain question is before us. The season has arrived when silken draperies and dust collecting portieres must be packed away in the camphor chest until fall. How to drape the summer window so that it will be artistic, cool and inviting is a question of importance.

Dainty curtains of white dotted swiss or mull appeal to every woman.

When tied back with delicately tinted ribbons they lend an air to the room which is at once cosy and home-like. Sheer muslin with a scalloped border may be bought this season for 20 cents a yard. About five yards will be required for a window. This makes a dainty and inexpensive drapery.

The ruffled dotted Swiss curtains are quite a fad. They sell at prices ranging from $6 to $10 a pair. They also come with a tucked border instead of ruffled. These curtains are tied back much higher than formerly, the ruffle falling like a graceful jabot to the floor. Scotch guipure curtains in white with a point d'esprit effect are also in favor. They cost from $3.50 to $8.50 a pair.

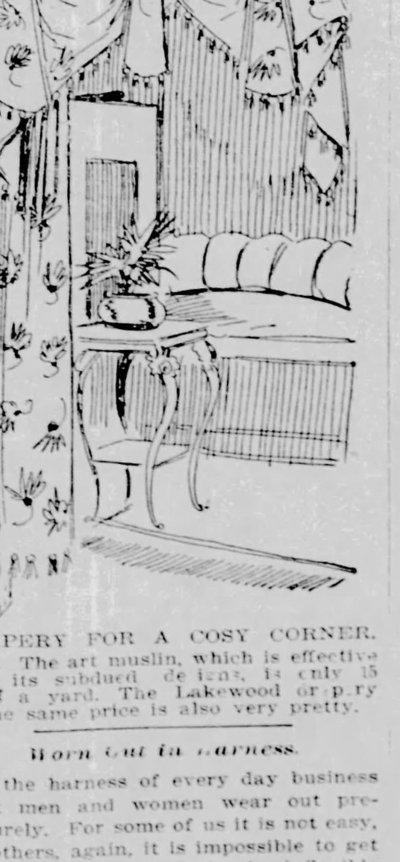
One of the most exquisite of the summer draperies is a silken fabric called "sunshine." It is fifty inches wide and sells for $3 a yard. Another of the new draperies which may be used for a win-

TIED HIGHER THAN THEY WERE LAST YEAR.

dow curtain or a portiere is the glistening Indian crepe. It comes in all colors with the conventional figure outlined in gold. An artestic pattern is in pale gray blue crepe, with the Empire design in a darker tint and worked in gold threads. These curtains sell for $10.50 and $12.50 a pair. The cross-striped silk and cotton curtains make excellent drapery for a country house. They come in all colors—cream-striped with a wavy silk line in dark blue, and white with green, old rose or violet. The curtains are finished with a fringe border of the same color as the stripe. Price from $7 to $10 a pair.

In a country house up the Hudson there are some home-made curtains worthy of imitation. In the library the sash curtains are of pongee embroidered in a design of scarlet passion flowers, scattered carelessly over the curtain. Sash curtains are made of white belting cloth, painted in a design of delicate ferns. The long curtains are of white dotted Swiss, tied back with pale-green ribbons.

Denim lends itself admirably to the decoration of a country house. An effective portiere may be made of dark-blue denim with a border of white duck. Above the border stately palms are painted. Among the cheaper curtains Lenox drapery has met with great success. It has the appearance of chintz and comes in a great variety of patterns and colors, selling at 25 cents a



DRAPERY FOR A COSY CORNER.

yard. The art muslin, which is effective with its subdued designs, is only 15 cents a yard. The Lakewood drapery at the same price is also very pretty.

Worn Out in Harness.

In the harness of every day business work men and women wear out prematurely. For some of us it is not easy, for others, again, it is impossible to get out of the harness. It is the inflexible yoke, the strongly forged unbreakable shackle of imperative servitude needful to ourselves and those most dear to us. The weight of it often bows many of us into the grave before our time, but it is undoubtedly true that there is a means of rendering the burden less onerous, and of mitigating the ailments that unremitting toil—especially of a sedentary kind—has a tendency to produce. Overworked clerks in counting houses, mill operatives, bookkeepers, typewriters and others testify to the reviving, restorative effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and its power of renewing physical and mental energy when overtasked and on the wane. Dyspepsia, failing vigor, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints yield to this beneficent medicine, which is a preventive of malaria and counteracts the effects of exposure in inclement weather.

COSTLY FADS

A Postage Stamp Collection Worth $125,000.

I saw a collection of postage stamps at the exhibition of the Philatelic society the other day that had been insured for £25,000, says an English writer. To a non-stamp-collecting mind it was almost incredible to hear Mr. Garth or Mr. Castle telling of stamps costing hundreds of pounds because they were imperforate, or had a hair-line running through them or a head turned upside down or a word in the wrong place. Two postoffice stamps shown to me cost the buyers £580, chiefly because the words were at the sides instead of somewhere else. Royalties seem to be eager collectors. The Duke of Coburg and the Duke of York both exhibited rare specimens of their collections, and on Thursday both paid a visit to the offices of the society in Arundel street and spent an hour very pleasantly there.

The Sunday School.

Presentation in the Temple.

LESSON II., JULY 8, 1894.

Golden Text: A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.—Luke 2:32.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 2:25-38.)

25. And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

26. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

27. And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

28. Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

29. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:

30. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

31. Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

32. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

33. And Joseph and his mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of him.

34. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against;

35. (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also;) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

36. And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser: she was of great age, and had lived with a husband seven years from her virginity;

37. And she was a widow of about four score and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day.

38. And she coming in that instant gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.

Illustrative Applications.

There was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon (v. 25). How a man's name is uplifted as it comes into connection with the name of Jesus! All that we know of godly Simeon is that he welcomed the coming of Jesus into the temple. But for this fact, Simeon would have no place in history. As it is, his name is precious in every Christian heart; and more thousands speak his name gratefully this week than ever before. If we would be uplifted, we must forget ourselves in loving trust in Jesus. If our lives are merged in the life of Christ, we shall be sharers with him in his honor and his glory. We can not lose anything by losing ourselves in him. We cannot gain anything worth having unless it is gained in him.

The parents brought in the child Jesus, that they might do concerning him after the custom of the law (v. 27). Every token to them of the wonderful character of that God-given child made the parents of Jesus only the more careful to be faithful in all things to his welfare and interest. They did not make the mistake of thinking that that child was good enough to take care of himself. They wanted to do more for him, rather than less, in order to bring him up aright. Many a mother thinks that there was never such a child as the one she now has in her charge. Let her, then, feel that she has special responsibilities for the training of this child, and that he cannot be let alone safely. Whether your child is more like Jesus, or less so, than the average child depends quite as much on your parental care of him as on his native characteristics and qualities.

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Master (v. 29). When a man's time to die has come, the best thing in the world for him to do is to die. It is a terrible thing to live one year too long. A man's main duty is not to preserve his life as long as possible, but to use his life as well as possible. And a man's prayer ought to be in the line of his obvious duty. As long as we have a mission here, we ought to strive in the line of that mission; when our mission here is performed, we ought to ask reverently to be pushed ahead into some other sphere, instead of being left here with nothing better to do than to live on beyond our time.

His father and his mother were marveling at the things which were spoken concerning him (v. 33). The best people in the world, and those who live nearest to the Lord, find a great many things in the Lord's ways that they can only wonder over. They can see what the Lord does, but not why he does it. If Mary, the mother of Jesus, could not understand some of these things which are recorded of her Son for all the world to know about, why should we expect to understand all the new things that come to pass in the plan of his kingdom? It does seem strange that the Lord permits some of the things which we see, and which we experience, in our every-day Christian life. Our only way to deal with them is—to marvel. We oughtn't to turn aside on account of them. We oughtn't to doubt. We oughtn't to worry. But we can—Marvel.

A sword shall pierce through thine own soul (v. 35). Our greatest blessings are the cause of our keenest sufferings in this life. The profoundest experiences of joy inevitably prepare the way for the intensest experiences of sorrow. If we love dearly, we must have added pain in all that gives pain to the one whom we love. All that makes an earthly possession precious, increases the sense of loss when that treasure is taken from us. And beyond all this, it is in the plan of God that those of us who would be sharers with Christ in his glory, shall be partakers of his sufferings in the flesh. "Through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God" if we enter in at all. If you would give your heart to Jesus, you must bare your breast to the assaults of the great enemy of Jesus. And even though final victory is assured to you in the spiritual contest, "a sword shall pierce through thine own soul."

There was one Anna, a phophetess, which departed not from the temple. She gave thanks unto God, and spake of him to all (vs. 36-38). Why doesn't Luke find fault with this woman for making herself heard in the temple courts? Is he quite sound on the woman question? It looks very much as though the voice of a woman might be raised in telling the story of the gospel in public, in those days in Jerusalem, without danger to the cause of good order, or to God's ordaining as to woman's sphere.—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

Use SOZODONT when you have eaten;
Use SOZODONT your breath to sweeten;
Use SOZODONT to aid digestion;
Use SOZODONT and ask no question.
Preserve your molars and you won't
Regret the use of SOZODONT.

Needed More Room for Rings.

Ethel—whose diminutive feminine meditations run strangely on financial matters, and whose conversation consists largely of what she would do if she had a million dollars, all as big as grandpa's watch—was one day discoursing on this theme in the presence of her young lady cousin, Bertha, whose slender fingers sparkled and glittered with so many rings that no unoccupied space could be readily observed. "If I had that million," began Ethel, after her accustomed fashion, "I would buy you another lovely ring, Cousin Bertha." Cousin Bertha proffered her thanks for the contemplated favor. "No, I wouldn't, either," Ethel retracted quickly, with a humorous gleam in her eyes, "I would buy another finger."

Out of Date.

Mrs. Lofty—"Yes; this old silver plate was handed down to me by my grandmother, who is in heaven now.

Mrs. Parvenue—"Dear me! How behind the fashions they must be up there."—Town Topics.

THE LAMENT OF EL MOULOK.

Within the sacred precincts of the mosque,
Even on the very steps of St. Sophia,
He lifted up his voice and spoke these words,
El Moulok, who sang naught but love songs once,
And now was crazed because his son was dead:

"O ye who leave
Your slippers at the portal, as is meet,
Give heed an instant ere ye bow in prayer.

"Ages ago,
Allah, grown weary of His myriad worlds,
Would one star more to hang against the blue.

"Then of men's bones,
Millions on millions, did He build the earth.

"Of women's tears,
Down falling through the night, He made the sea.

"Of sighs and sobs
He made the winds that surge about the globe.

"Where'er ye tread,
Ye tread on dust that once was living man.

"The mist and rain
Are tears that first from human eyelids fell.

"The unseen winds
Breathe endless lamentation for the dead."

Not so the ancient tablets told the tale,
Not so the Koran! This was blasphemy,
And they that heard El Moulok dragged him hence,
Even from the very steps of St. Sophia,
And loaded him with triple chains of steel,
And cast him in a dungeon.

None the less
Do women's tears fall ceaseless day and night,
And none the less do mortals faint and die
And turn to dust; and every wind that blows
About the globe seems heavy with the grief
Of those who sorrow, or have sorrowed here.
Yet none the less is Allah the Most High,
The Clement, the Compassionate. He sees
Where we are blind, and hallowed be His name!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE MYSTERIOUS LAKE TIDES.

Rising Suddenly From Calm Water, and Full of Strange Caprices.

"Tidal waves on the great lakes are not of uncommon occurrence," said an old Lake Erie skipper to a New York Sun reporter, "and although meteorological experts have for more than a hundred years tried to study out their cause, we don't know any more about it now than they did at the time the great wave rose suddenly on Lake Erie, off Rockport, and destroyed Col. Bradstreet's fleet, in October, 1761. That was the first tidal wave on the lakes that we have any record of.

"I have seen many of those swashes, as we call them on the lakes, the last one about ten years ago, when my schooner was swept high and dry at Port Stanley by a wave that seemed to rise on the lake like some monster marine animal coming from the depths to the surface. We could see it rushing toward us a mile away. It came with a boiling front ten feet high, hissing like loud escaping steam as it swept toward us. That is a peculiar thing about the lake tidal waves. They do not come with a roar, like the ocean surf, but with a loud, hissing sound; and there is only one instance on record where they are either accompanied or followed by strong winds.

"That one instance was at Toledo, in December, 1856, when the wind, which had been blowing stiff off shore, suddenly whirled into a howling nor'easter, and as quick as the change in the wind, that wave leaped out of the lake and came hurling upon the shore a wild and angry mass, eight feet high. In every other recorded occurrence of these mysterious freaks of the lake waters the surface of the lake has been perfectly calm and the air scarcely perceptible.

"Such was the condition when the big wave attacked us at Port Stanley, swamping my schooner and drowning one of my men. The wave receded as fast as it had rushed in, and the lake, in less than ten minutes, was as smooth as a mirror.

"Within the next hour there were four more swashes, each one of less force and volume, until the last was scarcely more than a ripple.

"Almost the first thing I remembered, for I was but three years old at the time, was one of these tidal waves. It appeared early in the spring on the Canada shore off Otter Creek. There was a piece of woods there then with a long stretch of beach between it and the lake. My father had a 35 ton schooner lying off the shore half a mile or more. The water was a dead calm, when without warning of any kind a wave lifted itself from the bosom of the lake, probably a mile and a half out, and swept shoreward with the mighty hiss. My mother and I were with father on his schooner. As that swash came rushing upon us it seemed to me as if the leaping foam of its white crest was higher than the schooner's masts, but I know now that they were not more than twelve feet high. The wave was high enough and strong enough, though, to sweep the schooner ashore as if it had been a cockle shell, and across that stretch of beach into the woods, where it was left among the trees, a hopeless wreck.

"In ten minutes the lake was as calm as ever, but an hour later a similar wave appeared at Kettle Creek, twenty miles from Otter Creek, and tumbled all sorts of lake craft ashore.

"I guess the greatest tidal wave ever seen on any of the lakes was the one Dr. Foster and his party of voyagers saw on Lake Superior, between Copper Harbor and Eagle river. That was in August, 1845. This swash was more than twenty feet high, and, like all of its kind, sprung suddenly from the lake at dead calm. It was a quarter of a mile distant from Dr. Foster's boat, which, when the disturbance began, was directly in the path of the wave. It was crested with foam, and curled over like a mighty ocean surge. Before reaching the boat, however, the wave turned so that its nearest extremity swept past at a distance of 50 feet, the water between that extremity and the boat being scarcely ruffled by the influence of the rushing tide.

"The wave was only half a mile from shore, but, notwithstanding its great size and velocity, it never reached there. The same mysterious caprice that caused it to change its course and pass harmlessly by the vessel seemed to seize it once more, and it sank rapidly from its great height as it approached the shore, and struck the beach with no more force or rise of water than might have come from the wash of a passing vessel.

"I remember a notable swash on Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the Menominee. That one appeared in April, 1858, and rushed into the river with such tremendous force and volume that it upset the ferryboat on the Menominee. The recurrent oscillations of these swashes are usually of decreasing size and force, but this one on the Menominee wasn't that kind. The ebb of this tide was just as sudden as its flow, but in a few minutes it was followed by another wave much larger than the first one, and the ebb of the second swash was followed by a wave still larger than the second.

"That seemed to satisfy the mood of the lake at Menominee that day, and, with the receding of the third wave, calmness even unwonted prevailed on its bosom. The time between the coming of the first wave and the receding of the third was less than twenty minutes.

"The curious thing about these lake tidal waves is that they are entirely local in their influence. A swash, even of the greatest force and height, may not affect more than a mile of lake front, the water at either end of them being undisturbed beyond that distance. They always come in from the open water."

A Hebrew Tradition.

There is a Hebrew tradition that Eve survived Adam, and was, therefore, the first widow.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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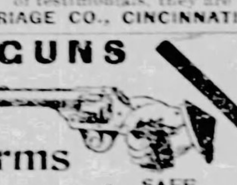

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1894.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE................Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 116,000

NOW LET US BOOM JULY!

This week will close the great premium short time subscription contest for the month of June. The closing days of June, and including the second day of July, will bring us hundreds of more names to be included in the June contest. On July 3 we shall begin to make up the list of the one hundred and sixty persons who will be awarded the $500 worth of premiums, which award will be made, just as soon as the list is revised and corrected. We hope to have the lists of awards ready for publication next week.

Beginning with July 3, we shall count all clubs and names received to apply on the July contest, which as announced is an exact duplicate of the June contest. Notice we have corrected and revised our premium announcement in another column so that it applies to the July contest; and as all are supplied with July coupons, let the contest begin with a boom. We hope even more contestants will enter for July. All the June contestants will have a certain advantage in July, inasmuch as they have their "hands in," so to speak, having now the confidence that it is a very easy matter to obtain hundreds of names almost as rapidly as they can be written down. Then new contestants will have their advantage, by reason that their locality has not yet been canvassed. And by the way we want especially cultivated during July a large amount of territory that was not canvassed in June. The publication of the June awards will show how easy it is for one hundred and sixty other persons to earn premiums in July.

One thing more. During June we received some seventeen hundred clubs of ten subscribers, from those who were not contestants for the premiums, but from the sole motive of benefiting ten of their neighbors. We are gratified at this, and we feel that a general satisfaction will in the end be produced from the scheme. The contestants will be awarded either by premium or in the feeling of having provided their neighbors with good reading for almost nothing, and The Blade at considerable cost will have many thousands of new friends. Let us during July have double the number of new clubs of ten. There are hundreds of postoffices in Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and other states where but a few copies of The Blade are taken. Coupon cards are held by subscribers in those localities and a canvass not yet made. A club of ten can be raised in a half hour. Who will do it? Scores at every town would be thankful to have The Blade three months nominally free, and would feel very grateful to the club raiser.

We will send premium copies of The Blade, or coupon cards, on application. Now let us boom July.

ATTENTION! SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE TIME EXPIRES IN JULY.

There being comparatively but a few yearly subscriptions expiring in July, we have concluded not to send out due bill cards for the book "Nasby Letters." We simply announce, however, every person who renews during July, by remitting us one dollar for another year, will obtain free a copy of "The Nasby Letters" if requested when they order.

We shall publish no more of these books. Out of 62,000 thus far published, we have perhaps 3,000 copies left—enough only to last during July, August and part of September. If any person whose time expires next fall or winter desires a copy, they should renew during July or August.

A CARELESS CRITIC.

The Boston Herald, a Democratic paper, but, like all Eastern organs of that political faith, entirely opposed to the free silver ideas of Colorado and the South, quotes wonderingly Senator Sherman's endorsement of the financial plank of the Ohio Republican platform. It then prints the resolution in full, and comments as follows:

> There is not in this plank a single line to which Senator Teller or Senator Stewart cannot sincerely subscribe. Mr. Bland himself would find firm footing on it. Yet Senator Sherman says that it is line with the views he has always held. Then, with a strange disregard of logic, he adds: "I am a friend of silver, and believe in its use as money; but it must be used in such a way that its parity will be maintained with gold." Where, we beg to ask him, does he find in the Columbus declaration of faith any suggestion of the maintenance of the parity between silver and gold?

The Herald does not use its eyes to good advantage. The opening sentence of the plank is a declaration for the maintenance of parity between gold and silver. It says: "We favor bimetallism." Will the Herald explain how bimetallism can be obtained except by keeping gold and silver at a parity? The Herald should endeavor to fix in its mind the meaning of the word "bimetallism."

The efforts of Southern "statesmen" in Congress to get pension money for men from their section are untiring. A bill is now pending, which will be backed by the administration, to increase the pensions of Mexican war veterans from $8 to $12 a month, thus giving $2,000,000 a month to Southern survivors of that old struggle.

MASSACHUSETTS WILL TRY IT.

Massachusetts has decided to try the Gothenburg system of regulation for the liquor traffic. After long debate, and considerable public agitation on the subject, both houses of the legislature of that state have passed a bill which will give the system a trial. The statute is very rigidly drawn, restricting the introduction of the system to cities that voted for license at the last two elections, thus leaving only a little over thirty places eligible. These must also approve it, before trial, by a popular vote. After that, the system will go into effect; the license monopoly being granted to a company which, after paying 4 per cent on its capital stock, shall turn over all profits in excess of that to the state. There are provisions for securing open competition for the privilege, and a careful scrutiny of the books by public officials.

Though the law restricts it to only a portion of the towns in the state, as described above, the way is open for a thorough trial of the system. Fortunately, in the public agitation to secure the passage of the bill, quite a number of the leading advocates of prohibition threw their influence in its favor. This will prove an element in behalf of a full and fair experiment. The plan is simply to grant the entire privilege of selling liquor to a responsible company, which can make only 4 per cent on its investment, anything over that being turned over to the state. Thus the greed of gain—the element of personal profit—which has proved such an obstacle to the restriction of the traffic, is entirely removed.

The plan has worked well in Sweden and Norway, where it originated. It is called the "Gothenburg system" because it was first tried in the town of Gothenburg, Sweden. At that time, Sweden was "a land of drunkards." There were 33,342 stills in operation—one to each hundred inhabitants—and the people consumed 28 1-2 quarts of liquor per capita every year, which is double the consumption of liquor by any nation at this time. The Swedes were "the heaviest drinkers in the world" in 1866, when the law was originally passed. The happy results attending the experiment led to the extension of the system all over the country. The result was that in ten years the total number of saloons in Sweden was reduced one-fourth. Then the system was extended to Norway. In ten years the number of saloons was reduced from 501 to 227, making but one to every 591 inhabitants. The improvement has gone steadily on in Sweden, till to-day the Swedes have dropped to ninth place in the amount of liquor consumed per capita, instead of first place, where they stood in 1875.

With such results in the land of its origin, it is no wonder the eyes of temperance reformers in the United States have turned hopefully toward it as a promising method of curbing the evils of the liquor traffic in the United States. The point was raised in Massachusetts—where the bill met the bitterest opposition from all engaged in the liquor traffic—that the Gothenburg method "will not fit in with American political habits." This objection is far-fetched. It will destroy the habit of political "treating," but we doubt that this will be deemed a hardship by any intelligent citizen. It will merely help to destroy the power of the saloon as a political factor—a consummation devoutly to be wished. We await with much confidence the result in Massachusetts of this new effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THAT OREGON AVALANCHE.

The complete returns of the Oregon state election were much delayed because of the floods in that state, but the result is such a magnificent Republican victory that we can forgive the wait. The result is astounding, when one considers the hard times among the farmers, and the desperate efforts of the Populists to enlist them in their crackbrained cause. The Republican state ticket is elected by an old-time plurality. Herman, the Republican candidate for Congress in the First district has 9,087 plurality, and Ellis, in the Second, 9,320 plurality. The legislature stands as follows:

	Senate.	House.	Tot'l
Republicans	19	52	71
Democrats	8	1	9
Populists	3	7	10

The Republican majority on joint ballot is 52. This sounds the political death-knell of that blatant demagogue, Pennoyer, who hoped to go to the United States Senate, to succeed Senator Dolph, by a coalition of Democrats and Populists in the legislature. But as that coalition can muster only 19 votes to the Republicans 71, Pennoyer finds his ambition balked, and himself relegated to private life with emphatic dispatch.

The magnitude of the revolution in political sentiment in Oregon can best be realized by a comparison between the figures above showing the make-up of the new legislature, and the following, showing how the last one stood:

	Senate.	House.	Tot'l
Republicans	16	38	54
Democrats	11	17	28
Populists	1	3	4
Citizens' Democrats	..	2	2
Democratic Peoples'	1	..	1
Citizens' People's	1	..	1

It is not often so great a change is seen in the political views of the people of a single state. It reveals the disgust of the cheated and deceived voters who trusted to Democratic promises of the speedy arrival of the millennium as the result of Cleveland's election, and their distrust of the purposes and methods of the Populists.

The agricultural department is doing a good work by encouraging the movement for practical road reform. A circular has been issued by the department indorsing a proposed national road conference, to be held at Asbury Park, N. J., July 5 and 6, and urging the attendance of persons interested in the needed improvement of the country's highways. The purpose is a most useful and necessary one, and it is to be lamented that Coxey and other cranks have cast discredit upon it by their visionary schemes of a flood of fiat "money" for road improvement.

A report comes from Mexico that the government proposes to open the doors of the country to Chinese, and to admit the immigrants to full citizenship. If this be true, Mexico is entering upon a very interesting and very serious experiment.

Senator Brice says the Senate tariff bill is his bill. The Senator appears anxious to acknowledge as his the doorstep children of the national Capitol.

Wisconsin Democrats will probably nominate Millionaire Pabst for governor. He will be willing to set up the beer.

THE WINDOM PLAN.

The increasing interest in the monetary question prompts readers of The Blade from all over the Union to write to us discussing various plans and projects for the more extended use of silver. It is notable that there is an increasing sentiment that it is not wise for the United States to attempt, single-handed, the remonetization of silver by giving it unlimited free coinage and full legal tender powers at the old ratio of 16 to 1. The weakening of Mr. Bland on the matter of ratio, during the extra session of Congress, when he was willing to have the ratio raised to 18 to 1, 20 to 1, and we believe 22 to 1, to secure free coinage, was an object lesson to a great many students of the coinage question. This lesson was reinforced by the action of Mr. Bland at the Missouri state Democratic convention, where he agreed in committee to a silver plank which admitted that the old ratio might need raising.

Quite a number of letters have proposed a plan whereby silver bullion shall be deposited in the United States treasury at the market price, and treasury notes or certificates be issued for it at its market value. That is in effect the plan proposed some years ago by Secretary of the Treasury Windom. It did not attract as much attention at the time as it should have done, simply because public interest outside of the silver states was not aroused on the currency question. The fact that men's minds are turning to the consideration of some plan of putting all our silver in circulation at its value in terms of gold, shows that Mr. Windom was simply in advance of public sentiment.

His plan was that any owner of silver bullion may deposit it with the government, and receive therefor certificates for its full gold value at the market price. These certificates were to be redeemable in their face value in silver. To illustrate: A deposits silver bullion, at the market price today, to amount to $10 worth. He receives a $10 certificate. This certificate is always redeemable in silver bullion to the value of $10 in gold, whether the price of silver rises or falls. This would keep these certificates always at par with gold.

The only objection of any weight to this plan is that the government would lose somewhat if the decline in silver continues. To this it may be answered that if silver appreciated in value the government would make a gain. Furthermore, even if there were a loss, and a considerable one, it would not be of any importance when compared with the enormous loss that would fall upon the people were we to drop to the silver standard, which is the danger to be apprehended from any plan of free coinage at a ratio less than the market ratio of silver to gold.

It is a fact that must be given due weight that in all countries which have free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, or any other similar ratio, the purchasing power of silver coin is only its market value. "The stamp of the government" fails to give it any more purchasing power than the metal composing it is worth. That is the case in Mexico and the silver-using countries of Central and South America. It is the case in India. And we have every reason to believe it would be the case with us. Should we adopt free coinage at 16 to 1, and this result follow, it would mean an aggregate loss to the people of the United States of at least three thousand million dollars.

KILLING OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

The Democrats in Congress are destroying our foreign trade by their tariff bill. As everybody knows, that measure abrogates all the reciprocity arrangements with other countries provided for by the McKinley law. Now comes the news that the Spanish government has introduced in the Cortes a bill, to take effect July 1, authorizing Cuba and Porto Rico to collect a duty of 24 per cent. upon all articles from the United States now on the free list of the reciprocity treaty. This will deal a serious blow to our export trade. It hits the farmers, as it includes meats, lard, butter, cheese, tallow, various grains, starch and corn products, fruits, vegetables, hay, straw and bran; it strikes at our manufacturers, as it includes iron in its various forms, structural iron, rails, wire, nails, screws, and manufactures of the metal; books, barrels, boxes, agricultural implements, trade tools, all kinds of machinery, railway equipments, petroleum, tiles and brick, and a number of other articles. All of these will have to pay 24 per cent. duty, if imported into Cuba and Porto Rico.

This is but the beginning of the complications that will ensue when the infamous Senate tariff bill becomes a law. The sugar schedule will cause severe discriminations to be made against our experts by sugar-producing counties. Germany, France, and we think Belgium, give a bounty to foster the production of beet sugar. To put a 40 per cent. duty on it, as the Trust's sugar schedule does, will prove a severe blow to that industry in those countries, and they are preparing to retaliate. It is understood that Germany has remonstrated, and threatened that she will retaliate by imposing a discriminating duty on our grain, flour, pork and pork products, and other agricultural productions, imported from the United States. A resolution has been adopted by the Senate asking the President to furnish that body information as to any protests made by foreign governments, or concerning any proposed retaliatory legislation. The reply is awaited with interest, as it will contain information received by the State Department and not made public hitherto, from fear of injuring the prospects of the bill.

A dispatch from Flagstaff, Arizona, brings an item of news that is of much interest to astronomers all over the world. It says that the observers of the Lowell observatory have already seen the following of the canals of Mars: Galaxias, Cerberus, Orcus, Tartarus, Eumenides, Siremius, Laestrysonphasis, Lthonias, Agatho, Daemon and Araxas. That planet is now getting into a position favorable for observation, and astronomers all over the world are endeavoring to solve the mystery of the markings on its surface which are called "canals" because they more resemble canals than anything else with which we are acquainted. They are straight markings, crossing the land from sea to sea; but they can hardly be canals, for they would be at least 200 miles wide.

The state election in Alabama in August is exciting the apprehensions of the Democratic managers. They fear a flop to Populism, and the breaking of the Solid South.

THE "LOST CAUSE."

The miserable yawping of Rev. Mr. Cave and Gen. Rosser, on Memorial Day, at the unveiling of the monument to Confederate soldiers at Richmond, has started a number of the reactionaries yet surviving in the South in their chorus on the same tune. The burden of the song is that the South was battling for "its rights," that its cause was just, and that wrong triumphed because the North had larger armies and greater resources.

A charitable theory is that there are many Southern people who confuse two entirely different things. The bravery and tenacity of the Southern soldiers is confused with the causes which brought on the war. People who are impulsive rather than logical are apt to make such blunders. The men of the South fought bravely and well—for were they not Americans, our brethren? But a man may be brave in a wrong cause, and it is not too much to say they were.

We honor Henry Watterson—himself a Confederate soldier—for the general reply he has made, in a two-column editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal, to these rabid, one-idead persons, of the Rosser and Cave school. His article is entitled "What Lost Cause?" and he answers the question in a hard-headed, common-sense way. He says there were two issues in dispute between the South and the North—"the right of the ownership of slave property in the territories and everywhere else, unabridged and unassailed; and the right of a state peacefully and at its own will to secede from the union." Of these he says:

> The founders of the Union, not being able clearly to define and determine these issues, had compromised them in the organic law. The limitations of slavery and the exact relations of the states to the federal government were left open questions in the constitution. * * Forty years of argument culminated in four years of war,, whose results proved conclusive. It was a final triumph by arms, and the verdict went against the South. Whatever peaceful right of secession a state might have legally possessed, the war practically demonstrated that it could never be carried into effect as long as human nature remained what it is, and, since slavery existed no longer, its right in the territories or elsewhere could not seriously concern anybody.
>
> There is not a right enjoyed by Massachusetts which is not enjoyed by Mississippi. There is not a star in the firmament of heaven which does not shine equally upon Vermont and Texas; nor, for the matter of that, a star upon the flag of the Union that does not do the same thing. What cause, therefore, has been lost that we ought to maintain, and that time will restore us? African slavery? Nonsense. No sane man would recall it if he could. The right of secession? Let Colorado try it and see how quick the South will vote with the North men and money to whip her back. Surely, as individuals, we could not be better off if the Confederacy had succeeded, and there are those who think much worse, because the success of the Confederacy meant the revival in America of all the problems which hundreds of years of broil and battle have left unsettled in Europe, whilst the restoration of the Union enables us to take up the old sweet tale of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and pursue it under God's blessing to the end of time.
>
> Thirty years of peace have confirmed the verdict of these four years of war. Minus slavery, the people of the United States are exactly where they were before the war. There has not been the slightest change in our federal system. There is not the slightest abridgement of the rights of any citizen. Human liberty has been enlarged, not contracted. Nor is there the least discrimination between the citizens of the North and the citizens of the South, or between the soldiers who wore the blue and the soldiers who wore the gray, except in the matter of the pension list, and surely no brave or honest Confederate soldier has ever been heard to complain that any brave and honest Union soldier has had his service thus recognized. In all things else, it is one with the men who followed Grant and with the men who followed Lee. They sit side by side in Congress; they serve side by side in the Cabinet; they have represented the country and are representing it in its foreign diplomatic service, with an ability and loyalty, which, as between the two, cannot be distinguished the one from the other.

THE TARIFF BILL'S PASSAGE.

The Sugar Trade Journal is, as its name shows, a trade paper devoted to one interest. It has attracted notice recently, for the exactitude of its information regarding the Senate tariff bill, and especially of the sugar schedule. For instance, some time before the sugar schedule was made public it announced what the scale of duties would be, and that it would be accepted by the Senate without amendment—and this before any of the astute Washington correspondents had obtained any information on the subject. This shows that its news sources on this topic were reliable. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the Journal is understood to be th official organ of the Sugar Trust.

In its last issue the Journal indulges in further predictions as follows:

> Progress is being made with the tariff bill so that the final vote in the Senate will be taken about the 25th inst., and it is generally conceded that the sugar schedule will remain practically unchanged, except that the 1-10c per pound differential duty will be taken from all sugars below No. 16 D. S., and apply only to sugars above No. 16 D. S., as is the case in the McKinley bill. The date of operation may also be changed to the beginning of the sugar campaign year, October 1. Otherwise the schedule will remain unchanged, and will undoubtedly go through the House as it passes the Senate, unless the entire tariff bill is finally defeated.

Here are three forecasts which, in view of the absolute correctness of the Journal's former prediction, may be accepted as reasonably sure to happen. First, that the one-tenth of a cent a pound differential duty will remain only on sugars above No. 16, Dutch standard; second, that the sugar schedule may be put into operation on October 1 instead of January 1; third, and most important, that the schedule will pass the House in the same shape it leaves the Senate, or else the whole tariff bill will fail and be defeated.

Congress appears to be very much under the thumb of the Sugar Trust, doesn't it, men and brethren—especially Democrats?

"A SKIN OF PUTTY."

A few days ago the Secretary of War, Dan Lamont, issued an order dismissing D. G. and Frank E. Coffin, draughtsmen in the employ of the government at Cincinnati, for offensive partisanship. Their offense is in calling President Cleveland a "skin of putty." Their discharge was requested by Congressman Berry.

We have nothing to say as to the righteousness of the discharge for the cause assigned. Probably it is better that government employes shall use respectful language in referring to the Chief Executive. If "offensive partisanship" be just cause for dismissal, the Messrs. Coffin were certainly guilty of it. But there can be no question as to the fitness of the epithet applied to Mr. Cleveland, at least in a physical sense.

The Democrats won't dare talk of the "robber barons" in this year's campaign. The subservience of its majority in Congress to the sugar barons will stop them.

The Democratic papers are now and then "warning" their party. It is too late. There is no use in warning a man after his ruin has been accomplished.

Anarchy should be crushed out everywhere.

$500 IN PREMIUMS!

FOR JULY.

To be Given to Friends of the Weekly Blade who Will Assist us to GIVE AWAY 100,000 Three Months' Subscriptions.

Our donation offer of three months' subscriptions for the month of June was a wonderful success. Of the 100,000 offered, nearly one-half have been taken, leaving over 50,000 to be given during July. As the offer is becoming more widespread every day, we look for a greater demand the second month. As heretofore announced, we duplicate for July our most wonderful proposition for June.

Everybody knows the times are hard. Thousands and thousands of families in the country have been absolutely compelled to discontinue or cut down their supply of newspaper reading from lack of funds—many are unable this season to afford a single newspaper—and yet, never has there been a time in the history of our country when a newspaper was more important to the living masses. Every day has brought and will continue to bring forth new situations and events, and who cares in this age to live in the dark?

Just so certain as the times are now discouraging, an era of prosperity is sure to follow. We may be mistaken, but we firmly believe that the Toledo Weekly Blade is the best newspaper published for the masses, and we have an idea that if we can nominally give away 100,000 three months subscriptions now, to those who appreciate a good family newspaper, a large percentage will become our regular patrons upon the return of better times. Hence this bold and remarkable proposition, expensive to us, but which we hope will be appreciated by at least 100,000 new readers.

The Coupon Card.

The offer below of five hundred dollars in premiums to friends of The Blade who will assist us to distribute the 100,000 subscriptions, is open to anybody who receives a COUPON CARD from us. Some weeks ago we mailed coupon cards to all subscribers, agents, postmasters, and others likely to be interested. These cards were made good for July as well as June. Any interested reader who has not received one of these cards, will please write us, and we will forward a card at once. We will also forward sample copies of The Blade on application.

The Premiums.

Last year we gave thirty-three premiums in June, and the same in July, worth $200. This year we offer 320 premiums, worth $1,000. Deducting one-half already awarded for June leaves the following liberal offer for the month of July:

First. To the person sending us during July the largest number of addresses for the Weekly Blade three months, upon terms stated on our coupon card, we will give a first-class Family Sewing Machine worth $45.

Second. The same to person sending us the second largest number during July.

To the third largest during July, a Gents' Gold Hunting Case Watch worth $40.

To fourth largest, an open face Gold Watch worth $30.

To fifth largest, a Ladies' Gold Watch worth $25.

The next ten largest clubs in order, will each get a nickel case Elgin or Waltham Watch, worth $16 each.

The next ten largest clubs in order will each receive a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia.

The next ten largest clubs in order, each a dozen nickel teaspoons.

The next fifty in order, each a Columbian Souvenir Half Dollar—now very rare—worth at least one dollar each.

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the book "Nasby in Exile."

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the "Nasby Letters" in book form.

The next twenty-five, each a paper cover novel.

Above enumerates 160 premiums, worth $500, to be awarded to the largest lists sent us in July. Practically, almost every competitor for premiums will win something. Of course, we expect clubs from thousands; many sending clubs just to favor the friends of their community, without expecting remuneration. We want every person who gets one of our coupon cards, or at least we want one person at every postoffice, to mail us a club of ten or more names on or about July 2. After sending one club, additional clubs will be easier to obtain, as by that time the wonderful cheapness of The Blade will be much talked about, and every family will want to come in. After sending a second club your chances are good for one of our premiums, and those who send above 100 names will be pretty close to one of the high premiums. Remember that the above 160 premiums are awarded, one each, to 160 persons sending the most names to us during the month of July. This plan is all the more interesting because many who earned premiums in June will be just as likely to get another in July, and many who failed to get a premium in June will know better how to make pretty sure for July.

As stated above, we shall practically give away these three months subscriptions. We will make a nominal charge of a trifle for each name (the prices will be stated on the coupon cards), the amount being barely sufficient to cover cost of mailing and premiums awarded for collecting the addresses—leaving us an expense of several thousand dollars for paper, postage and other details as our donation to those out of employment, and for other reasons embarrassed for want of reading matter in all parts of the United States.

Never was there a time so easy as now to take names for a good newspaper under such an arrangement as we offer, as never before were so many families without newspapers. While this offer is especially designed for the needy of every postoffice, it is also open to all. It will be possible under the liberal offer we propose to secure the name of every reading person at every postoffice that does not now take the Blade, whether they take other papers or none. In canvassing for new names, you can assure all that in addition to the regular good features of the Weekly Blade, they will also have the reading of an excellent serial story to begin on July 10, as announced in to-day's Weekly Blade. Also say to them that before their time expires we will make another special announcement for the benefit of these special short time subscribers only, that will make them very glad they joined our ranks.

Instructions and Conditions.

Every person reading this announcement who has not got a coupon card, should write us at once, and one will be quickly mailed you. Also write for specimen copy or copies of the Weekly Blade to show while canvassing. Each card will give the nominal price you are to send us with each name, and also eight coupons. Four coupons, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 for June, and four coupons likewise for July use. It will be expected that you mail us your first club (at least ten names to each club) about July 2. Cut off July coupon No. 1 and enclose with your first club, (no matter how many names). You see these coupons are your authority for sending names at so low a price. Then follow with a second club and July coupon No. 2 as speedily as possible. We desire at least four clubs, using the four coupons, during July, but if more clubs are sent we will accept the additional ones without coupons, as after getting four clubs from you, we shall recognize your right to supplement them. Your last July club should be mailed not later than the 28th day of the month, as we want to make up the award on August 3. Be sure to number the names of your lists from one up to whatever total number of names you send us, so that the number opposite the last name of your last July list will represent the total number of names you have sent. This will enable us to quickly make up the award.

Each club should consist of not less than ten names, and as many more as you choose. We expect many clubs of 50 or 100 at a time, according to size of the community. We want every friend of The Blade to send us at least one club in July, even if you do not compete for the premiums, just to do an act of charity to the needy in your neighborhood. It will also extend our acquaintance just that much, and we will appreciate it also. We shall name the price so low that we cannot allow any deduction for cost of remitting. However, beginning with July 1 the cost of money orders (P. O.) will be greatly reduced, and the cost of remitting will be so small that we feel sure every friend of The Blade will help to the extent of at least one club without remuneration, especially when we assume so great an expense for the benefit of your friends and neighbors. Please remit in current funds. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by money order, express order, New York, Chicago or Toledo exchange, or by registered letter. Be sure to enclose a coupon with each order, in numerical order, as long as they last. Upon reading our coupon card in connection with this article, our plan will appear perfectly plain to you, and you will realize this to be the most remarkable offer to newspaper readers ever made by any publisher. We shall now wait with bated breath to see how many friends The Toledo Blade has in this broad land.

The Supreme court of Georgia has decided that a law of that state obliging railroad, telegraph and express companies to assign in writing a reason for the discharge of any employe, or pay $5,000 to the discharged person, is contrary to "the general private right of silence," and "is utterly void and of no effect."

PRECAUTION.

Miss Yellow Wash—Now, Claude, i s yo' sho' yo' has de weddin' ring, an' woan drap um?

Claude—'Cose I woan drap um, I's e got it in mah mouf. Come along!!

THE CARNOT MURDER.

The civilized world is shocked as it was when the lamented Garfield was shot down, by the news of the assassination of President Carnot, of France. There is a parallelism between the two crimes in the motive, or rather lack of real motive, for their commission. Carnot's murderer is an Italian, Giovanni Santo. He refuses to state any reason for the commission of the crime. That he had any real personal grievance against Carnot is hardly probable; hence the theory that he is an anarchist, who struck down the president simply because he was the representative of law and order.

It is hard for any thoughtful person to understand the mental processes and the wild theories of the anarchistic element. Law and government are the primordial factors of civilization. Without them, there is no rule but that of might. No one can possess anything unless by the strong hand. Hence every man finds every other man a possible enemy, ready to take whatever he may possess by force. This means a return at once to barbarism; yet it is the only possible outcome of the doctrine of the anarchists.

The social system of the present day is the result of thousands of years of slow and toilsome progress of humanity from savagery. It has its faults; it presses unequally upon the people; but it is the best yet evolved. It is the wildest madness to attempt to destroy it, to turn back the wheels of progress to the beginning, to go back to the savagery of primeval man, and then inevitably have to rebuild civilization on practically the same lines. Civilization is an evolution, and human effort should be directed in lines of further progress, not in favor of a retrograde movement.

The crime of Santo, if prompted by anarchistic ideas, is a useless one. It will not destroy government in France, nor will it even cause revolution. Another President will be chosen, and the Republic go on. The government depends upon the people, not upon the life of the man who sits in the executive chair. He may die, but the government still lives. Santo will meet the fate his crime merits. The guillotine will end his mundane career, and anarchy will have received a check instead of a forward impulse.

FOREIGNERS GOING BACK.

The New York Sun has done a valuable service by investigating the magnitude of the reflux of foreigners to Europe. When the business depression assumed a chronic form, there was a sharp falling off in the number of foreigners arriving. Next the tide began to move outward instead of inward—in small volume at first, but steadily increasing since. It is not the poor foreigners who are leaving, but those who can afford to pay their way across seas to their old homes, and each carrying a greater or less amount of money, the accumulations of his labor here. A Scotchman, buying tickets for himself and family for Glasgow, frankly said:

> We have saved up a little money, and we can't afford to stay here while I am waiting for a job. We can live over there on less than half it costs us to live here, and so we have decided to go back. We can better afford to wait over there till business brushes up a bit. When it does we will come back again.

The Democratic party's tariff-smashing policy brought about a business stagnation, with resulting idleness to tens of thousands, and lower wages and less employment to other tens of thousands. This has not only largely checked immigration, but started a return movement among those foreigners who are able to get away. The checking of immigration may not be an evil, but the method of achieving it is a most costly one. It certainly should not be necessary to ruin the American people to accomplish it. That method is about as costly as the one which the Chinese followed to roast a pig—burning down the house with the pig locked in—as told by Charles Lamb.

The foreign ministers to Nicaragua, who have been considering the troubles in the Mosquito Reserve, have agreed that Nicaragua shall retain its sovereign rights, fortify the frontier, collect revenues, and hold the public lands. Chief Clarence is to be restored, but with municipal rights alone. This, it is thought, will prove a satisfactory settlement. The sore spot in the whole matter is the attitude of Great Britain, who notified the United States that she ignores the Monroe doctrine, an announcement which can only be interpreted to mean that she is preparing to meddle in American affairs, probably that the Nicaragua canal is her objective point.

The nomination of Hon. M. M. Estee for governor by the California Republicans was in strict obedience to the rule of putting up the best and the strongest man for the position.

A proper coat of arms for a United States Senator would be a sugar barrel rampant with an investigating committee couchant.

"Sugar Warehouse" is the new name for the Senate.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The Baroness Emma Spoyre, of Norway, is said to be the best known woman painter in Northern Europe.

The amount of wire in the underground conduits of New York city is estimated at 34,000 miles, of which 32,000 miles are telephone and telegraph wires.

Prof. Charles Rollins Keyes, of Iowa, has been elected state geologist of Missouri. He has been connected for three years with the United States Geological Survey.

The Congo railroad, twenty-five miles long, and the entering wedge into mid-African territory, has begun operations. The passenger rate for a first-class ticket is $10.

The Colorado river from Fort Yuma to its mouth is being surveyed by the chief of the Mexican boundary commission, with a view to the improvement of its channel.

The Austro-Hungarian currency commission states that the government has nearly all the gold, 400,000,000 florins, needed to complete the reform of the currency of that country.

There are 68,000 postoffices in the United States, and about 67,000 of them do not pay their running expenses. The profit of the New York city postoffice is $4,000,000 a year.

It is not generally known that Baltimore has become the headquarters of the Spiritualists of the United States. Believers have proposed the erection of a $1,000,000 church in that city.

Cornell university this year has a registration of an even 1,800 students, the eighteen-hundredth student having entered last week. Somewhat over 200 of the total number are women.

As the result of statistics showing a large increase in the number of youthful criminals, the German ministry of the interior is discussing a reorganization of the system of compulsory education.

Donald Graham, who died the other day in England, aged 85 years, was a schoolmate of Gladstone, and it was his proud boast that he used to "beat the prime minister at the Shorter Catechism."

In the French Senate a motion to the effect that the sons of divorced women should be free from military service—a concession enjoyed by the sons of widows—was recently adopted by a vote of 166 to 114.

A noted health officer claims that a large number of cases of bronchitis, pneumonia and inflammation of the lungs during the winter are directly traceable to the exposure of the patient at football games in the fall.

Before the enactment of the patent laws workmen were put on oath never to reveal the process of the manufacture on work on which they were engaged. Visitors were excluded and false operations blinded the artisans themselves.

Among the Sioux Indians when one family borrows a kettle from another it is expected when the kettle is returned a small portion of the food cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Disregard of this custom ends the borrowing business.

The Great Southern Telephone company, it is reported, will extend the long distance lines from Washington to New Orleans, by the way of Richmond, Atlanta, Charleston, Savannah, Macon, Mobile, Birmingham, and other principal Southern cities.

Miss Margaret Foley, of New Brunswick, N. J., is acting overseer of the stone yard owned by Mr. James Neilson, treasurer of that city. Although he has no present market for the stone, he opened the yard to give work to the unemployed, and placed Miss Foley in charge.

Secretary Morton denies that there is any "leak" in the statistician's office of the Agricultural department, and that the only way to avoid hostile criticism will be for Congress to authorize the secretary to issue the crop report at his pleasure, instead of having the date fixed in advance.

Dissentient Poles who have had trouble with the authorities of the Catholic church, talk of organizing a religious body of their own. The independent movement will be on the lines of the old Polish church, which does not recognize the infallibility of the pope and permits priests to marry.

The use of the telephone is becoming more and more general in Japan. At the end of 1893 there were 1,576 subscribers to the exchange at Tokio; 351 in Yokohama; 300 in Osaka, and 162 in Kobe. This gives a total of 2,389 subscribers as against only 1,167 at the end of 1892. The number, therefore, more than doubled itself during the year.

Photographers are greatly troubled at times by the yellow color in negatives. A method outlined by Mr. A. Cowan, of London, consists in first bleaching the negative with a weak solution of perchloride of iron, and then in redeveloping with the ferrous oxalate developer. This changes the film to a dark black and produces any desired density.

M. Moissan, the distinguished French chemist, has made some more crystals of diamond by plunging the electric crucible containing the carbon at a temperature of 2,000 degrees Centigrade, into cold water. The diamonds thus obtained scratch rubies and burn with the production of carbonic acid gas, but the largest weighs only six milligrammes.

The report on mineral resources of the United States for 1893, shows an aggregate value of $609,586,083, of which $228,604,217 represents the non-metallic product and $249,981,866 the metallic product, with an unspecified product of $1,000,000. This is the smallest for any year since 1888, and is an aggregate decline of over $75,000,000 from the previous year.

THE COAL BARONS IN IT.

Public attention has been so strongly drawn to the tremendous steal by the Sugar Trust, authorized by the Senate in its adoption of the sugar schedule of the tariff bill, that an almost similar surrender, made by the Senate to another trust, has not received the attention it deserves. It was the imposition of a duty on bituminous coal.

The cry of "free raw materials," which the Democrats have kept up for years always included coal as one of its chief items. When the tariff bill was before the House, the question was debated at length, and the Democrats gave their united voice for free coal.

Mr. Wilson declared that a duty on coal is a subsidy to the railroads and that there is no justification for a duty on coal in either the Democratic or the Republican platform.

Mr. Rayner, Democrat, from Maryland, said that if coal were free the product of the Nova Scotia mines would fill the New England markets, but could not compete with our own mines in the interior of the country; that the entire Pacific Coast and the Northwestern states, which now obtain their coal from Canada, would be greatly benefited by free coal.

Mr. Maguire, of California, declared "the monopoly created by the duty on coal is one of the most unjustifiable of all the monopolies that have found shelter and encouragement behind the tariff banner." And so bituminous coal was put on the free list by the Democrats of the House, that the "coal barons" should be kept down in their schemes of rapacity.

The bill went over to the Democratic Senate, and the finance committee immediately made bituminous coal dutiable at 40 cents per ton, and slack and culm at 15 cents.

How was that for consistency?

When these items were reached in the Senate debate, Senator Hill moved to put them on the free list. His amendment was lost by a vote of 7 yeas to 31 nays.

How is that for Democratic consistency?

It was simply another disgraceful surrender by the Democrats of the Senate to wealthy interests. It raises the question whether the so-called "coal barons" did not, like the Sugar Trust, make a contribution to the Cleveland campaign fund in 1892.

Guilty or not guilty, the outrage on General Tarsney, of Colorado, was no less a crime.

The Tammany tiger will be a ringed cat when the Lexow committee is done with it.

What the French anarchists want is no law, no government and no God.

Mr. Hatch's anti-option bill will hatch trouble for Mr. Cleveland.

No assassin's steel can destroy the French Republic.

TO BEGIN ON JULY 5

OUR NEW SERIAL READY FOR OUR MANY READERS.

Specially Written for The Blade—Brilliant, Dramatic and Exceptionally Interesting.

We are glad to say that our new story, already announced, will be begun in the issue of the Weekly Blade of July 5. Its title is:

THE SWORD OF FATE

BY

HENRY HERMAN,

AUTHOR of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "A King in Bohemia," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," etc., etc.
JOINT AUTHOR of "The Silver King," "Claudian," "The Bishop's Bible," "One Traveler Returns," etc.

"The Sword of Fate" is an original novel written specially for serial publication in our columns. Its author is one of the most promising of the brilliant coterie of English story-tellers now coming to the front in the literary world, and "The Sword of Fate" is his best story so far written.

The opening chapters, which we have just received, are of great dramatic intensity, and the story as a whole of extraordinary power. The author claims for it an unusual attractiveness. It is an expose of the unconventionality of fate. Various scenes are laid in the mining districts of England, in a criminal lunatic asylum, and in London, one of the latter dealing with the furore of a recent financial crisis, and the business of an outside stockbroker. The story is up-to-date, and will make a sensation.

MR. HENRY HERMAN.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE.

Seventh Paper.

Banks of Issue.

A little consideration will show that the function of issue, as exercised by a bank, does not differ materially from those already described. A check is drawn by a man who has funds to his credit in a bank, and it passes either directy to the bank by the payee presenting it, or may be used by him in settling a debt elsewhere, and thus pass through several hands before reaching the bank and being cashed, each time satisfying some portion of indebtedness.

In the case of a check or a draft it is easy to discover that it is merely an instrument transferring a portion of a credit already existing to the person named as payee. The bank is liable for it, and it is this which gives it currency and value. A bank note differs very little from a certified check. For instance, Mr. A in Lexington, Ky., desires to order a road cart from Louisville; he is not personally known to the Louisville dealer from whom he wishes to buy; he does not desire to buy New York exchange, because it happens to cost a little more to make the transfer of funds than would a check on his own local bank; so he draws a check for the amount on the Lexington bank with which he does his banking, takes it to the cashier, who stamps it "accepted," and attests the stamp with his official signature. The cashier immediately debits that man's account with the amount of the check, and the check becomes a liability of the bank. It it enclosed in a letter sent to the Louisville dealer, who knows from the fact of its certification that it is perfectly good. He ships the road cart and turns the check in to his own bank to be collected in the due course of business.

Now a bank note is practically a liability of that sort. It is a properly certified promise of the bank to pay on demand a certain sum of money. In no essential particular does a bank note differ from a check or draft. The difference is in non-essentials. First, the check or draft is drawn for a certain specified sum in dollars and cents. Second, it is made payable as a rule to an individual, who has, of course, the power to transfer the payment to others by proper endorsement. Bank notes are in those sums most convenient for the transaction of general business; they are made payable to bearer, and require no endorsement in passing from hand to hand, thus being more convenient for general use than drafts or checks.

The fact that bank notes, checks and drafts are all of the same nature in reality can be made very clear by the following illustration. Suppose a man on taking a note to the bank to be discounted, in place of receiving money therefor, (by which we mean coin), accepts instead the notes of that bank. Now, it is plain that he has merely taken another form of the bank's liability. In the first place, when the bank accepted the note for discount, it granted to him the right to demand the proceeds in money. This right on his part is a liability of the bank. He may leave that sum to his credit, subject to be drawn upon by check at his pleasure. Instead of doing this, he takes the bank's notes, which are simply promises to pay certain sums on demand.

It is plain that the only value possessed by bank notes is derived from the credit of the bank—the knowledge on the part of the people at large of its perfect solvency, or ability to pay the money for its notes when presented. There is an utter confusion as to the difference between money and the representatives of money existing in the minds of the masses of the people. While bank notes and other paper currency are called money, and are thought of as money, the fact remains that they are not money, but simply promises to pay money. This distinction must be kept carefully in mind.

It will be noted that in these three functions of the bank—discount, deposit and issue—the subject matter, in each and every case is money or contracts for the payment of money. The province of banking is confined strictly to these subjects. No form of dealing in merchandise or in real estate comes properly within it; and as a contract for the payment of money is always viewed on one side as a credit and on the other as a debt, banking may be described either as the business of dealing in credits or of dealing in debts. For the transaction of this business, the two functions of discount and deposit are indispensable; the function of issue is not. A bank must purchase the right to demand the payment of money in the future, and sell similar rights. If it should confine itself to the former, it would be nothing but an investor of its own money, the same as a private individual; if to the latter, it would be simply a borrower, with no outlet for the borrowed money. The use of both functions is indispensable to the chief purpose of a bank, whch is, to enable persons to convert into immediate use debts due them in the future. The function of issue is not essential to banking, as it is but a modification of deposit, and therefore simply a convenience and not a necessity.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA

And the Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

COMPLETE IN 30 HANDY VOLUMES, OVER 12,000 PAGES.

We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, inpaper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about thirteen pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of The Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

3. Diana or Christ?
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, We will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE PLEASURES OF "IFFING."

If all our bones were funny bones,
Oh, wouldn't it be jolly?
If all our tones were sunny tones
There'd be no melancholy.
There'd be no melancholy if
Our tones were always sunny,
And life would be so jolly if—
If all our bones were funny.

If all our skies were cheerful skies
Oh, wouldn't earth be gladdened?
If all our eyes were tearful eyes,
Oh, wouldn't life be saddened?
Life would be sadly saddened if
Our eyes were always tearful,
And earth be gladly gladdened if—
If all our skies were cheerful.

If this or that were thus and so
Oh, wouldn't it be clever?
But "ifs," my dears, won't make it so,
Though we may "if" forever.
But while ifs won't our wishes bring,
We'd all be less contented
And life would be a prosy thing
If "iffing" were prevented.

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

To-night I met Rose,
So it's all up with Polly.
She bewitches the beaux,
And to-night I met Rose;
Now who would suppose
I'd be caught by such folly;
But to-night I met Rose,
So it's all up with Polly.

—Judge.

"Do you know young Flipp always reminds me of a spring poem?" "Heavens, why?" "Because every one declines him with thanks."

"All that gossip she repeated was in strict confidence, wasn't it?" N-no, or she wouldn't have added, "Don't speak of this' if it had been."

"What a beautiful child," exclaimed Mis DeGush,
As she gazed at the bundle of clothes,
"And you—happy father—think it is the one
Finest baby on earth, I suppose?"
"Well, yes," replied dad, as he thought of the nights
He had walked the cold floor in distress:
"I really must say, my dear Miss DeGush,
I regard it a howling success."

—Harlem Fife.

"Well," remarked Wrinkle, smilingly, "I am glad to see that Tinkle is in a fair way to get well, now." "Has he changed doctors?" "Yes." "Who's attending him now?" "No one."

"Poor little ring," a woman said,
"Twelve weary years! twelve to a day
Since thou wert given, and love is dead;
He weeps alone, far, far away.
Ah! little present, can it be
I loved him less than he loved me?"
"Poor withered rose," a soldier said;
"Once worn upon my lady's breast;
She weeps alone where love lies dead,
And I the truth have never guessed
Through all these years. Oh! can it be
I loved her less than she loved me?"

—Truth.

Superintendent—"You want a job driving one of our street sprinklers, eh? Ever had any experience?" Applicant—"No, but—" "But what?" "Everybody tells me I'm so blind I can't see a street crossing ten feet away, and—" "That'll do. Come 'round in the morning and take out the biggest sprinkler we own."

There's an Angel of Life,
And an Angel of Death,
And an Angel of Love;
And, of course,
For consistency's sake,
There should be in this land
A bright angel to stand
For divorce.

—Puck.

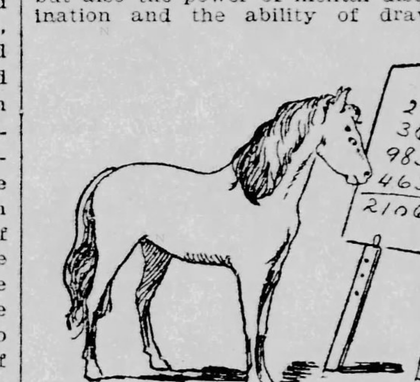
SOME CLEVER ANIMALS

MEMORY AND OBSERVATION IN HORSES, CATS AND DOGS.

Curious Illustrations Showing Remarkable Intelligence—A Calculating Horse.

From time to time one hears of surprisingly intelligent acts performed by certain species of mammalia, but a scientific treatise of the subject is a novelty. A book by Romanes entitled, "The Intelligence of Animals," published in Germany, furnishes a historical summary which proves that cats and monkeys, not dogs, are really the smartest quadrupeds.

Many mammals do not only display the gifts of memory and observation but also the power of mental discrimination and the ability of drawing conclusions, which can hardly be classified under the head of the phenomena of instinct.



A CALCULATING HORSE.

The interesting book of Romanes contains a great deal of authentic and very entertaining information. Speaking of the cat, it says that although the dog excels his antithesis in prowess and the execution of smart tricks, yet when it comes to doing things requiring quiet deliberation and slyness the cat is his superior.

Romanes has often watched a cat that used to open the door of a stable. She sprang up to the lock, held with one claw to the iron lock box, and scrambled and pushed with the other claws on the knob until it turned and the door flew open with the cat clinging to it. Could a human being act with greater deliberation?

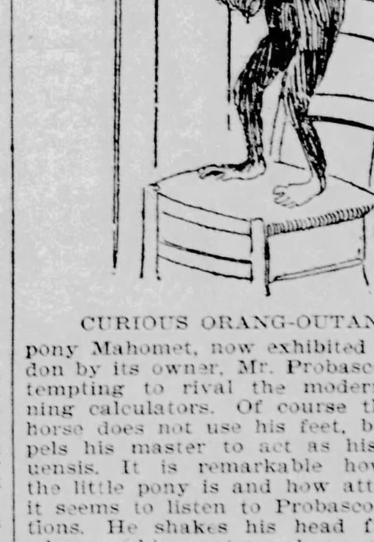
KLUGE KATZEN.

M. I. Stevens, of New Brunswick, Canada, relates how one winter day, as he passed through his garden, a little robin flew on a twig about three feet from the ground. His cat crawled noiselessly near the shrub, but there was about a foot of loose snow on the ground, which interfered with the cat's jumping, she did not even attempt this summary way of dispatching his birdship. Instead kitty drew closer and closer to the shrub, and with remarkable patience kept tempting the half-frozen robin into a more favorable position. She finally succeeded in causing it to perch on the snow. She missed her prey, but the stratagem nevertheless deserves recognition.

The same forethought was observed in another cat, which would scratch the snow away from a certain feeding place for birds, leaving quite a deep hole full of crumbs. Then she would hide in a covered place, and pounce on the unsuspecting birds. After citing humerous such incidents, Romanes devotes his attention to monkeys.

He maintains that monkeys are the smartest of all in every way. They possess an excellent memory, considerable forethought, and they understand how to apply their mental experience. No other mammal is so easily trained. It has even been possible, as has been shown in many exhibitions, to have a number of them form a decorous company at table, and to have them served by properly attired waiters. In their native haunts they break with large stones the shells of crustacea in order to get at the luscious meat, or they will find sharp stones for the same purpose to insert between the shells of an oyster, to say nothing of the wisdom they show in their disposition of cocoanuts. The little orang-outang of Cuvier would shove a chair near the door in order to open it every time he wanted to go out.

The art of horse training also often shows astonishing results. The little pony Mahomet, now exhibited in London by its owner, Mr. Probasco, is attempting to rival the modern lightning calculators. Of course the little horse does not use his feet, but compels his master to act as his amanuensis. It is remarkable how tame the little pony is and how attentively it seems to listen to Probasco's questions. He shakes his head furiously whenever his master makes a mistake, and is particular that only the correct figures are chalked on the board. The training of Mahomet has been long and tedious, covering a period of more than three years, but he promises to become an expert mathematician. Mahomet had a bad reputation, being an unmanageable brute, until he became the property of Probasco. While sowing his wild oats he killed a man who attempted to break him for the saddle.



CURIOUS ORANG-OUTANG.

Origin of a Slang Phrase.

The term, "Get there, Eli," is said to have come about at a baseball match played in Central New York state. The name of one of the players happened to be Ely, and Chapman, the leader of the "nine," was continually urging him on, and inadvertently mispronouncing his name. The cry was "Get there, Eli!" and the expression has been taken up as an expressive bit of American slang.

It Reminded Him.

"This little piece of paper," he remarked, thoughtfully, as he held up a gas bill, "reminds me of a great historical incident."

"What does it remind you of?" asked an innocent listener.

"It reminds me of the charge of the light brigade."—Atlanta Constitution.

Job on Pneumatic Tires.

A Springfield clergyman has delivered a sermon on the bicycle. He took for his text Job xxx., 22: "Thou causeth me to ride upon the wind." From which it would appear that they get trusted for wheels in Springfield." —Buffalo Times.

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

There were two brothers fought at Roanoke
Shoulder to shoulder through that fiery hell,
That storm of shot and ball and bursting shell,
Fought as two heroes, till one brother fell
Dead in the swamp, his shroud the battle smoke.
Now, every year fair children deck the grave
Of him who died their country's life to save,
And mothers weep, and fathers call him brave—
It was a hero fell at Roanoke!

The other one who fought at Roanoke
Lived on, by chance is living still today—
Old and unknown, bent, beggared, crippled, gray;
And children mock him in their thoughtless play.
None weep for him. No one says he gave
His best in life his country's life to save;
And yet, God knows, the living was as brave
As he who fell that day at Roanoke.
—Fred Burnell Appleget, in Philadelphia Press.

CORNSTALK JOE SMITH.

Political Issues of the Day Sized Up and Discussed.

Los Angeles Times.

At a republican convention held in a neighboring county the other day, the country delegates, who were in the majority numerically, were led by Joe Smith, whose hair and beard looked to have been combed by the winds on the way in. His whiskers and lockes were of a yellowish red, and he seemed to be carrying an ordinary Western sunset around with him. And when he arose to speak for the outlying, though often outlandish, districts, he did look autumnal and full ripe for speech.

Strangely enough, he carried a cane made of a stalk of corn, and wore a home made straw hat. He was an illustration of the rural in "November." He spoke with a modified New England accent, and generally went cross lots to the point under discussion.

Joe was possessed of a farm-like sense of humor, and was what the conutry delegates fell back on when repulsed by the parliamentary charges of the town hosts.

When called upon to address the audience upon the political outlook and questions of the day, he arose like a frosted corn-field, putting in an appearance to an approaching traveler, and said:

"Fellow Republicans: Once more we have met to meet the enemy, who are now ready to be taken. Autumn is almost here, and the crops are as promising as the Democrats were before they was elected; but if the crops turn out as the Democrats, the corn will be shocked indeed! I have been too poor to take a paper this year, but when I sent to town the other day for some bacon it came wrapped up in half of a paper, and I read that. I read in it about Gen. Coxey's army—the first I knew that war had been declared. I got down my old flintlock, and examined her. But since I got to town they tell me that Coxey's army is just a make-believe army, and that the army does all the believing. It seems to be a movement that doesn't move anything—a movement that is what we would call in the country a stand-still on the go.

"They say they are going to Washington to petition Congress to pass some bills to issue money. Now, as I understand it, Congressmen are not in Washington to make money outside of their salaries. Their duty is to repeal laws that have been made, and get appropriations for their districts.

"It's my opinion, gentlemen of the convention, that the Democrats should handle nothing but a plow, for they would make no mistake in running that in the ground.

"The Democrats have turned this nation into an English farm, and every one knows what they have raised on it. The Democrats must go while they stay, for they are now up a stump. The only wheel that turned during this administration was the Ferris wheel at the Chicago fair. Cleveland and his party may soon go fishing in streams where only suckers are caught. Under Democratic policy it has been a long time between meals. A general strike has been on, and every man has struck every other man for a quarter, only to find that they were to be given no quarter." (Cheers and prolonged applause.)

"As to the Populists, they will break down under the Waite that has been placed upon them in Colorado. The back of the Populist mule is broken, and the buzzards are onto him, as it were. They are the only insane asylum in the world that is not an institution. They want to run this government. Why, gentlemen, they can't run a coyote, though they can give him the major premise in howling and make him tame with wild ideas of government. What is this government? The people. Well, then, can the people loan themselves money? Did you ever try to borrow a dollar from yourself?" (Laughter and applause.) "It is wiser to want the money that is than the money that isn't. But we cannot get money without something to give for it in return. We lack what they call in town language 'collateral.' Now, the common collateral of the country is public confidence. This the Republican party is ready to furnish. Restore it to power, and its Aaron will smite the rock of our hard times, and from it will flow yellow streams of prosperity, and the song of industry will once more gladden the land." (Great applause.)

CONCEITS IN SILVER.

The prettiest of the new prayer books pretty.

Toy teapots, ewers and basins of silver are introduced as presents for children.

Portraits in Limoges enamel set in silver frames make the heads of paper cutters.

Silver standards for fruit knives come in new shapes. The knife blades are in silver gilt.

Paper knives of mother of pearl, with handles of silver wire uniting in pretty form, are new.

With the exception of the new tableware in silver gilt, there seems to be few changes in silver.

The new sponges for the library are luxuriously incased in repousse silver and set in embossed trays.

Silver bordered prayer books have not been so conspicuously religious in ornamentation as floral.

Silver vinaigrettes with enameled panels are among things new and are of white morocco bound in silver.

The silver buckles, with ribbons for collar bands, are furnished even to the hooks and eyes for fastening in the back.

A silver standard for menu cards has a convulvulus, with its lip upturned at the side. This is for the nosegay and is an idea that will appeal to the hospitable hostess.

Going as Delegates.

No man who has the slightest self respect will go to a neighboring town as a "delegate" to a convention and quarter himself on a strange family. The members of the family despise him, and only agree to entertain him after being bored half to death. If a convention is of so little importance that the delegates cannot afford to pay hotel bills it should not be held.—Atchison Globe.

A Great Mistake.

Walker Goodeal—What we ought to have in our wanderin's, Brother Walker, through the country is a kodak to take picters of the scenery with.

Turnpike Walker—I guess not. They ain't our kind; we press the button and the other fellers does the rest with that sort of a machine; what we need is one that some other feller presses the button and let us do the rest part. —Detroit Free Press.

Origin of Tin-Foil Tobacco.

The packing of tobacco in metal was brought about by Gen. Scott during his campaign in Mexico, and made popular by him. He could not keep his chewing tobacco in that climate in good shape, and a New York tobacconist conceived the idea of packing it in tin foil with desired results.—Hardware.

Hot Enough There.

The hottest place in the United States according to the 1893 meteorological reports, is Bagdad, Ariz., where the mercury often stands as high as 140 in the shade for a week at a time.

ELEGANT STAINED GLASS

DESIGNED AND MADE TO JAY GOULD'S MEMORY.

Three Stained Glass Windows Ordered by Miss Helen for the Gould Memorial Church.

There will be shown this week adjoining the Tiffany Chapel from the World's Fair, which is still on view, three stained glass windows ordered by Miss Helen Gould and executed by the Tiffany Glass and Decorating company for the Gould Memorial church at her father's native place, Roxbury, N. Y. These large and handsome windows were designed by Frederick Wilson, a young English artist of great talent, whose work in this line has attracted much attention since his arrival in this country, and especially at the last display in the Fine Arts Building of the Architectural league.

THE SAVIOR.

AN ANGEL.

The windows will be placed in the chancel of the Gothic church, which was designed by Mr. H. J. Hardenbergh. Miss Gould is further having made a large window as a memorial of her mother which will be placed opposite the chancel at the west end of the chapel. This window, whose design is also by Mr. Wilson, will personify Faith, Hope and Charity.

MARY MAGDALEN.

The subject of the three Jay Gould windows, which is treated with much simplicity and dignity, is the appearance of the Saviour and the two angels on Easter morning by the tomb to Mary Magdalen.

The windows are six feet wide by twelve feet high, and at the bottom of the central one, with the figure of the Saviour, is the inscription:—"In Memoriam. Jay Gould. Born, May 27, 1830. Died, December 2, 1892.

WHEN BABY PUT ON PANTS.

It's a day we all remember, and it's scene of solemn state
Still casts a gleam of sadness, when at home we congregate;
For a baby form is missing, and no childish prattle grants
It's music sweet, refreshing, since the baby put on pants.

'Twas a transformation truly, and it marked an epoch grave;
It took away dear babyland and boyhood to us gave;
The change could be discovered with the slightest kind of glance
At the pride-flushed face of baby—that day he put on pants.

It closed the doors of lullaby and opened wide the gate
That leads from arms of mother to the hill of man's estate;
The light of dawning future 'cross the fragrant pathway slants,
Of baby, and enthralls him—on the day he put on pants.
—Edward N. Wood, in Cincinnati Enquire.

An Uncomfortable Chair.

The Congregationalist says that when Dr. Storrs retired from the pulpit the other day, after preaching the sermon at Harvard church, Brookline, on the fiftieth anniversary of its organization, and had laid aside his robe, Dr. Thomas called his attention to a large armchair in the corner of the pastor's room, protected by a robe. As the covering was withdrawn he said: "Dr. Storrs, I want you to sit in that chair." As he did so, filling it to its utmost capacity and throwing his head back to take in all possible comfort, Dr. Thomas added: "That is the chair in which Richard Baxter wrote his 'Saint's Rest.'" Quick as a flash Dr. Storrs replied: "Baxter never got his idea of the saint's eternal rest from sitting in that chair."

The Standing Menace.

First Coxeyite (giving a start)—Hully chee! Let's come away from here.

Second Coxeyite—What are you scared of?

First Coxeyite—I just seen a sign, "Keep off the grass."—Chicago Record.

Liked a Real Live Donkey Better.

The Old Beau (rocking little Anna on his knee for Aunt Susan's sake)—I suppose that is what you like, Anna?

Anna—Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a real donkey in the park yesterday—I mean one with four legs—you know.—Boston Home Journal.

Unintentional Humor.

Jilson—The funniest thing in Puck, it seems to me, is the motto it prints on its first page every week.

Gilson—What's that?

Jilson—"Price ten cents. What fools these mortals be!"—Louisville Journal.

O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, maqis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—Cicero, ad Att., xii., 18.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of a man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world.

Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.
—George Eliot.

HOW MANY CHANGES?

The Man Who First Sprung This Problem Has Taken to Drink.

Mayor Hopkins sent for Corporation Counsel Rubens, and Secretary Senff was given to understand that no interruptions would be tolerated, says the Chicago Herald. The corporation counsel sat on one side of the table, for the conference was in the little room off the mayor's big office. The mayor had a large sheet of blank paper and three pencils. One contained a blue lead, one a red, and the third a black. The mayor made three marks, thus:

| | |

He said to Rubens: "You used to be a newspaper reporter?"

Corporation counsel said he once had that distinction.

"Very well," said the mayor. "Here are three marks—red, blue, and black. Each mark represents three tailors in dress suits. One suit is red, one blue, and one black. There were three tailors dressed in such suits who came to this country once to try to get a tailors' national convention to adopt one of those styles. One tailor suggested that they adopt them all, and let each one be the fashion for a season, then the other, and so on. Each suit consists of three garments—coat, waistcoat and trousers. How many changes could any one man make who had all the suits?"

Corporation counsel replied from the shoulder: "Three, of course."

Mayor Hopkins said: "You are wrong, Harry. You wouldn't do to make up election returns. A man could make nine changes. There are three changes in each suit, and there are three suits, and three times three are nine. Am I right?"

"Politically, Mr. Mayor, you are always right, and, mathematically, now you are right. Three times three are nine. A man could make nine changes, as you say."

"Don't take my word for it, Harry. Do your own figuring. Since there are three suits of three pieces each, and 3x3 make 9, it is also true that, having made the nine changes out of three suits, you have made twenty-seven changes, since nine times three are twenty-seven. Do you come after me?"

Corporation counsel murmurs to himself: "Three ones are three, three times three are nine, three times nine are twenty-seven." Then to the mayor: "That seems to be right."

"As far as it goes, yes. But a man told me at the Eleven club that I could make 81 changes with those three suits, and I have been kept awake nights trying to figure it out until I am nearly crazy."

Mr. Rubens thought the problem should go to the election commissioners, but the mayor said no; they had all the figuring they could do for a while. Mr. Rubens then suggested the school board, and so it was agreed. The conference lasted long, and when the corporation counsel emerged he looked like the man who comes out of the spirit cabinet on the stage. The mayor's hair was rumpled, and Secretary Senff was in danger of nervous prostration from the long wait he had.

The problem is distracting several people in town, and the man who first sprung it has taken to drink, while another one is walking the floors of his home at night, muttering: "Three ones are three, three threes are nine, three nines are twenty-seven."

HOW HE PROPOSED.

Twenty-Five Years Later His Wife Found It Was to Another Woman.

They were celebrating their silver wedding, and, of course, the couple were very happy and affectionate.

"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved, and I shall never forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner.

They all laughed and he blushed, but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday. It was at Richmond. We had been out for a picnic, and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear, and what a lovely day it was?"

The wife smiled.

"We sat on the trunk of a tree. You haven't forgotten, love, have you?"

The wife smiled again.

"She began writing in the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet?"

The wife nodded.

"She wrote her name, 'Mary,' and I asked her to let me put the other name to it. And I took the parasol and wrote my name, 'Smith,' below it, and she took back the parasol and wrote it, 'No, I won't.' Then we went home. You remember it, darling? Ah, I see you do."

Then he kissed her and the company murmured, "Wasn't it pretty?"

The guests had all departed, and the happy pair were left alone.

"Wasn't it nice, Mary, to see all our friends around us so happy?"

"Yes, it was. But, John, that reminiscence of yours!"

"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday, Mary."

"Yes, dear; there are only three things you're wrong about in that story."

"Wrong? Oh, no."

"John, I'm sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you before we were married. I was never in Richmond in my life, and I never refused you."

"My darling, you must be wrong; I have a good memory."

"I am not wrong, Mr. Smith, and my memory is as good as yours, and although we have been married 25 years, I'd like to know who that minx was. You never told me about her before!"—Boston Journal.

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

STRONG AND GRACEFUL

THE GREAT FEATS OF A FEMALE SANDOW.

Challenged to Throw an Upright Piano From the Orchestra Into the Ring, She Does It Easily.

Miss Arniotis is a new celebrity who proves a tremendously strong card at one of the leading variety theater in Paris. She is a strong woman pure and simple, and has really performed feats which put many of the efforts of the professional strong men in the shade. She does not claim to possess any supernatural or otherwise magnetic power, but says that she puts her trust solely in her muscle. Being born in Orleans, the public has dubed her the "Fin de Siecle Maid of Orleans." Her strength is the result of a careful attention to hygienic laws. She has a matchless figure and is the essence of suppleness and very graceful. She comes from a family of renowned circus riders, and gave evidence of her remarkable strength even while quite young. Her exhibition of strength differs from the ordinary performances of such nature, insomuch as she has no special numbers put down on her programme. When she appears on the stage any member or members of the audience is at liberty to put her strength to test in any way that he may choose. One very amusing incident occurred on this account. An aristocratic "high roller" and a lot of his followers were present at one of Miss Arniotis's performances, and was rash enough to challenge her to throw the upright piano from the orchestra into the ring. The manager demurred, but the youth put up the price of the piano and added a couple of hundred francs to be given to the lady if she succeeded. Nobody dreamt that she would be able to do it, but much to the amazement and delight of the audience, save the gilded youth, Miss Arniotis, without a word, sprang nimbly upon the music platform, grabbed the piano and hurled it into the ring, of course shivering the instrument into atoms. When she laughingly offered to treat the rash bettor and his friends the same way, her kindness was declined with thanks.

MISS ARNIOTIS LIFTS A BARREL.

MISS ARNIOTIS LIFTS A TABLE.

Then she was asked to carry two men, seated astride of a barrel, with one hand, a feat which she executed with ease and grace. She is inclined to be roughly mischievous if any of her subjects attempt to guy her. She took one luckless youth by the nape of the neck and slammed him in an empty barrel, which she then used as a base ball, scaring the life out of the fellow as she tossed him in the air, all this because the man said he thought she was but a trickster.

PIQUE HERE AGAIN.

Public Taste Has Changed and It Is Now as Fashionable as of Old.

The white pique gown is in town. It is neat and chic, and when the laundry bill does not have to be considered, it is an ideal summer gown to own. Outing gowns of white pique are worn by young women who scorn the more plebian frock of duck or serge.

These gowns have the skirt plain, with a full gored back. The jacket is rather conventional in cut, but is trimmed artisticall with bands of pique insertion. The revers have the Directoire effect, and slope well over the shoulders. To follow directly Dame Fashion's commands a white pique waistcoat should be worn with the pique gown, and a stock of spotless white moire. But the fluffy girl, regardless of fashion, will wear with her suit of pique a short waist of soft dotted Swiss billowy with dainty frills, and she will be a picture. Pique varies in price from 35 cents to 75 cents a yard, as the rib is fine or coarse, says the New York World.

Touched Her Pride.

A woman at Detroit, Mich., is so vain over her cooking that she refused to prosecute a sneak thief who had stolen $19 worth of clothing because he left a polite note, saying: "You have good pies; I have tasted them."—Philadelphia Record.

Before Hairpins Were Invented.

Mr. Binks—I see by this paper that hairpins were invented in 1545 and—

Mrs. Binks—Dear me! How do you suppose women buttoned their shoes and unlocked trunks before that?—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Your cousin is wedded to charity, is she not?" "Oh, no; she has only promised to be a sister to it."

STILL A WOMAN.

Beside the hearth fire, as glows
In answer to her smile,
She reads away and little knows
I'm watching her the while.
She quickly turns and drops the book
Nor cares just where it falls,
And as I catch her startled look
I wonder what apalls.
With bated breath and frightened eye
She stands as in a trance.
As though she doubted if to fly
Or whether to advance.
I'd help her in her time of woe,
But cannot move or speak.
So watch the color come and go
Upon her changing cheek.
At last she gives an awful scream,
That echoes through the house;
You wonder what it all can mean—
She thinks she saw a mouse.
—New York World.

RAIL ADVICE AND HINTS.

Eight travellers out of ten who use a pass find it expensive.

Economy saves money; so do excursion tickets when obtainable.

Seats behind passengers whose window is open guarantee dust and cinders.

No railway porter has ever been offended by a gift of the smallest coin.

It is safe to assume the man who does not slam the car door is a Christian.

Unless abnormally thirsty, drinking from the ice cooler cup is to be discouraged.

Package, valise or overcoat does not reserve a seat. Remember this before quarrelling.

Ticket in hat band saves time, eases conductor's duty and obviates pocket explorations.

Two wash basins were never known to serve four passengers simultaneously.

Caught the Idea Perfectly.

"Now, children," began the gentleman who had been asked to address the infant class, "You must all keep very still, for I am going to tell you about Moses. Moses was one of the patriarchs; he was one of the grand old men of the Bible—no doubt you have all seen pictures of Moses; he had white hair and a long white beard hanging from his chin. Now, children, you all know what a long white beard is, don't you?" There the gentleman addressing the infant class paused for that reply for which such orators are seldom fully prepared. "Yeth, thir," piped up the smallest boy in the room from some remote corner, "I've theen 'um—jes' like a billy-goat, thir!"

Tea and Coffee as Food.

M. Stanislaus Martin states that, as the result of an experiment on three different criminals sentenced to death who accepted the scientific trial in preference to hanging, No. 1, nourished exclusively on tea, lived three years, and then died. He had become almost a skeleton and was in a transparent condition. No. 2, on coffee, died in two years, burned as if an interior fire had calcined him. No. 3 lived on chocolate for eight months, and died in a very advanced state of rottenness, as it were, devoured by worms.—The Lancet.

Their "All's Well" Signal.

They tell a pretty story of a young woman in Sagadahoc county who left the parental home about a dozen years ago, setting up a new home of her own three or four miles distant as the crow flies, but in sight of the old homestead. Every evening since, so the story is told, mother and daughter have set a lamp in the kitchen window for the other to see and know that all is well with the one who placed it there.—Lewiston Saturday Journal.

Too Many for Hard Times.

In order to have creases in his pantaloons, a man must have two pairs at once, and this is asking a little too much during hard times.—Atchison Globe.

THE CONSTANT KICKER.

"Whatever is, is right," I've heard—
I'll never sing that song;
The modern motto I'll adopt—
"Whatever is, is wrong."

Just think of how delightedly
We'd bask in summer's charm!
What hours of sweet content we'd pass
If heat were not so warm!

What blissful comfort we could know
In months that now speed tily!
What weeks of indolent repose
If cold were not so chilly!

Think of the rambles we might take,
With freedom from regret,
Consulting naught but our desires,
If rain were not so wet!

And so by night and day I'll raise
My wail both loud and long,
To make this foolish world believe
"Whatever is, is wrong."
—Exchange.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

The Spring Tonic
Makes thin, pale, sickly people well and strong

La Grippe
Cures the bad after effects of this trying epidemic and restores lost vigor and vitality.

Impure Blood
Eczema, scrofula, malaria, pimples, blotches.

General Weakness
Constitution all run down, loss of ambition and appetite, nervousness, tired and sleepless.
At Druggists 50 cents and $1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

BANNING ELECTRIC CHEMICAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY
Electric Chemical Fire Extinguisher. Simple, Sure, Cheap. No Acids. Absolutely Safe. Send for Terms. $50 to $100 per week can be made.
WANT RELIABLE AGENTS FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
106 & 108 Fulton St. New York

IDLE MONEY
Mining Securities Co., 907 Broadway, New York. Send for circulars, How to Invest to Make One per cent. Monthly; also "An Independent Income for Women." Chicago Office, 21 Quincy St.

WEAK MEN
If suffering from Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor, Emissions, and Effects of Self Abuse ... we will send you
MEDICINE BY MAIL FREE
specially prepared for your individual case. ... PHYSICIANS' INSTITUTE, 1743 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED 5 or 10 men to solicit orders for Hardy Nursery Stock, Fruit and Ornamentals, also new and valuable varieties of Seed Potatoes. Permanent positions; good salary, ranging from $75 to $125 per month. Apply quick with references. L. L. MAY & CO., Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen. St. Paul, Minn.

Marriage paper free. Box 83, Toledo, O.

WANTED—Party to enter homestead of 40 acres. Plenty of grazing and hay land; nice trout stream; new 10-room house; good water; log barn; span of horses, harness, new farm wagon, new sleighs, farming tools, etc., etc. $1,200. B. HALEY, Big Wausaukee, Marinette Co., Wisconsin.

Dr. Vorel's FRENCH FEMALE PILLS
SAFE and SURE. ... AUREUM MEDICINE CO., ... Chicago

LITTLE THINGS.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through your heart I find,
For love is tender, love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.
—Evening Wisconsin.

HOME TALKS.

FEW CASES IN WHICH SECRETS ARE NOT BETTER UNTOLD.

Do Not Expect Others to Do for You What You Cannot Do for Yourself—About Confessions.

There is a certain class of people who are forever seeking what they call sympathy. Not only do they make under this flimsy pretext their own affairs public property, but everything which chances to come to them of their neighbors' is projected upon the attention of the people they meet, carrying with it the coloring of their mind through which it has filtered, and thus often bearing a meaning that is far from truth.

I am not now speaking of gossip pure and simple, but of that disposition which is constantly seeking to make confidants, to get help in keeping one's own secrets, or those of friends, that have happened to become a possession. An open confession is good for the soul says an old saw, but there was never one more untrue if taken literally. Unless there is some wrong which can only thus be righted, there is absolutely nothing more foolish than to pour into ears however friendly the tale of one's own wrong doing. It is not only foolish, but often it becomes a sin, because it hurts people needlessly. No one stands absolutely alone. Either directly or indirectly our lives and actions are interwoven with those of others who are affected by what we do. And so when we are moved to seek sympathy by confession, it is wise to stop and think whether silence, after all, will not be golden, and a quiet endurance of this humiliating self-knowledge a duty.

And another thing. Nobody need expect that other people are going to keep secret what one cannot keep oneself. Why should they? Why should you or I expect them to do what we are unable to do for ourselves? Each one has without doubt some intimate friend to whom it will be no sin to convey "in trust" what we have proven our inability to hold, and so it will go until it becomes common property, and that, without a disposition in a single person to betray or injure anyone.

So much for confessing personal sins and infirmities to others. It needs but simple logic to see that if it be wise to keep our own counsel with regard to shadows, faint or strong, that may have fallen upon our lives, the law of love, the law of justice demands that the neighbor's secret which has come to our knowledge shall be held equally sacred. If everybody fulfilled this law, fewer would be the darkened homes, the desolate hearts, the broken lives.

Unfortunately there are too many who are like sieves so far as keeping secret aught concerning either themselves or others. They enjoy telling something new—something that will draw forth exclamations of wonder, or make the eyes of their hearers grow big with amazement. They may have pledged their sacred word of honor to secrecy, but memory lapses under the stress of temptation, and the news finds another keeper. There is no malice in the telling, no harm intended, but there is what sometimes proves worse, an absolute carelessness of consequences. When you come in contact with such people, no matter how winning they may be, how full of sweet and tender sympathy they appear, no matter if you know them to be full of the milk of human kindness, if there be anything which you do not want the public to learn, put it forthwith under lock and key, and give the latter an extra twist to guard it against picking.

What I have said may seem like advice not to trust anybody, because there is no one who is true. I do not mean it so. I believe there are those who would sooner cut off their right hand than betray a trust, or break their word once given, but their number is not legion. For the greater part secrets incidentally told are not regarded as trusts even if accompanied by a request that they shall not be repeated. The request is looked upon as a sort of preface to arouse interest and whet curiosity. So common is this way of looking at it that the best of people in nine cases out of ten are not impressed with any sense of its real importance.

If there is anything which you do not want the world to know I repeat the advice—lock it in your own heart and throw away the key. If another's secret has come into your possession, and you know its telling in the community might work injury, treat it as if it were your own, or concerned your nearest and dearest. Reticence may be carried to an extreme but that is better than being a sieve. If any one is in the habit of telling you other people's secrets because she can "trust you" then beware, take care. You are only one of many confidants, and, whatever you give out of your own life will soon be passed on to others.

Then again things are rarely repeated as they are told, and this not because of a desire to misrepresent, but that words are many-sided, as are minds, and are apprehended according as they touch. What starts out as a story innocent in itself may be transformed by and by into a blasting lie, and there is no redress for the sufferer.

Tell no secrets then from a weak desire for sympathy, or for the pleasure of telling. Hold them fast unless help is needed that cannot be obtained by silence, or others are to be thus assisted or justified. If by your own act suffering has come to you bear it without flinching, but do not lay its weight by needless repetition upon others. Let the dead past bury its dead, and keep its ghost out of the consciousness of those with whom you come in contact. And above all let the silence that is golden fall upon you regarding whatever confidence you may receive from friend or neighbor.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

"Making Smooth the Rough Places."

How many of us are doing it I wonder!

The thought was suggested to me this morning as I stood waiting for a car, and watching a laborer, who was patiently breaking up the hard ridges of clay and filling the hollows in the roadway.

I had often seen "gangs" of men engaged in the same occupation, jabbering among themselves in a sociable fashion, and taking their work right easily, but this man was alone, the proof of his industry lay behind him in the level, well "piked" road, while before him was a still longer stretch of hummocks and hollows that sent every vehicle that passed, bouncing about in a way that must have been distracting if not dangerous to their occupants.

Not one in ten of them probably gave a thought when they reached the even track beyond to the man who stood there under the burning sun-rays, "making smooth the rough places" for them, but he did not care for that; he knew when his day's work was done he should go to the "Boss" and get his wages, so he worked steadily on.

To me the man's patient faithfulness seemed a worthy example for us all to follow; we should all be menders of roads, each one of us in our own way and as opportunity offers. There are plenty of people who journey all through life over rough roads; I know them; you know them doubtless; isn't there something we can do to make smooth a little place in their pathway?

There are the old people who travel painfully along over a road made rough to their feet by lack of sight or strength; quick to break down the ridges that hinder them, and to fill up the hollows into which they sink. And the poor, whom "ye have always with you." You who have the means to do it, lend a hand toward making their rough path a little smoother. And the invalids who travel the weariest road of all; we do not need to be wealthy to be able to help them. A bunch of flowers, an amusing book, or an hour's cheerful conversation helps them over a tiny bit of the rough path, and this kind of "road mending" brings the quickest reward of any, for those who "sit with folded hands" have more time to think than the busy ones of earth, and when they glance back at the smooth places made by your willing hands there is no lack of appreciation in their hearts.

And the children; surely their path should be smooth, for it takes so little to make them happy. The patient hearing of a vexed question, both sides having a chance to speak, will often smooth out every trace of ill-feeling between them; a little tact when accident happens, a substitution of something else pleasant for a forbidden amusement breaks up the ridges of their rough road surely and quickly.

And there is the girl in your kitchen; her life is not one of roses this hot weather, even though you are a kind mistress and pay her promptly. Be something more than a mistress to her, find if you can the rough places in her life and try if you cannot smooth them.

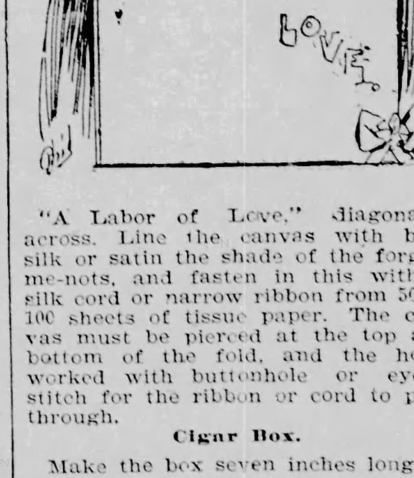
There are other roads to mend; everyone of us knows where and how, and though they sometimes lie in swampy, poisonous districts and sometimes are like the clay road stretching out white and hot under the June sun; though those for whom we toil seem hardly to appreciate our labor we know there is One who sees it all, and enters it upon His record to our credit, and when night comes and our day's work lies smooth and clear behind us our reward will not be wanting.

FANCY WORK.

Something for Dora to Make for David.

Shaving Case.

Take an oblong piece of linen canvas, 6 by 10 inches, and fold it together in book form. Embroider on one side a bunch of forget-me-nots, and on the other side work the motto:

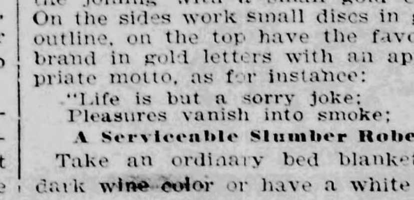


"A Labor of Love," diagonally across. Line the canvas with blue silk or satin the shade of the forget-me-nots, and fasten in this with a silk cord or narrow ribbon from 50 to 100 sheets of tissue paper. The canvas must be pierced at the top and bottom of the fold, and the holes worked with buttonhole or eyelet stitch for the ribbon or cord to pass through.

Cigar Box.

Make the box seven inches long by five wide and four deep. Cut the pieces from cardboard, covering and lining each piece separately. Make the outside of pansy purple satin, and the lining of gold-colored silk.

Overhand them together and cover



the joining with a small gold cord. On the sides work small discs in gold outline, on the top have the favorite brand in gold letters with an appropriate motto, as for instance:

"Life is but a sorry joke;
Pleasures vanish into smoke;

A Serviceable Slumber Robe.

Take an ordinary bed blanket of dark wine color or have a white one dyed the right shade. Bind robe. Over this pillow a crocheted cover of heavy linen-thread or of crochet cotton should be fastened to protect the pillow from soiling, and with wine-colored velveteen and work an all-over design of bachelor-buttons upon it. A similar one may be made of dark blue with a daisy design in white upon it. Either is pretty, wears well and is most comfortable. A desirable adjunct to the above is a sofa pillow, 20 or 24 inches square, of material and design matching the slumber

to add to the comfort of David when he takes a "siesta" on a warm afternoon.

Whisk-Broom Holder.

This gorgeous affair is made of yellow felt, brown velvet and brown ribbon. For the foundation cut out a circular piece of cardboard, covering it smoothly with brown silesia.

The petals are of the yellow felt, and are cut in three different sizes as

shown in the illustration. These are plaited slightly at one end to give them a natural fullness, and are fastened to the cardboard; the outside row first, then the others, each row covering the edge of the one preceding it; the center being covered with a circular piece of the brown velvet, fastened with fancy stitches. A strip of ribbon is put across the back to hold the broom, and the suspension ribbon is bowed prettily and tacked at each side. Paper may be used for making the flower, but this is prettier and more substantial.

Tobacco Pouch.

Cut a circular piece of tobacco-brown silk 14 inches in diameter; line with oil silk, and either pink the edges or bind with narrow golden-brown satin ribbon. Embroider in

golden brown silks a wreath of tobacco leaves for five inches of the depth all around. At the bottom on the inside sew a cardboard circle two and one-half inches in diameter, covered with the brown silk, one and one-half inches from the top, punch holes one inch apart, work with eyelet stitch and draw through them golden-brown silk cords with tassels on the ends.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

New Ideas for the "Month of Roses."

Farmer's Wife Tells Her Experience

I wish to say to the lady readers of the Household, and if they have not read Miss Bouton's article of May 10, on woman suffrage, to sit right down at their first opportunity, and read and study it over carefully; and if those who have heretofore been utterly indifferent on the subject, do not change their views, it will prove to me that they possess less of the essential qualities that go to make up true womanhood than I think they do.

I have always been one of the radically indifferent ones. I thought what was the use of my bothering my brains about politics, as long as I could not vote myself; my betterhalf could look after that; I have duties enough of my own to look after, with cooking, washing, baking, ironing, sewing for a family of four, etc.; but Miss Bouton's letter has thrown a new light on the subject for me; it has moved me to thinking as I never have thought before. I hope it has awakened many others, who heretofore have been altogether too selfish, thinking only of home, husband and children, and that there may be an uprising of the women all over the land, and that they may be made to see that they can do something besides drudgery for the uplifting of humanity.

I have no taste for political reading, but henceforth I intend to acquire a taste for it; and I shall devote at least one half hour each day to studying the vital questions of the times. Ladies, you who, like myself, have no taste for such reading, did you ever pause to think, that if you were better informed in such matters your husbands, through you, might be enabled to vote more intelligently?

How many of these husbands, who are at work from early dawn till late at night, have time to study thoroughly the issues of the day, and do we not owe it to them as a duty, to sacrifice our own pleasure and convenience, to aid them all we can, to bring about a more desirable state of affairs, and help them to see and remedy, through intelligent use of the ballot, the present close and stringent times, when there is so much want and destitution on every hand?

Women, whither are we drifting? Right along in the same rut, the same channel where our foremothers drifted before us, allowing our husbands to lead us blindly along! Why not arouse ourselves from this lethargy, put our shoulders to the wheel and prove to ourselves and to the world, that we are equal partners with men in all things!

Are we mothers of children? How much more the need then that we should take the other end of the yoke, walk side by side with him and help him discriminate between the good and the bad, that he may be better enabled to vote for men that will enact just and equal laws for all; in order that our children, who will be the future men and women of the republic may be spared from such trials as we are now passing through!

Do we not as women owe a Christian duty to our less fortunate sisters? You who are well-housed, clothed, and provided for, think if your bread-winner were taken from you and you were left widowed and helpless, with little ones depending on you for support! Cannot you exert yourselves a little to further this "cause" that would be of such moment to you should such a calamity befall you?

Need we neglect our homes, our children, if given the right to vote? Are we not rational beings, with immortal souls? Do we not know wherein our first duty lies? Would we lose our self-respect in casting our ballot at the polls any more than in going to the stores to do a little shopping? Could we not as ladies keep a lady's place at the polls as well as in our every day lives?

Sisters, you who often have impulses for higher work, aside from your household cares, as one lady wrote not long ago, cannot you herein find an open field where your good impulses may take root and thrive? Commence to-day; prove to your husband and to the world, that you are worthy to share just and equal rights with all, and then, and not till then, can we overcome the obstacles that lie between us and the ballot box.—An Enlightened Farmer's Wife.

The editor will be very glad to have you "come again" whenever you find it convenient.

How to Make Hickory-Nut Oil.

You will need a cup, about three inches in diameter and four inches deep, made of extra heavy tin, with a perforated bottom, and a wooden presser just large enough to fit into the cup, with a handle about eight inches long, similar to a potato masher. The hickory nuts should not be over one year old; crack them and chop the meats as finely as possible in a large bowl. When the oil begins to appear, put into the cup and apply the presser. The tin cupful of meats will amke about two teaspoonfuls of oil, which should be diluted with 6 or 8 ozs. of good hair oil and kept well corked in a bottle.

Cleanse the scalp thoroughly with soft water and castile soap, to which a lump of borax the size of a hickory-nut has been added, before commencing the use of the oil, and twice a week, in the evening thereafter. Apply about a tablespoonful of the oil mixture every morning, rubbing well into the roots of the hair. I think it the only genuine remedy for baldness and gray hair.—D. Leisure.

ANSWERS AND INQUIRIES.

"Ask and It Shall be Told to You."—Several of Both.

J. W. writes to inquire if it is necessary on leaving a room, after bidding a general "good-night," to repeat the word in answer to a single member of the company.

It is not absolutely necessary, perhaps, but it certainly seems to the editor that it would be more courteous to do so, especially if it be the hostess who speaks. What do the Householders think about it?

M. A. S. writes: "The young men have a reading room here, and would be glad to get the magazines offered by "Isabel H.," provided they are not duplicates of some they already have had given them. If she will tell what she has in this line, they will gladly pay postage."

Beatrice C. in response to Isabel H. says she would be very willing to pay postage on the reading matter. If Beatrice or any one else desiring the magazines will send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the editor, she will forward to them the address of Isabel H.

Mrs. H. asks for a sure cure for malaria.

Mrs. A. L. Van B writes: I have a made a lamp mat according to directions given by Mrs. M. E. Hawkins in The Blade of two weeks ago, but cannot put it together. Will she tell me how to do so through the correspondence column?

Will the lady who sent directions for making a sofa pillow, in the Blade of May 17, send the directions for the lace for it as she said she would, if it was wanted?—Mrs. C. H. W.

For "Helen Jay":—In your remarks some time ago on the removal of moles, warts, etc., you mentioned bichloracetic acid. I have asked three or four druggists and a physician of forty years' practice about it, and they all say there is no such drug. Will you kindly explain?—One Interested.

To Vashti:—I have cleansed our piano twice, and find the following method perfectly successful. I wring a soft flannel out of warm ivory soap suds, and rub a small portion of the case at one time. A few drops of kerosene oil in the water helps to remove fly specks. After washing a small part, I then wipe with dry flannel, after which I polish with another flannel and oil. The first time I used a very little kerosene oil, but this spring my husband thought sewing machine oil would be better, so he did the rubbing with that, and our piano looks like new. I can safely recommend "hard oil," as that gives a fine polish and does no harm, but we had none in the house, so used the machine oil.—L. H.

THE COOK'S CONGRESS.

"For Men Will Eat and Women Must Cook."

Salt Rising Bread.

Put into a cup the day before you bake your bread 2 tablespoonfuls of yellow corn meal and pour over it sufficient boiling milk to make a soft mush. Set this where it will keep very warm till it is full of bubbles; if this is sooner than you wish to use it, set it away till needed. In the morning stir this meal into 1 pt. of warm water; when well mixed strain the water into a pitcher, add 1 tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt and a pinch of soda; thicken with flour, not too stiff, and keep it quite warm till it rises, which will be in a short time. Into 2 qts. of flour pour this yeast; add 1 pt. of warm water, 1 tablespoonful of salt and a piece of butter the size of an egg; beat this well together, let it stand for an hour (or until light) in a warm place, then make into 2 loaves; let these rise to the top of the pan and bake. If these directions are followed, you cannot fail to have good bread. The great secret of success with salt raised bread is to keep it as warm as you can without scalding it.—Mrs. E. H. A.

Potato Soup.

Pare and slice two medium sized potatoes; cook until tender in 1 qt. of water; add butter the size of a walnut and salt to taste. Into 1-2 cupful of new milk stir 1 tablespoonful of flour; when it is smooth, pour it slowly over the potatoes, stirring them constantly. Break a slice of stale bread into small pieces in the soup tureen; let the potatoes boil up once after adding the thickened milk; pour over the bread and serve at once.—Jeffrey.

Ginger Cookies.

Beat together 1 egg, 1 cupful brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful each of vinegar and ginger. Take 1 cupful of molasses, let it come to a boil and after stirring it a little to cool it, add 1 teaspoonful soda; stir this while foaming into the rest of the batter. Add flour to mix soft; roll out, cut into cakes and bake in a quick oven.—Molly.

Imitation Green Apple Pie.

1 teacupful of bread (broken in small pieces), 2 teacupfuls boiling water, 1 1-2 teacupfuls sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful tartaric acid. This makes two pies.

Lemon Pie.

Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful water, 1 tablespoonful of flour, made smooth in the water, 1 egg. Bake either with two crusts or with frosted top.

Some Every-Day Remedies.

Golden Ointment for Burns, etc.—Melt 1 lb of lard with 4 ozs. of beeswax. Dissolve 1 1-2 ozs. camphor gum, 1 1-2 ozs. organum, 1 1-2 ozs. laudanum in 5 ozs. of alcohol. When all is dissolved let the lard and beeswax become partially cooled, add the other ingredients and stir until cold.

Wormwood Liniment (excellent for strains, bruises, etc.)—3-4 oz. oil of wormwood, 3-4 oz. oil of organum, 3-4 oz. oil f hemlock, 1 pt. alcohol.

Cholera Remedy.—Equal parts by measure of laudanum, tincture capsicum, tincture ginger and tincture cardamon seed. Dose, 30 or 40 drops in a little water; if the stomach does not retain the first dose, take another at once. This is good for griping pains and all kinds of summer complaints.

THE RAIN-SONG OF THE ROBIN.

Oh, the rain-song of the robin! How it thrills my heart to hear
The rain-song of the robin in the summer of the year!
How I long for wings to join him where his carol poureth free,
And for words to beg the secret of his magic minstrelsy.

Does he sing because he revels in the fury of the storm?
In the thunder and the lightning does he find a hidden charm?
Or with prophet eye, enraptured, does he see the darkness past,
And the beauty which shall blossom when the clouds disperse at last?

When Thy rain on me descendeth, and Thy clouds about me roll,
Grant, O God, the power of singing to my tempest-shaken soul!
May I see thy mercy shining for behind the outer gloom!
May I hear Thine angels chanting! May I see Thy lilies bloom?
—Harper's Bazar.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

"Fair as the Roses in June Are They!"

Miss Prudence thanks her girls from the very bottom of her heart, for the nice little "hot weather" letters they sent her this week. "Short and sweet" and right to the point, they were, and most acceptable.

"Evelyn" writes: "I am an editor's daughter, and therefore very much interested in all newspaper work. It is my ambition to be connected with the work in some way; I hope the time may come when I shall have attained it. I would like to correspond with any of the girls who are as fond of reading as I am."

"Iowa Girl" has a suggestion to offer, which Miss Prudence thinks a good one, though, would it not be better for the Merry-Go-Rounds to join the Wonder Columnites in their Fourth of July picnic—for a description of which see the Wonder Column? If your letters are sent in at once, they will be in good season, and the "School Mistress" and "Terence" will accord you hearty welcome. Your cavaliers may be chosen from the M. G. R. circle.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—Picnics are all the style, let's have one, each one of us writing a complete, but condensed description of it. Miss Prudence to select and print the best one. I believe in "Women's rights," and I would like to be an author, but hardly dare aspire to that elevated position.—"Iowa Girl."

"Katrina" sends a few words of comfort to M. G. R. Carl, and expresses a wish for his return to the Circle, in which Miss Prudence joins heartily. I think "Excelsior" splendid for our motto. Let us adopt it, and have our badge soon. Carl, do please come back again; do not leave us because some of the girls do not think you will ever find your ideal. I am sure she is in the land of the living, and you will find her some day. The authoress, Mrs. Catherwood, whose picture appeared in The Blade a short time ago, lives not very far from here and was in our village last week to put flowers on the graves of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, who are buried here.

My greatest desire is to visit Germany. I would like to hear how "Tamarack" is getting along "baching"—"Katrina."

"Irene" asks—How many of the girls are Sunday school teachers? I am, and though I often feel my unworthiness, I do the best I can, always remembering: "Who does his best, does well; angels can do no more." I have two brothers, and I do not believe any of you can boast of more love between yourselves and your brothers than I can. One of them is unmarried and at home, and he never gives me a cross word, though, for that matter, he seldom receives one from me. "Valentina" and I have commenced correspondence that I think will prove very interesting.—"Irene."

"Red Rose" sets Miss Prudence's mind at rest by explaining that she is a "telegraph" operator. In answer to the foot-note of her pleasant letter, the Chaperone says she is very well, indeed, considering the warm weather, and trusts that "Red Rose," and all the other girls are equally blessed with good health.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—As I saw my other letter in print, I thought I would try it again. Miss Prudence, I sincerely beg your pardon, but I meant telegraph "operator." My grandpa was a Union soldier. I hardly know who has done the most for the United States, but I think Abraham Lincoln did as much as any of the rest. How many of the girls like to ride horseback?—"Red Rose."

"Vacation Begins To-Morrow."

Miss Prudence is not so old that she cannot remember how much those three words mean. They stand for freedom and rest; for picnics in the woods, and boat rides on the river; for "taking it easy" generally and reading stories instead of poring over dull old lesson books. Oh, there is no end to the significance of those magic words, and she has taken them for the text of her little sermon to-day, feeling sure that so much of it at least will be read and remembered.

"Sermon" was not the proper word to use there either,)for Miss Prudence does not want her boys and girls to think she means to "preach" to them; she only wants to suggest a few things for them to do this summer, in order that other people may enjoy the long vacation as well as they do.

First, always, comes your mother; don't let your merry-making give her too much extra work. If you want her to put up lunches for your picnics and boatrides, see to it that you help her with the other work; you will enjoy yourselves twice as well, if, when you drive away with your friends, you know the house is in order, and that she can go into her cool sitting room to sew or read without having your cast-off garments to pick up from the bed room floor, or a pile of dirty dishes to wash in the kitchen. You see this is intended for those of my Merry-Go-Rounds whose mothers find it convenient now and then to do their own work; of course, where there are plenty of servants to do these things, it is different.

If you can, persuade your mother to go with you; make her feel that she will be a most welcome addition to your party, and, if she accepts your invitation, don't put all the work on her when it comes luncheon time, but treat her as your most honored guest.

Then, there is your father, boys; he needs a rest, too, through these hot weeks, and if you can help him to it, your own pleasure taking will be doubled. Go down to the office or the shop; show that you are interested in what is going on there, and don't be afraid to "lend a hand" now and then; you will be benefiting yourselves in every way, and, if you are intelligent in your efforts, your father will find as much comfort in the fact that you are "taking hold well," as in the extra hour or two of rest that your help may give him each day.

Coax him to take a "day off" now and then, and have him join your boating and fishing parties; you will be ever so much better acquainted with him when the summer is over, and will wonder why it was that you never found out before what good company he was!

Then there are the children; plan your excursions occasionally so as to include them; the pleasure they take in going with the "big brothers and sisters," and the exalted opinion they will have of you, will surely make up for the trouble of looking after them.

Lastly, there are the neighbors; respect their peace of mind, and order your amusements accordingly, so that, when vacation is over, they will not breathe a long sigh of relief and say fervently: "Thank Heaven, school begins to-morrow!"

THAT PICTURE.

Mrs. Colby Before the Senate Committee.

We are asking that we shall be recognized as citizens of the United States. I wish that I had brought with me here a picture that I have. It emanates from Kansas. It is not a beautiful picture. It is a picture that I do not like to look at. Once seen it will haunt the memory for years, but it would be a splendid picture for you to have in your committee room, and I will place it there later. Our suffrage women have been buying it and are taking it home, not to hang it in their bedrooms or parlors, but to hide it away, and to bring it out as a last argument when they find a man actually impervious to every other argument in favor of woman suffrage.

In the center of it is Miss Willard; in one corner an idiot—of course a male idiot; in another corner an insane person; in another corner a blanketed Indian; and in the fourth corner one of the worst specimens of the criminal class. It is a most haunting picture, this of "Woman and Her Political Peers," yet it represents a fact, a terrible fact. When Mrs. Wall, of Kansas, was preparing the large oil painting from which this photograph is taken, she consulted with me about the central figure. We felt the aged leaders of our suffrage cause could not be thus portrayed, but the central figure must be a younger woman; and Frances Willard was brave enough to allow her picture to be used, and so she is there, with her sweet, serene, lively, and intellectual face representing not the Woman's Christian Temperance union, but all the womanhood of this land, condemned to this disgraceful political companionship.

That picture is the best argument in favor of the passage of the joint resolution that we can present to you, and we trust that your chivalry and sense of justice will compel you to assist our efforts to release ourselves from the shameful category of the disfranchised.

The argument that women do not ask for suffrage has no merit. The fact that they do not realize its importance does not change the need of their becoming responsible factors in the government of this nation. As soon as they feel this need keenly and are ready to acknowledge it, without suffrage they are free, and have gained the power to transmit freedom to their posterity. It is the women who do not realize it, who are bearing in their natures, ineffaceably, the mark of its absence, and who are transmitting to their sons their disregard of liberty and of national virtue. It is because we have had these mothers throughout our past history that patriotism has sunk so low that one of our leading statesmen has dared to characterize the fundamental principle on which our government is based as "an iridescent dream." The voice of patriotism has been heard in the halls wherever woman suffrage has been preached. We want to teach the importance and necessity of women feeling responsible for the kind of statesmanship we have.

Aprons.

The appearance of silk aprons, hand-painted, in the large stores of New York, indicates a general adoption of the sensible English fashion of wearing aprons in one's own house on all but state occasions. They may be as elegant as desired. Some are of Liberty silk, heavily trimmed with lace, or merely a sash of silk with an entire lace front for the apron itself. Valenciennes and watered ribbon are admirable for a young girl, while old ladies indulge in black satin, richly embroidered.

A serviceable and pretty morning apron often seen in England is of black silesia, one breadth being used for the skirt, which is gathered on a band to which is attached a short straight bib The bib and bottom of the apron are scalloped and buttonhole stitched, and there is smocking or Russian cross stitch in silks or cottons to a depth of three inches. An effective design is done in red marking cotton, a simple pattern in cross stitch, with cat-stitching separating the different rows. These aprons will wash like linen and keep clean much longer.

A garden apron, which we should find equally convenient, is made of ticking, preferably the narrow stripe. It should have at least two, if not three, deep pockets low down, so as to be convenient for carrying twine, tacks, and even a small hammer. The material is practically water-proof, and its frequent use in fancy-work suggests various ways of making it look pretty.—Harper's Bazar.

The New Salute.

The very latest fashion in uncovering the head, as a salute, has reached Boston by way of New York. It consists in lifting the hat from the head and then suddenly thrusting it straight out before you at arm's length. On Broadway no other style of salutation is recognized as good form, but in the crowded and narrow streets of Boston it is most difficult of achievement. It is not unusual for a man who attempts it to not only smash his hat, but to waste ten minutes in apologizing to the people who were near him when he executed the salute. It has to be done with such a jerk to be effective that one stands a good chance of giving the person in front of him a notion that he has been sandbagged, and it is difficult to explain away an impression like that. t is felt by the swells that, much as they would like to adopt the fashion, it is hardly practicable in Boston, unless the city government passes an ordinance obliging pedestrians to keep a certain distance apart in the streets, as cars are supposed to do.—Boston Journal.

Sensible Sofa Pillows.

Women are beginning to appreciate the fact that sofa pillows are meant for use, or, at least, that it is difficult to disabuse the masculine mind of the idea that they are intended as rests for their weary heads. A woman will hesitate before she leans her back hair against a marvel of embroidery and lace or of exquisitely painted silk, but a man, fresh from the hands of his barber, will peacefully repose on the prettiest of them all.

A cushion of red denim has a conventional design outlined with old gold silk, the inside painted with dashes of gilt paint with a ruffle of red silk. Another is worked in black with black silk. Yellow denim worked in brown, with daisies of brown in oil, is very effective. The ruffle matches the embroidery and decoration. Olive denim, worked with darker olives, is effective.

Black silk handkerchiefs, worked with an effective design in red or corn color in one corner are made up both with and without a ruffle. Squares of white linen or linen handkerchiefs, where these are large enough, with a little simple embroidery, are greatly liked, because they can be slipped out and the covers laundered. Bright colored Madras and bandana handkerchiefs make showy pillows. A Columbia college boy has a collection of these, and his room is as gay as a Southern cotton field when all the hands are on duty.

Linen in dull blue, terra cotta and old pink is an admirable material for sofa pillows.

For parlors, and still intended for use, the real or imitation Bagdad stripes look well, if the room is furnished, as to its floor, with Oriental rugs. China silk in old tapestry colors, and tapestry or brocade, also in these old art tones, make admirable and durable covers.

By Wearing Dotted Veils.

The injurious effect on the eyes caused by wearing dotted veils is an old warning which has been sounded to no purpose, and the fact that oculists are growing rich under this reign of fashion does not alarm the wearers of this attractive bit of feminine vanity. The dots are larger or smaller, closer together or further apart, as they are more or less becoming, while the possibility of impaired eyesight is left entirely out of consideration. It has been discovered lately that the dots are not their only harmful quality. There is some substance used in stiffening or coloring the net which is poisonous if it chances to find its way into the eye.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HEART'S-EASE.

"Now, which would you be, my darling,
Of all the flowers that blow?
A rose, or a waxen lily
With petals as white as snow?

"A pansy, a cheerful daisy,
A pink-and-white sweet-pea,
Or a tuft of fragrant clover—
If you might, which would you be?"

She paused—it was only a moment—
Her brows knit tight in the thought,
While she inwardly conned the lessons
The winds and the flowers had taught.

Then she spoke in her own quaint fashion,
And her words so true were these:
"Why, just what I am, dear mother,
Your own little bright heart's-ease."
—Anonymous.

ADVENTURE WITH A LEOPARD.

One morning the sunbeams came struggling through the clouds, and Booboo assured me that we were likely to have a pleasant day. I had not been into the woods for more than a week, and I took this opportunity to stretch myself. Ben and Abner were busy at patching up their shoes, and they decided not to go with us; but Harry and I, with Dan and Tickomy, mounted our horses and set forth. The ground to the northward was nearly all covered with water; but there was a finely wooded strip to the southward and westward, and in this direction we went. Within three hours after reaching the forest we had shot two roan antelopes and a fine springbok, and our enthusiasm was at a high pitch. Just after noon we bagged another springbok, and in half an hour afterward we discovered a herd of buffaloes through an opening in the wood Tickomy suggested that we would not have time to give them much of a chase; but Harry and I could not listen to anything of that sort. We gave spurs to our horses and flew towards the buffaloes, Tickomy and Dan keeping close upon our heels. Away went the game and away went we; and the result was that in little over an hour we had brought down two of the best bulls of the herd. We took careful bearings of the place, so as to send some of the natives out on the next day for the meat, and then started on our return.

But tim ehad flown faster than we had imagined, and when our faces were fairly towards the village the sun was almost down. We pushed on for an hour, when night and storm came together, and the darkness shut down so intensely that I could not see my own hand as I held it up before me. Tickomy began to worry. I asked him if he was afraid.

"No," said he; "I am not afraid for myself. I am used to these forests by night. But you will be uncomfortable. We cannot get back to the village to-night."

I told him not to entertain any fears on my account. I was very well aware that we must spend the night in the forest, and I was perfectly contented so to do. We were at least fifteen miles from home, if not more, and if we had kept on it would have been a simple groping with eyes shut, for a perfect hoodwink could not more effectually have cut off vision than did the utter darkness of that night.

We secured our hoses as well as we could, and then called the dogs to us, and bade them lie down and be quiet; but they did not seem inclined to do either. They ran to and fro, howling and snapping, and if I had had the cords with me I would have tied them; but as I had nothing of the kind I was forced to let them go. Rain was falling, but not very heavily; and having found a soft grassy spot beneath a large tree of some sort, I drew a springbok skin over my shoulders and laid down. But I could not sleep. The dogs kept up their running and howling, and the horses seemed uneasy. We had no lantern with us, but I had my matches, and by striking half a dozen of them I was enabled to see that the horses were safe, and that all appeared right in other directions.

"There is no knowing," said Harry, "what may happen along of this darkness; so I think I'll take my roost in a tree."

The idea struck me as a good one, and I told him I would follow his example. We asked Dan and Tickomy if they wished to do the same thing, but they told us that they did not intend to sleep. We could climb a tree, and they would stay by the horses.

By the light of my waxen matches I had discovered the form of the tree beneath which I had been resting, and without much trouble I made my way up until I reached a point where the main trunk branched off into three large boughs; and here I fixed myself getting a good seat and a good rest for my back. I called to Harry, and he informed me that he was safe. The rain fell upon me, dripping lazily through the foliage above me, but I did not mind that. The dogs disturbed me most by their terrible howling. I hailed Dan, and asked him if he could not stop them. They were now directly beneath my tree and yelling like mad. The boy came, and finally succeeded in getting them away; and by and by I dropped off into a doze and obtained quite a comfortable sleep.

When I at length awakened it was by the dogs under my tree again, where they were howling and snapping worse than ever! I hallooed at them, and told them to go and lie down; and, with Dick's assistance, they were once more quieted. Again I slept, and again I was aroused as before. The rain was still falling, and the darkness was as thick and impenetrable as ever. Just for experiment's sake, I swept my hand before my eyes, but could see nothing of it. A second time I passed my hand along, and, while straining my eyes to detect it, I fancied that there was a change in the darkness. I could not see my hand, but I thought I saw two semi-luminous spots not far away in the gloom, like phosphorescent bubbles on inky water. I held up my hand, and they were shut out. I moved my hand away, and saw them again. So it was no illusion of my optics. I watched the spots for some seconds, and was convinced that they moved. I noticed also, that they changed color, from a red to a greenish hue.

I was now thoroughly awake. What was it that caused those changing spots of dim light? What could it be but some animal—some animal in the same tree with myself, and upon the bough that extended in front of me. If it was an animal, of course it was a tree-climber; probably of the feline species. And what felines were there in that forest that would have remained so long quiet.

My first impulse was to slide down to the ground. My second was to strike a match. But I did neither. I knew that daylight was not far off, and I finally determined to stay where I was. There may have been a little recklessness in the decision, but I could not help it. My rifle was upon the ground, but I had my heavy pistols with me, and they were both carefully loaded, and had been kept dry in their rubber cases.

By and by the blackness of the forest began to break, and those two luminous spots grew dim. Slowly the veil was lifted, and ere long I saw other spots, and more of them. The seconds crept on, and the darkness grew less and less, and finally my companion of the night was revealed to me

There he crouched, upon the bough on which I sat, not more than fifteen feet from me—a full-grown leopard! Had he been a full-grown lion I think I should have been tempted to fire. The chance was too great to throw away; and at that distance my pistol was powerful enough. I drew the weapon, and cocked it, and then carefully took aim with both hands, the line of my sight striking one of those glaring eyes. I fired, and then dropped from my perch to the ground, and in a moment more the leopard was by my side; but I was unharmed, and he was dead.

In a very few moments, Harry and Dan and Tickomy were upon the spot, while the dogs, as though to show us that they had been in the right all the while, capered and yelped with delight.

It was rather a pleasant adventure at the end of our night's experiences; and the leopard skin was reserved for my cabinet of souvenirs.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT AM I?

I was made before Adam to answer God's most holy plan; although to my body He gave no feet, arms or legs, yet I was a perfect creature, and subject to His laws. I had no soul; Adam gave to me a name; I from his presence withdrew, and more of Adam never knew. I obeyed my maker's laws and from them never went astray; at one time He put a soul into me for a purpose, but shortly took it out again, leaving me just as I was when first made. I do not know the difference between right and wrong; although my name is found in the Bible, it is nothing to me but empty sound. I have no fear of death, and never expect to be truly happy. Though by my death men obtain "great light," I shall never to go Heaven or Hell or the grave.
R. J. L.

2.—ACROSTIC.

I am composed of 16 words, each containing three letters, the primals of which give the name of a well-known American poet.

My first is a fowl; my second is what we do when hungry; my third is a siesta; my fourth is to travel swiftly; my fifth is a personal pronoun; my sixth is to gain; my seventh is part of the face; my eighth is a night-bird; my ninth is a snare; my tenth is a kind of tree; my eleventh is something to cool the face; my twelfth is a genus of creeping fish ;my thirteenth is a bulky piece of wood; my fourteenth was Abraham's nephew ;my fifteenth is crude metal; my sixteenth is not dry.
"CRETA."

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A man bought two watches and a chain; the cost of the first watch and the chain equals two-thirds of the cost of the second watch; the second watch and the chain equals 2½ times the cost of the first watch. What was the cost of the first watch and what was the cost of both watches if the chain cost $20.
"ALMA D."

The clearest, most concise analysis of the above will be printed in Chat, and will count 5 on the sender's prize account.—Ed.

4.—QUOTATION PUZZLE.

The primals of the omitted words, spell the name of the work from which the quotations are taken.

"In learned modulation phrased itself
To.................... harmony of truth."
"The hair, too, ... it's .... of curls,
In doubt 'twixt dark and light."
"Mad fear was ......in her feet...killing the ground."
"She had .... to go next week, being well ...."
"... was early; there was time
For .... and the morning's compliment."
"He seems to have plucked a flower from the other side
Of the social ...."
"RHODA DENDRON."

5.—QUERY.

Who can inform the Column concerning "Gretna Green?"
THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Answers to Puzzles, June 14 and 15.

1.—Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

2.—Words: C-p-er, leer; canoe, cane; atlas, alas; bead, bed; canton, canon; droop, drop. Primals potato.

3.—Last of the Mohicans; David Copperfield; Mosses from an old Manse; Samantha at the Centennial; Innocents Abroad; Little Lord Fauntleroy; Vicar of Wakefield.

4.—Place these words in form of monument: T., doe, ill, net, ode, den, album, jelly, cleanse, heading, Cleveland; centrals, Toledo Blade.

WHO WAS SI-SYPHUS?

He was a personage of Greek mythology, whom later accounts make to be the father of Olysseus. He is said to have been founder and king of Ephyra, afterwards Corinth, and both he and his whole household were notorious for their wickedness. He is, however, best known for the punishment which he suffered in the lower world, either for trachery towards the gods, or for his wholesale robbery of travelers, whom, at the same time, he murdered with a huge block of stone. He was condemned to roll an immense boulder from the bottom to the summit of a hill, which, whenever it reached the top, rolled down again, compelling Sisyphus to resume his task.
"O. J. R."

Chat.

For the last time, the editor announces that there will be a 4th of July picnic for the benefit of O. W. C., every lady member of whom is cordially invited to bring a lunch for herself and escort, who is to be selected from the ranks of the column ;the lunch is to be prepared by the lady's own fair hands, and she who shows the best judgment in the selection of edibles is to have a prize. Another prize is to be given to the gentleman puzzler who composes the best 4th of July oration, and sends it to the editor before July 1, when all communications must be in her hands. The oration should cover two pages of ordinary letter-paper and may be serious or comical, but above all patriotic.

The Merry-Go-Rounds are asking to have a picnic, and Miss Prudence and The Schoolmistress suggest a uniting of the forces of both departments for a grand "spread" on "The Glorious Fourth." Hurry up, young people; the editor wants to see every one of you represented. There musn't be any "fizzle" about this picnic.

"Sid."—Please consider yourself provided for as to lunch; a certain young lady in the Column's forces has chosen you as her escort.

"Helen."—Parts of answers, if over one-half correct, count as whole ones—especially in the case of such veteran puzzlers as your ladyship.

"Pauline."—Surely you are coming to the picnic.

Em .T. Head."—There is not only room here for "one more puzzler," but a cordial welcome as well. Your solutions were correct, and your other contribution admirable!

"Moxie."—The editor sympathizes with you on the tooth question, and hopes it will not prevent your attending the picnic.

"Fannie."—Answers must always be sent with original puzzles. A prize has been offered to the person sending the greatest number of correct solutions to puzzles printed in O. W. C. during the year; it is a little late to try for that now, but we shall be glad to have you send answers when you are so disposed.

"Elfa."—Yours received, and greatly enjoyed.

A Golden Stream of Guineas.

Sir Richard Burton's famous translation of "The Arabian Nights" was sold out in ten days and brought the translator sixteen thousand guineas. Truly a remarkable figure, and sufficient to make envious many a literary man who supposes himself successful without ever dreaming of seeing such a golden stream flowing into his coffers from a single work. On the other side, however, must be set the years of study and research and adventure which went to make Sir Richard Burton the brilliant scholar he was.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

CARNOT ASSASSINATED

AN ANARCHIST NAMED SANTO THE MURDERER.

Fearfully Exciting Scenes at Lyons, Where the Deed Was Done—Details of the Crime.

Lyons, France, June 25.—M. Sadi Francois Carnot, president of the French Republic, was assassinated here Sunday night at 9:30, by Cesare Giovanni Santo, an Italian. The president died at midnight.

The President was visiting Lyons in connection with the international exhibition. Upon his arrival here he was tendered a reception at the prefecture, after which he visited the exhibition. After spending some time at the exhibition he proceeded to the Palais de Commerce, where a banquet was given in his honor. At 9:35 o'clock last night President Carnot started for the theater, where a gala performance was to be given because of his presence in the city. Several carriages were in the procession, the first one being occupied by the President.

Was Driven Slowly.

M. Carnot's carriage was driven slowly along in front of the Palace of Commerce, and then turned into Rue de la Republique, still following the facade of the palace. When half way down the street, which was lined with enthusiastic crowds of people who were loudly cheering, a man rushed out of the crowd, and sprang upon the step of the President's landau. Just at that moment Carnot was waving his hand and saluting with his hat in his left hand in response to the ovation that was being given him by the crowd. The people close to the carriage saw that the man standing on the step had a knife in his hand. By the glare of the electric lights they saw the bright blade gleam in the air, as the assassin's arm descended, and then President Carnot was seen to fall back, his face deathly pale.

Pressed Over His Heart.

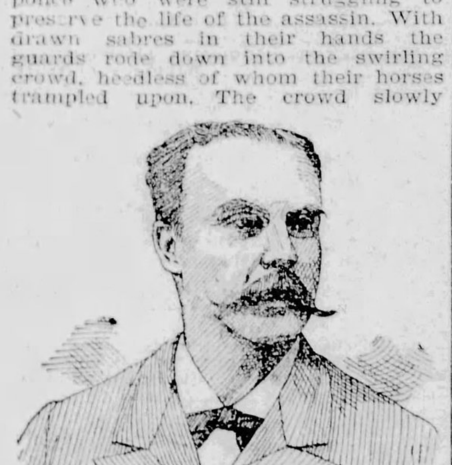
One of his hands was pressed over his heart where the steel had entered. M. Rivaud, Prefect of Lyons, who was seated beside M. Carnot, immediately struck the assassin a full blow in the face, and knocked him from the step, thus preventing the man from again stabbing the President, which it was his evident intention to do. Instantly cries of "le President est assassine," "mort a l'assassin," were heard on every side. The man was grasped by a dozen hands and his life would have then and there paid the forfeit of his crime had it not been for several sergeants de ville, who seized him and attempted to draw him away from his captors.

This was found to be impossible, as the infuriated populace were determined to lynch the man, and the efforts of the sergeants failed beyond saving the man from instant death. Blows were aimed at his face over the shoulders of the police, who had by this time received reinforcements, and many of the blows landed fairly.

Driving Back the Mob.

At last the police succeeded in driving the howling mob back a foot or so from their prisoner, but to get the captive through the mob was a physical impossibility.

In the meantime the news of the attempted murder had spread with lightning-like rapidity, and mounted guards were sent to the aid of the police who were still struggling to preserve the life of the assassin. With drawn sabres in their hands the guards rode down into the swirling crowd, heedless of whom their horses trampled upon. The crowd slowly



M. CASIMER PERIER.
(President Deputies.)

gave way before the horses, and at last the center of the mob was reached. Then a cordon was formed around the ten almost exhausted policemen and their captive, and the march to the police station began. Even thus surrounded the prisoner was not safe, for men in the crowd made frantic endeavors to reach him. The guards repelled these attacks with the flat sides of their swords, while at the same time keeping watchful eyes upon the crowd to prevent the prisoner from being shot.

In the meantime physicians were hastily summoned to attend the president, who had almost immediately been conveyed to the prefecture. A careful examination was made of the wound and the doctor declared that the condition of M. Carnot was hopeless. The receipt of the news of the assassination caused a great sensation in the Grand theater, which was filled to the walls by the elite of Lyons. The theater presented a brilliant scene, the handsome toilets of the ladies being offset by the gay uniforms of the many military officers present. All were awaiting with impatience the arrival of the president and all were unable to understand the delay. Suddenly a mn entered the theater crying at the top of his voice, "The president has been assassinated." The most intense excitement followed this abrupt announcement. Women screamed and several fainted. Many men, without waiting to secure their hats, ran out of the building in order to confirm the news.

Most Intense Excitement.

They found all the streets leading to the palace filled with excited throngs, and in a few minutes they were convinced that the report of the cowardly attempt upon the life of the president was true. Suddenly through the throng sped a landau conveying Adrien Dupuy, a brother of the prime minister, Deputy Chaudey, and Prefect Rivaud, the crowd falling away before it as it dashed into the rue de la Republique, preceded by four mounted gendarmes. The crowd, thinking now that the report of the assassination was untrue and that the president was in the carriage, shouted "Vive Carnot!" "Vive le Republique!"

The carriage was stopped and MM. Chaudey and Revaud, in tremulous voices, said: "Don't shout; the president has been the victim of an outrage." The cheers were instantly turned to curses, and many and loud were the demands for vengeance. The landau proceeded to the theater, where MM. Rivaud and Chaudey went to the president's box. As soon as they were seen the whole audience arose, and, amid profound silence, M. Rivaud said, in a voice broken with sobs: "The president has just been assassinated."

Explosion of Fury.

This announcement was received with a terrible announcement of fury, as the audience, when the first report of the assassination was received had, though greatly excited, generally discredited it. The theater resounded with shouts of "a mort a l'assassin," and cries for vengeance upon him. When silence was in a measure restored M. Rivaud continued: "In the rue de la Republique, a miscreant under the pretext of presenting a petition, stabbed M. Carnot with a dagger." M. Rivaud was again interrupted with shouts of "Death to the murderer! Revenge! Revenge!"

Waving his hand for silence, M. Rivaud again spoke, saying "Do not make my mission more painful. We left M. Carnot in the hands of doctors. You understand that under these conditions our hearts are filled with sorrow and that the proposed performance in the president's honor cannot take place."

The Beardless Assassin.

Santo, the assassin, is a beardless young man, 20 or 25 years old. When arrested, he was attired in a brown suit and wore a peaked cap that matched the suit in color. As he marched under his police guard from the rue de la Republique to the station he held his head down, but his eyes glanced furtively around as though he was seeking an opportunity

M. SADI CARNOT, ASSASSINATED.

PRIME MINISTER DUPUY.

to escape from his captors. To have made such an attempt, however, would have been the height of foolhardiness, unless he desired to commit suicide, for there is not the slightest doubt that, had he got away from the protection afforded him by the police, he would have been torn limb from limb by the crowd, whose every action showed that they were thirsting for his blood.

The assassin is an Italian named Cesare Giovanni Santo. Santo, who speaks French badly, when questioned by Perfect Lepino at the police station in rue Moliere, said he had lived at Cette, department of Herault, for the past six months and had only come to Lyons yesterday. He gave his age as 32 years. His replies were given coolly, but without any signs of bravado. He refused, however, to answer any of the many questions put to him regarding his motive for stabbing the president, declaring that on this subject he would speak only before a tribunal. When he was searched by the police a book was found in one of his pockets in which it was written that he had been born in a village in the province of Milan, Italy.

Madame Carnot, accompanied by her two daughters, left Paris at 1 o'clock this morning for Lyons. The news of the assassination of her husband was broken to her as tenderly as possible. She was almost prostrated with grief, but gave orders for preparations to be at once made to convey her to Lyons.

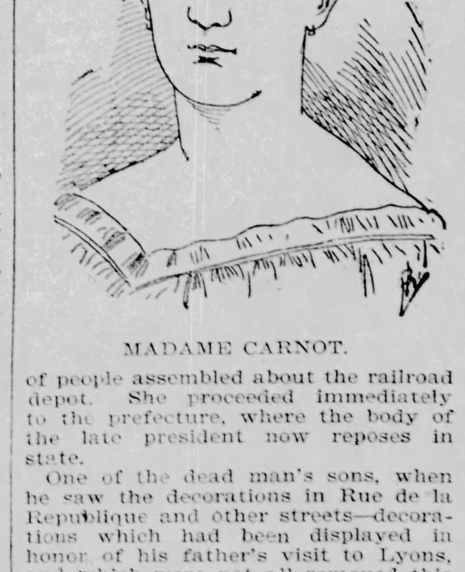
THE PRESIDENT WAS DEAD.

M. Sadi Francois Carnot Passed Away Shortly After Midnight.

Lyons, June 25.—Shortly after midnight the Archbishop of Lyons was summoned to the bedside of the dying president to administer to him the last rites of the church. He was in the room but a short time when he emerged and retired to an adjoining room. Here he remained until 12:30 o'clock, when he was again summoned to the president's room, where he administered to him the sacrament.

M. Carnot remained conscious to the last. He realized that his life was rapidly ebbing, and twice he said "Je m'en vais." Dr. Poncet leaned over the bed on which the president was lying and said to him: "Your friends are here, Monsieur le President." M. Carnot replied: "I am grateful for their presence," and in less than a minute he gasped for breath, there was a convulsive shuddering of his body, and the president of France was dead.

Mme. Carnot, accompanied by her two sons, arrived at Lyons at 7 o'clock this morning. The widow was most respectfully greeted by a large crowd



MADAME CARNOT.

of people assembled about the railroad depot. She proceeded immediately to the prefecture, where the body of the late president now reposes in state.

One of the dead man's sons, when he saw the decorations in Rue de la Republique and other streets—decorations which had been displayed in honor of his father's visit to Lyons, and which were not all removed this morning—was so agitated that he almost fainted.

The City Draped in Mourning.

The flags and other decorations on the prefecture were, however, removed during the night, and the great flag which usually floats over the Chamber of Commerce was replaced by a large square banner of crape.

The inhabitants of Lyons generally are removing the festive decorations from their buildings and are replacing them with mourning emblems as fast as possible.

The apartment at the prefecture in which the body of the late President lies in state presents a most impressive appearance.

The remains of the murdered man are clad in a dress suit, and across his breast is the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, of which, as chief of the state, he was grand master.

Around the Bier.

Around the bier are stationed a number of high officers of the President's military household, who, with several sisters of charity, have watched the remains throughout the night.

The prefecture itself is surrounded with troops, and a strong detachment of infantry is guarding the building in which Santo, the assassin, is confined.

When Mme. Carnot reached the prefecture, the death chamber was cleared of all but the family, and the widow, who had been joined by her third son, was left alone with her dead. The late President's family remained for a long time in prayer before the bier, and then the widow was led away by her three sons, all four weeping bitterly.

Demonstrations Against Italians.

In every quarter of Paris, fierce demonstrations against the Italian residents have taken place, and, as a result, nearly all the Italian cafes and restaurants have been closed. But if the feeling against Italians is strong, the sentiments of hatred with which the majority of the people regard anarchists is still stronger, and is growing hourly in intensity.

Santo, the murderer, has boldly asserted that he is an anarchist. The prisoner has, apparently, not made any statement, but it is reported that the police are convinced that the assassination of President Carnot is the result of a carefully planned conspiracy in which a number of people are concerned. This, however, is only a report, as the authorities are engaged in a most exhaustive investigation into the prisoner's past career and recent movements, and no official statement on the subject is likely to be made until this inquiry is completed.

By a Toledo Blade.

The weapon used by the murderer was a long, triangular blade of the stiletto pattern. Upon the blade are engraved the words: "Record of Toledo." The sheath of the stiletto is of velvet, with red and black stripes. President Carnot's last words were: "Thank you, my friends. Thank you."

Regarding the political situation, it is believed that ex-Premier Casimir-Perier, now president of the chamber of deputies, has the best chance of succeeding the late president, but the names of M. M. Challemel-Lacour, president of the senate; Cavaignac, Dupuy, Brisson, Constans and General Saussier are also mentioned as likely to be strong candidates.

The inquiries of the police this afternoon resulted in showing that Santo was born near the west of Pavia, in December, 1873. The prisoner is a baker by trade, and was tried in Milan in 1892 for breach of the peace, but he was acquitted, owing to lack of sufficient evidence against him.

Was a Dangerous Anarchist.

Santo was known as a dangerous anarchist, and delivered an anarchis-

M. BRISSON.
(A Candidate for the Presidency.)

tic lecture of the wildest character before going to Switzerland last year. It is expected that several arrests will be made.

The Senate and Chamber of Deputies will assemble in electoral congress at Versailles at 1 p. m. Wednesday next, for the purpose of electing a new President.

CLEVELAND HEARS THE NEWS.

The President is Much Affected by It.

Washington, June 25.—The news was carried to the Presiednt by Secretary Thurber as the two were starting out for a drive early last evening. Mr. Cleveland was deeply shocked by the assassination, speaking of it repeatedly during the drive with earnest regret and sorrow. All during the evening the news as it arrived telling the details of the affair was sought with interest at the White House. The announcement which came shortly after 9 o'clock, that President Carnot was dead, was immediately told the President, who had hoped up to that time that the account of M. Carnot's injuries was exaggerated and that he would live. As soon as official information is received from our representatives in France the President will immediately send a telegram to the government of France expressing the sorrow of the United States of the sad calamity that has befallen her sister republic.

Foreign representatives and officials acquainted with French politics say that Carnot was essentially a safe man, one whom the French people relied on, while they did not gush over him or accord to him dramatic following they have given leaders of the stripe of Boulanger. Carnot was considered an aesthetic, a hard working man, and had what may be termed a solid popularity. Cabinets have changed often in France of late, but there has been no talk of deposing Carnot.

It is said that he could have been reelected, and no one is willing to venture a prophecy as to who his successor will be, conceding that it will be next to an impossibility to find a Frenchman to fill his chair and act the part of balance wheel as largely as he has. Much curiosity is expressed to know whether the feeling between France and Italy which has lately been formed by labor troubles furnished any motive for the assassination.

THE EX-PRESIDENT SHOCKED

At the News of President Carnot's Assassination.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 25.—Not since the shooting of President Garfield has anything so greatly shocked ex-President Harrison as the killing of President Carnot. Harrison appeared stunned for an instant, but quickly recoverd his equanimity and expressed his deep sorrow which he said went out to republican France at this time. He could think of nothing better than to say that "It was the spirit of anarchy which has caused an assassin to raise his hand against the French president."

Gen. Harrison continued: "I believe the immediate move must be revenge for the recent execution of anarchists at Paris. I presume there could have been no pretense of a grievance against President Carnot, personally."

HEIR TO THE THRONE

BORN TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK SATURDAY.

For the Second Time the Prince of Wales Becomes a Grandfather—Secretary Asquith's Functions.

London, June 25.—Just before 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon a message reached here from Richmond saying: "The Duchess of York is ill. The home secretary has been summoned to White Lodge." This intelligence set the whole metropolis on the qui vive, and crowds began to assemble in front of the bulletin boards, waiting for the momentous announcement.

It is now nearly two weeks since the health of the Duchess of York became the chief topic of conversation and speculation among all classes of English society. The bulletins of her daily walks and drives have been scanned in the newspapers before anybody turned to the dreary budget debate or to news of any of the latest foreign imbroglios. Popular curiosity has taken the most inconvenient form in the vicinity of White Lodge. The duke and his wife have been unable to take a walk or drive without encountering prying men and women, until the young couple became highly incensed. The climax was reached when a newspaper artist was found behind a laurel bush on the lawn, literally lying in ambush for the duch-

THE MOTHER, MAY OF TECK.

ess. He was led off by the ears, and it was finally decided that it was necessary to strengthen the defenses of White Lodge. A second fence was built outside the first barrier to the estate, and guards were posted. Sir Francis de Wintor, comptroller of the Duke of York's household, declared that he would build a third line of breastworks if necessary. He also

PRINCE GEORGE
(The Papa.)

prevailed on the reporters a week ago to cease their vigil at the gate on the promise that he would telegraph them all they were entitled to know, the moment there was anything to tell.

Function of Mr. Asquith.

The function of the home secretary in connection with the introduction of the royal infant into this vale of tears is most strange to republican comprehension. The law and custom of centuries prescribe that this representative of the government shall be actually present at the birth of every direct heir to the British throne.

The anticipation of this duty has kept Mr. Asquith in a fever of anxiety and excitement for the past two weeks. It has been necessary to plan his movements most carefully, so that his whereabouts at each moment should be known. Early in the week he was the guest of Mr. Henry White, former secretary of the American legation, at Loseley park, Guildford. The telegraph office there was kept open night and day, and an engine with

GRANDPA OF WALES.

steam up stood on a siding ready at a moment's warning to whirl him to Richmond.

Since his return to town his movements have been regulated more closely than a policeman's on a beat. He allowed himself three minutes daily in which to drive from the home office to the House of Commons. The police at the lobby doors carefully noted his passage from one part of the building to another. If he went to a confer-

GRANDMOTHER MRS. PRINCESS OF WALES.

ence, to the chief of Whips' room, to the terrace, or to his own private room, messengers knew where to reach him instantly.

When the summons came Saturday he was on the way, at top speed, to Richmond, within two minutes of the receipt of the notification. He was not too late, and when the happy event occurred, at ten minutes to 10 o'clock last night, he was waiting nervously behind a screen, which some concession to the Duchess's feelings had provided for him in the royal bed chamber.

The news of the birth of a little boy was telephoned to the queen within a couple of minutes after the event, and, when the family had recovered from its natural fluster, to other royal personages and to the lord mayor of London, who posted it outside the civic palace and sent word to the Dean of St. Paul's, who ought to have rung the bells of the great cathedral, but had not done so up to midnight.

The physician, who has been in attendance over a week, is Dr. John Williams, the ardent Welsh Nationalist and Radical, who for years was a hard-working general practitioner at Swansea, making an incime of not more than a couple of thousand dollars a year. A fortunate chance brought him to notice in the University hospital, London, and he was appointed to a professorship in that institution. Now he is accoucheur to the Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Fife, and half the aristocratic women in London, and his income is estimated at $30,000 a year. He likes nothing better than addressing meetings of his countrymen in their own language.

EIGHTY MEN KILLED.

Results of a Terrible Explosion in a Coal Mine of Wales.

London, June 25.—An explosion occurred Saturday in the Albion coal mine near Pont-y-Pridd, Glamorganshire, Wales. Two hundred men were under ground at the time.

As soon as the shaft was fairly clear of dangerous gases a rescue party descended, but they found their way barred by broken timbers and wreck-

Crowds gathered rapidly at the pit from the other colleries and the nearby villages. Miners' wives and children were there by the hundred, awaiting the first news from below and making the usual distressing scenes.

At 11:30 o'clock 18 miners had been brought up alive from the Albion mine. Many dead bodies have been recovered.

EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

A Shock Felt at Yokohama and Tokio Yesterday Afternoon.

Yokohama, June 22.—A severe shock of earthquake occurred in this city and at Tokio yesterday afternoon.

A great amount of damage was done to property owned by natives and Europeans. Several natives were killed and injured by falling houses. As far as known no Europeans were hurt.

Wales's Horse Won.

London, June 22.—At Ascot Heath to-day the Triennial stakes of 10 sovereigns each, with 300 sovereigns added for the owner and 100 sovereigns for the nominator of the winner for foals of 1891, over the new mile (seven furlongs and 166 yards), were won by the Prince of Wales's Florizel II, a brown colt by St. Simon, out of Perdita.

Will Pay His Debts.

Tangier, June 22.—Sulten Abdul Aziz has ordered the payment to Spain of the indemnity promised by his father on account of the Melilla affair.

WAR IN THE SKIES.

A Strange Story Told by Brother H. W. Smith.

Abilene, Kan., June 21.—In the way of seeing sights and viewing visions, a Dickinson county farmer has laid claim to the first prize. He has a statement that is not only unique in every respect, but is told with startling attention to detail. H. W. J. Smith, a long-time resident of the county, living seven or eight miles from town, publishes in the Evangelical Visitor, the church organ of the Brethren of Christ, printed here, this week, over his signature, and attested by an affidavit, a story of his strange visitation. He says that in company with B. W. Blue, a neighboring farmer, a few nights ago, he stepped out of the house at Andrew Thompson's, three miles from Manchester, and fifteen from Abilene. As they looked at the sky, which was clear, suddenly something like a large luminous ball appeared in the northeast, about 30 degrees above the eastern horizon.

"Is it a comet?"

"Is is a meteor?"

The questions were asked simultaneously, "but," says Mr. Smith, "there was no time for answer. Just then it shot westward, meteor-like, about three degrees, and immediately returned on the same line to its first position. We had only time to say, 'It merits watching,' when it opened as a casket with a hinge, presenting on its right a cross—most beautiful, golden, corrugated and furbished. At the left of this was a living man clad in citizen's style, with a plain crown on his head; his form was symmetrical, his countenance bright and permissive, a perfect son of man.

"The casket soon closed, and away it went to the eastern horizon like a meteor. There it oscillated as if for time to be emptied and refilled, returning on the same path to its original place. It opened, presenting a portly man, with sword and scabbard on his thigh, a cross on his breast and on his head a crown of many glittering jewels, like stars. He looked beautiful, but was partly hidden by an obtrusive rider on a black or dark horse.

"These were hidden or overshadowed by a haughty woman in costly royal attire, who seemed to rule over both. Then these were eclipsed by the coming of a military leader with sword in right hand, elevated ready to strike; the scabbard cast away; a cross on his right breast and a square and compass on his left. On his head was a military hat, the crown blended with the man's hair. On each side of the man's head was a horn, and a cross was erect behind him. He stepped out and forth and began action, never stopping to rest or turning his back on the enemy. He retreated eastward to within about five degress of the horizon, then began to advance with heavy martial tread, like one tramping the wine press and wielding his sword.

"About 11:40 p. m., as we stood watching the phenomenon, blood was seen to stream forth from the casket and spread far and wide—apparently 200 miles in extent. Mr. Blue, who is a veteran of the war, said it was like the blood of the battle-field, only a deeper red. The warrior seemed at times to be in blood to his knees and above.

"At 12:15 I retired, but Mr. Blue remained watching until 2 a. m., and says the warrior was yet parading the skies and was joined by another who advanced to meet him from the east. The casket vanished after this warrior had stepped out. Myself and Mr. Blue saw the first and second scenes. Others saw part of the second. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Blue saw all the second."

Mr. Smith adds to his statement, "morally sworn," as he says, as follows: "I hereby certify the above to be given as penned as seen by me. Others may have seen more or less points.

(Signed) "H. W. SMITH."

MRS. STURGES WINS IT.

The Farwells Lose in the Conspiracy Case.

Chicago, June 21.—Judge Tuley this afternoon read his opinion in the Sturges-Farwell litigation. It is a finding for Mrs. Sturges of $75,000 in the suit against J. V. & C. B. Farwell and Abner Taylor, on the Kensington contracts, to be paid in 30 days, with five per cent interest; a finding for William Sturges of $11,390, to be credited on a note for $140,000 made in July, 1889, and due the syndicate.

Judgment is also entered in favor of J. V. Farwell for use of the syndicate against William Sturges for $28,509, payable in 90 days.

In the Marquette contract where $18,000 was deposited, the court gives J. V. Farwell $10,000 and the balance of $8,000 to Mrs. Sturges. The $75,000 ordered to be paid to Mrs. Sturges is on the capital contract, which was the main matter of litigation. The court holds that while Mr. Sturges was not regularly employed, yet his services were adopted by the company, and must be paid for. The court overrules the content that Mr. Sturges's services were of no value, and holds that he did good work for the company.

NOMINATED BY THE POPULISTS.

Judge L. N. Nugent Will Run for Governor.

Waco, Texas, June 22.—The Populists nominated Judge L. N. Nugent, of Fort Worth, for governor. The platform advocates abolition of all private banks; construction, ownership and operation of railways by the government, governmental ownership and operation of all telephone and telegraph lines; free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver upon ratio of 16 to 1; issuance by government of legal tender paper money; condemns issue of gold bonds in times of peace to meet current expenses of government, declares tariff for revenue is wrong in principle and condemns raw material while manufactured goods are protected. Demands an eight hour law, except in domestic and agricultural affairs

ADJT.-GEN. TARSNEY GETS INTO TROUBLE.

There is No Clue to the Perpetrators of the Deed—It is Said That They Will Take Governor Waite Next.

Colorado Springs, Col., June 23.—Adjutant General Tarsney was kidnaped from the Alamo hotel a few minutes after midnight by masked men, taken to the suburbs in a hack, and there tarred and feathered.

The kidnaping caused the greatest sensation and excitement here as soon as the facts became public, and also at Cripple Creek, to which place the telephone company carried the news. Adjutant General Tarsney had been in the city several days attending the examination of Bull Hill miners, for whom he and Col. B. F. Montgomery, of Cripple Creek, appeared as attorneys.

At five minutes past 12 o'clock a call came over the telephone for Tarsney. The clerk sent the night porter, the only other man in the hotel office, to call Gen. Tarsney. He appeared in a very few minutes and stepped up to the phone. He had hardly spoken a word into the receiver when two men with masks on their faces entered from the street. One hastily advanced on Gen. Tarsney, the other remaining near the door just inside the office.

"We want you," said the first masked man, as the general turned his face from the 'phone on hearing footsteps. The scared hotel clerk and porter were the only witnesses.

"What do you want?" quietly asked Mr. Tarsney.

"We want you to come with us," was the reply.

"But I don't want to go anywhere," returned Tarsney, at the same time making an effort to retreat.

At this the masked man lunged forward, pistol in hand, and struck Gen. Tarsney a vicious blow with the weapon.

The masked man near the door advanced to his companion's assistance. Tarsney staggered towards the office counter. He was ruthlessly seized by the two masked men and hurried towards the street.

The clerk did not interfere. He had been warned to keep his hands off by a third masked man, who had suddenly appeared at the door.

In front of the hotel two hacks were standing. Four other masked men were seen there. Drivers, who it was afterward learned had been intimidated, sat on the cab boxes and the victim was hustled into one of the vehicles, the masked men scrambled into them, the drivers were ordered to be off, and up the street the party moved at a mad gallop.

It was over an hour before the facts became known. The drivers of the two hacks first brought the news to town. It was that masked men had taken their victim to a point near Austin Bluffs, between two and three miles out of town, and after removing Gen. Tarsney's clothes, had covered him over with tar and feathers.

Sherman Crunley, one of the drivers, told the following story: "My brother and I own the hacks. Shortly before midnight two men came to our stand and said they wanted to engage two hacks. They did not wear masks then. They told me to drive in front of the Alamo.

Saw the Struggle.

"I saw the struggle inside the hotel office, and knew that something unusual was up. I started to drive away, but was stopped by men with masks on their faces, and pistols in their hands.

"After they all got in the hack, I was told where to drive to, for the first time. They compelled me to whip the horses.

"On arriving at a point near Austin Bluffs, they all got out. They made an awful lot of noise, and kept on swearing and making threats. Several times on the way I heard them threaten Tarsney's life.

"I think they had Tarsney's clothes off by the time they ordered the hack stopped, at least, I did not see many clothes on him when I first saw him on the ground. They had a bucket and a brush, and the deed was soon done.

A few minutes later Tarsney was left lying on the ground, and the masked men took to their heels.

Driver Crunley says that after the tar and feathers had been applied, Tarsney was told to move on out of El Paso county; that he was not wanted either in Cripple Creek or Colorado Springs, and that if he ever showed up again he would meet a worse fate than a dose of tar and feathers.

IS WOUNDED IN PRIDE.

More Light Thrown on the Tarsney Affair.

Denver, Col., June 25.—An immense mass meeting was held in Lincoln Hall last evening to take action on the Tarsney affair. Fully 5,000 people were present, all of them being either employed or unemployed Populists. Speeches condemning the episode were made by a number of Populist leaders, among them being Governor Waite and ex-Congressman Belford. Resolutions condemning the act and its perpetrators were adopted.

Gen. T. J. Tarsney, who received a coat of tar and feathers at the hands of his enemies Saturday morning, is resting easier. The inflammation in his face is greatly reduced, but is still anything but comfortable, and his body has somewhat recovered from stiffness resulting from his treatment and his long walk. The strain upon his nerves was so great he was nearly prostrated when he found himself among friends, but he has in a great degree recovered from the prostration.

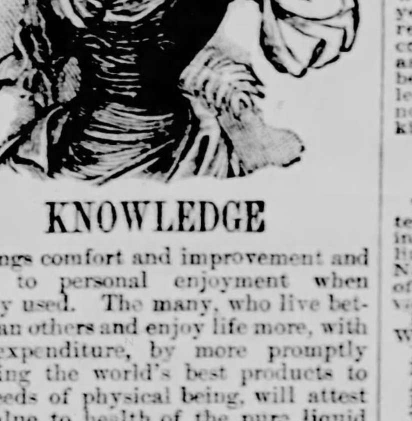
General Tarsney is a man of considerable pride and spirit, and he suffers from humiliation perhaps as much as he does from physical pain.

Col. B. S. Ewell Dead.

Williamsburg, Va., June 21.—Col. Benjamin S. Ewall, Emeritus president of William and Mary College, is dead, aged 84 years. He was a brother of the well-known Confederate general.

Hon. S. G. Hilborn Renominated.

Sacramento, Cal., June 21.—The Republicans of the Third Congressional district yesterday nominated S. G. Hilborn, of Oakland, by acclamation.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

EX-SENATOR PERKINS DEAD.

He Passes Away Suddenly at Washington.

Washington, June 21.—Hon. Bishop W. Perkins, ex-United States Senator and for years a Representative from Kansas, died suddenly at his home in this city yesterday afternoon. His death was due to cholera morbus contracted in Indian Territory a few days ago. He leaves a wife, two daughters and a son, all of whom were present at his death bed.

A week ago he returned to Washington from Kansas, and since then has been suffering from bowel trouble, but until last night steadfastly refused to call a physician. During the night he became worse, and Dr. Brumbaugh, the family physician, was called in. He pronounced the attack cholera morbus. The ex-Senator passed a quiet

EX-SENATOR PERKINS.

night. No serious alarm was felt during the day until 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the symptoms grew much worse. Drs. Sowers and Balch were hastily summoned. Their efforts to afford relief proved futile. He sank rapidly, and at 4 o'clock passed away. No arrangements have yet been made for the funeral, though the remains probably will be taken for interment to the home of the family in Kansas.

Mr. Perkins was a ready speaker and an able parliamentarian. While a member of the House, he was often chosen to fill the chair in the absence of Speaker Reed. Since his retirement from the Senate in March, 1893, he had been engaged in the practice of law in this city, being associated with ex-Assistant Secretary of the Interior Chandler in the prosecution of Indian depredation claims before the Interior department. Ex-Senator Perkins would have been a prominent candidate for the Senate to succeed Senator Martin at the expiration of his term in March, 1895.

ARE DEMOCRATS, TOO.

But They Want Protection for Their Own Interests.

San Antonio, Texas, June 20.—A meeting of representative business men and sheep and cattle growers was held last night at the board of trade rooms, at which the following resolutions were passed, and wired to Senators Coke and Mills:

"Whereas, The bill known as the Wilson tariff bill, now pending in the United States Senate, proposes to remove the duty from wool; and

"Whereas, The free wool menace has reduced the price of wool far below the cost of production, rendering the destruction of the wool interests in Texas inevitable should the threat become a certainty, and

"Whereas, It is also proposed by said bill to open our markets to the free grass meats to the plains of Mexico and the pampas of South and Central America, threatening with destruction our already crippled live stock industry; and

"Whereas, These parts of the bill will affect most disastrously not only our sheep and cattle interests, but our land interests as well; now, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That our representatives in both Houses of our National Congress be requested to demand for our interests the same measure of protection that has been accorded to producers of raw materials in other states."

MORRIS M. ESTEE NOMINATED

By the Republican State Convention for Governor of California.

Sacramento, June 21.—Morris M. Estee, of Napa, was nominated for governor to-day by the state Republican convention. None of the other candidates made a strong showing, though there was some opposition this morning. A test vote came on an amendment to the report of the committee on order of business offered by the anti-Estee men. The amendment provided that the nominations for justices of the supreme bench should be made before that of governor.

The Estee men opposed this and defeated the amendment by a vote of 458 to 347. This showed Estee's strength and the back of the opposition to him was broken. The convention proceeded according to programme, and the platform was adopted without contest.

The convention then proceeded to make nominations. Governor M. M. Estee, of Napa, state treasurer; John McDonald, of Stockton; Gen. N. P. Chipman, of Red Bluff, and W. E. Preston, of San Mateo, were placed in nomination. There was a stampede in Estee's favor, and he was nominated on the first ballot. The vote was: Estee, 661; Chipman, 87; McDonald, 76; Preston, 18.

The convention then adjourned until to-day.

S. G. Millard, of Los Angeles, was nominated for lieutenant governor by the state republican convention today.

FRANCES WILLARD BANQUETED.

Reception and Breakfast in Boston Saturday.

Boston, June 23.—Miss Frances Willard, president of the W. C. T. U., was given a grand reception and breakfast at the Hotel Vendome today by the members of the Massachusetts branch of the organization. More than 500 ladies and gentlemen, many of them leaders in the temperance movement in the East, attended. The breakfast was preceded by a reception in the parlors of the hotel.

In the banquet hall Mrs. Fessenden, president of the Massachusetts branch, presided, and on either side of her were seated Miss Willard and Hon. Neal Dow. Mary A. Livermore delivered the address of welcome. Miss Willard responded, and speeches were made by Hon. Neal Dow, Hon. Elijah Morse, ex-Governor Long, Rev. A. A. Miner, Rev. Dr. Plumb, Mrs. J. K. Barney, honorary president of the association in Rhode Island; Mrs. Cornelius B. Forbes, of Hartford, Conn., for her state; Mrs. C. R. Wendell, of Dover, N. H., for the granite state; Mrs. L. H. Reed, for Vermont, and others.

COMPETE WITH THE PULLMANS.

A New Palace Car Company Starts Up at St. Joe, Mo.

St. Joseph, Mo., June 22.—The Williams Palace Car Company, capitalized at $2,000,000, will, it is announced, begin the construction of cars in this city to compete with the Pullman and Wagner companies. There is a large saving of weight in the Williams car. According to statements given out the berths will be a little longer than those in the Pullman and Wagner cars and about the same width. They are arranged in about the same manner with upper and lower tiers. The rack upon which the mattresses will rest will be made of aluminum incased in a case of wood, and will fold up in the same manner that an accordeon does and be deposited in the wall of the car in a space of one and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. Upon these frames will rest mattresses made of cloth and rubber, which will be inflated with air immediately before being put in use. In the summer chilled air and in the winter warmed air will be used.

SENSATION IN ST. LOUIS.

A Prominent A. P. A. Leader Held Up and Robbed.

St. Louis, June 22.—Alvin Reed, an A. P. A. leader, has been sandbagged and robbed of the records of the Compton Hill society while leaving the lodge room.

A. N. McBride, another A. P. A. official, was held up but escaped by flashing a revolver.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, six years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters" in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written twenty-five or more years ago.

At a very great expense, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in ordinary type, but we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill, but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by.

Do not confuse this title with the book "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving to our subscribers for the past fifteen months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are printing and binding 500 to 1,000 copies daily.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber will show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill.

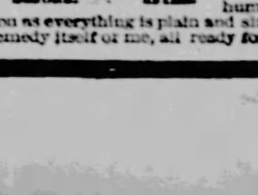
The remittance must always be one dollar, in net current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, money order, express order, or currency by registered mail. Address "THE BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Some of the Contents:

There are hundreds of the Nasby Letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V. Nasby." Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number.

How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview with President Lincoln.
The Wise Old Rat.
The Discontented Peasant.
His Change of Base in Kentucky.
A Kentucky Tea Party.
The Famous Series of Letters on President Johnson's "Swinging Round the Circle," upon which tour Mr. Nasby attended him as his confidential adviser.
His trip with the President to Raleigh.
The Amnesty Proclamation.
The Pendleton Greenback Theory in Kentucky.
Mr. Nasby Loses His Postoffice.
"Cussed be Canaan!" A Lecture delivered at Music Hall, Boston, Dec. 2, 1867.
"Nasby as a Banker." The noted series of Letters on the Greenback Theory.
Mr. Nasby's Sojourn in New York. A series of Letters written from the Sixth Ward of that city.
Mr. Nasby's Return to the Corners.
The Question of Taxes at the Corners.
The "Women's Crusade" at the Corners. A series of Letters written during that famous temperance movement.
The series of Letters during the famous Electoral Commission.
"Silver at the Corners." A series of Letters written during the time the Bland bill was before Congress, and quite applicable to the present time.
With hundreds of others equally interesting, and ending with the last "Nasby Letter" ever written.

The volume also contains a very fine portrait of Mr. D. R. Locke, from the latest photograph for which he ever sat, with a fac-simile of his autograph.



WEAK MAN CURE YOURSELF IN TWO WEEKS.

Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when I will send you FREE the prescription and full particulars of a new certain remedy that is a complete cure for NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOST MANHOOD and IMPOTENCY in old or young men. Cure in TWO WEEKS. I send this information and prescription absolutely FREE, and there is no humbug nor advertising catch about it. Any druggist can put it up for you as everything is plain and simple. All I ask in return is that you will buy a small quantity of the remedy itself of me, all ready for use, but may do as you please about this. All letters sent sealed.

E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box B 3 Albion, Mich.

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, June 19.—The feature of the tariff debate was the speech of Senator Hill against the income tax feature. The House continued the debate on the anti-option bill.

Washington, June 20.—Very rapid progress was made on the tariff bill to-day. The income tax had been reached when the Senate adjourned. Only sixty-one pages of the bill, the income tax and internal revenue features, remain undisposed of, and the end of the long debate seems close at hand. The remaining features of the free list were completed to-day without friction. Logs and lumber, including dressed lumber, were put on the free list. A yea and nay vote was demanded on striking sugar from the list, while the final struggle on free wool was postponed until the bill should be reported to the Senate.

The House continued the debate on the anti-option bill.

Washington, June 21.—Senator Hill's speech against the income tax was the feature of the day. It was a very severe attack upon his colleagues. Afterwards Senators Allen and Chandler called each other names.

In the House the session was a dull one, the day being devoted to short speeches on the anti-option bill.

Washington, June 22.—The time of the Senate was taken up in voting on the numerous amendments to the income tax feature of the tari ffbill. Private bills were considered in the House.

Washington, June 23.—The House passed the anti-option bill yesterday afternoon by a vote of 111 to 89. The Senate was the scene of a hot debate between Senators Hill and Harris, the latter refusing to allow an adjournment at the request of the latter.

Washington, June 25.—Both houses of Congress adjourned after adopting resolutions of regret at the murder of President Carnot, of France.

HILL'S SENSATIONAL SPEECH.

Delivered in the Income Tax Debate in the Senate.

Washington, June 21.—Senator David B. Hill started the ball rolling in the income tax debate in the Senate today. His speech was a bitter attack on that feature of the tariff bill and is one of the ablest delivered in the Senate during the present session. Senator Hill said:

We have now reached the consideration of one of the most important features of the pending measure. Important not only because the tax which it seeks to impose equals in the aggregate about one-fifteenth of the whole federal taxation of the United States, but because of the peculiar nature of the burden as well as the vast and varied interests which it injuriously affects. With all due respect to what has been said in favor of this tax by distinguished Senators, it is confidently submitted to the Senate that the arguments presented in opposition to the necessity, justice and advisability of any such tax have never been successfully answered. The arguments have been evaded, but not refuted. In the first place, considered from the mere standpoint of political expediency it was unwise to incorporate an income tax in a reform bill.

There were honest differences enough already existing among party friends relating to the details of legitimate tariff legislation which necessarily had to be reconciled, without going out of our way to seek fresh causes of contention in an effort to incorporate this tax, an experimental scheme of taxation at best, upon a measure for the revision of the tariff. The Democratic party was substantially united in favor of tariff revision, but it is well-known that irreconciliable differences of opinion existed concerning the propriety of resorting to a war tax in time of peace, and yet in spite of such recognized differences, and in the face of the protests of Democratic constituencies, and against the advice of public men who have never faltered in their devotion to true Democratic principles, this income tax feature has been engrafted upon this measure, and we are persistently asked to accept it against our better judgment as a condition of obtaining any tariff legislation. It would have been good policy to have avoided this unnecessary issue.

Prudence dictated that this Congress should not attempt to formulate new Democratic doctrines to which we have been committed. Rather should it carry out the pledges that we have already made. Perhaps I over-estimate the importance of party platforms and appreciate too keenly the binding obligations of party pledges. I believe that it is the solemn duty of a political party to redeem the promises upon which it obtained power, and that repudiation thereof will sooner or later bring disaster upon it at the hands of a betrayed and indignant people. For one, I protest against the repudiation of the promises of the Democratic party in order to adopt and carry out the promises of the Populist party.

"I am tempted to suggest," continued Mr. Hill, "that the Democrats of Oregon sought to test the popularity of an income tax among the business men and electors of that state by inserting in their platform a clause favoring that tax; and awaking to their senses after the election, they discovered that their ticket was third in the race, that their party was demoralized and that they had divided themselves instead of dividing their opponents. The most disastrous defeat ever experienced by the Democratic party in Oregon was the result of the effort to substitute new-fangled Populistic principles for the good old principles of true Democracy. Here and now I venture the prediction that the same result will follow the same effort everywhere."

"This is essentially a war tax. Heretofore we, as Democrats, have clamored against it and others like it. Look at the spectacle which we now present. If this is true Democracy I want none of it. If this is the best leadership which we can present in this great crisis, I for one must decline to follow it. I repudiate the spurious Democracy of these modern apostles and prophets, who are part Mugwump, part Populist, and the last part Democratic, who seek to lead us astray after false gods, false theories and false methods. I object to our restoring a war tax which the Republicans themselves rejected years ago, with our approbation. I portest against that lack of foresight and judgment upon the part of some professed Democrats who always seem anxious to adopt whatever the Republicans and people have repudiated.

"I cannot follow such leadership, which shifts and turns, and temporizes upon every public question; which compromises every well established democratic principle for which the party contended when out of power; which stands ready to adopt every passing 'ism' of the hour, which surrenders principle for expediency, and pursues no consistent course from one year to another. If political success of my party is only to be purchased by such methods and such sacrifices, I prefer defeat and the preservation of my self-respect.

"This is a tax, the imposition of which will drive New York, New Jersey and Connecticut into the Republican column, there to permanently remain—the individual feature of which has not been recommended by any Democratic President of secretary of treasury or commissioner of internal revenue, but a tax suggested, advocated, and now persistently pushed by a majority which is temporarily 'in the saddle' in this Congress, and is driving the Democratic party with reckless and head-long speed into the abyss of political ruin."

HE MADE A TRADE.

Sensational Episode in the Senate Depute.

Washington, June 20.—A rather sensational episode occurred at 12:30 in the Senate. Senator Allen, of Nebraska, moved to put all lumber on the free list. Senator Chandler charged that the Nebraska Senator had made a bargain with the Democratic side to obtain it. In explaining his vote he made the announcement that he had not made up his mind how to vote on the final bill, was a threat, and getting this amendment adopted he was completing a bargain.

Allen retorted that his vote and action was none of Mr. Chandler's business.

Chandler said he proposed to make it some of his business.

Mr. Allen subsequently obtained the floor, and replied to Mr. Chandler's remarks. He claimed that he (Allen) was not to be deterred from his purpose by a Senator who put himself in the attitude of a baboon on every possible occasion.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EXPLAINS THE POSITION OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

Says That the Credit of the United States Will be Maintained at All Hazards.

Washington, June 26.—The President in speaking last night of the financial situation, said to an Associated Press representative: "The offer of certain of the New York banks to replace from their vaults this gold withdrawn from the government treasury for shipment abroad is certainly thoughtful and patriotic. It not only tends to maintain the treasury's gold reserve in good condition, but it adds to the stock of popular confidence which is at all times important.

"The elements which make up our actual situation do not justify any apprehension, and the administration still adheres to its pledge and determination to protect our national credit at all hazards, and to keep the quality of our money equal to the best, so far as the limits of executive power permits.

Is Calculated to Injure.

"Of course, croaking and the spread of disquieting tales are calculated to injure the stringent financial condition. I assume, however, that there is too much patriotism among our people and too much familiarity with our resources and capabilities to permit our reserve force and financial vigor to be discredited. When the last government bonds were issued to replenish our stock of gold, it was nearly as low as now, while outside of our gold we had as available money to pay ordinary expenses of the government only about $19,000,000. We have now besides our gold, and in money applicable to government expenses, more than $500,000,000.

"I understand it is charged in certain places that the payment of matured obligations is postponed to the amount of $50,000,000 or $75,000,000. This is not true; we are paying as we go in the usual way. Last year up to June, the balance against us arising from the exports and imports of merchandise, excluding gold and silver, was $64,552,040.

The Balance in Our Favor.

"The balance in our favor for the same period this year was $62,960,562, representing a change in our favor of $127,512,608. These conditions, taken in consideration with the willingness of our banks to help the Treasury during any temporary and unusual drain of gold, ought to satisfy the most conservative of our safety.

"It must not be forgotten as another favorable feature in the situation, that we are no longer purchasing silver, and issuing old obligations therefor."

PASSED THE ANTI-OPTION BILL.

The Vote in the House Was 149 to 87.

Washington, June 23.—An amendment was offered by Mr. Lacey (Rep. Iowa), to the anti-option bill in the House yesterday, providing that in case a seller described in this act shall in fact be the owner of the property contracted to be sold at the time of the sale, failure to deliver at the time fixed in the contract, when caused by delay in the transportation or the fault of the carrier shall be sufficient excuse for the non-payment of the final stamp tax provided for in this act. Adopted.

Mr. Hatch was then recognized, and was given an hour to close the debate on the bill. The committee having arose, the first yea and nay vote being on Mr. Cox's amendment as amended by Mr. Boatner's amendment, permitting future delivery sales in due course of business, which was disagreed to, 111 to 129.

Mr. Black, of Georgia, moved to recommit the bill to the committee on judiciary with instructions to present a bill preventing dealings in future.

Mr. Hatch made the point that the instructions were not in order as a motion to commit. The speaker pro tem sustained the point of order.

Mr. Harman offered a resolution to commit the bill with instructions to report it back with an amendment for free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Ruled out on a point of order.

Mr. Boatner (Dem. La), then moved to recommit the bill with instructions to report a bill limiting the taxation proposed by the bill to transactions between citizens of different states. Lost.

The bill then passed—149 to 87.

Immediately after the passage of the bill the general deficiency appropriation bill was taken up. After a few minutes spent in explanation of the bill by Mr. Sayers, who is in charge of it, in place of Breckinridge, the committee rose, and at 5 o'clock a recess was taken until 8 o'clock last evening, the session to be devoted to private pension bills.

IN MEMORY OF SHILOH.

Proposition for a National Park on the Battlefield.

Washington, June 26.—One of the plans of this Congress in which war veterans are interested is the bill introduced by Representative Henderson for a national park on the battlefield of Shiloh, which was favorably reported by Representative Outhwaite, of Ohio, from the committee on military affairs. Nearly 100,000 men participated in the two days' fighting at Shiloh. The battlefield embraces 3,000 acres over which the state of Tennessee will grant jurisdiction to the United States. The bill gives the government authority to institute condemnation proceedings, but to avoid entailing hardships upon residents who desire to retain their homes. They will be permitted to lease their lands at a nominal rent on condition that they keep the grounds in good order. Land can be acquired for $12 an acre, the report says.

The roads are unchanged since the battle was fought, and it is proposed to restore the field as nearly as possible to its former condition, the states co-operating by erecting tablets to mark the stands of their regiments. It is proposed to have the work done by a committee of three veterans, one of whom served in the army of the Tennessee, under Gen. Grant; one from the army of the Ohio, commanded by Gen. Buell, and one from Gen. Johnston's Confederate army of Mississippi.

MAY CAUSE COMPLICATIONS.

German and Norwegian Sailing Vessels in the Bering Sea.

Washington, June 20.—Nothing is known here of the sailing of Norwegian and German sealing vessels for Bering sea, as reported to Captain Clarke, commanding the United States seal patrol fleet, but if it should be so some difficulty may be expected. The present arrangement under which sealing is regulated in the North Pacific and Bering sea is between the United States and Great Britain, and imposes obligations on the United States towards British vessels, and involves an abatement of our claims to exclusive jurisdiction only so far as Great Britain is concerned.

The arbitration recommended that other nations be invited to give their adherence to the agreement and progress has been made toward this end. But in the meantime, so far as vessels of other nations than Great Britain are concerned, the United States stands firmly in the position it assumed before the arbitration, and any such vessel entering the whaling waters and preying upon the seal herds will do so at their peril.

Farmer Funston Must Go.

Washington, June 22.—The Funston-Moore election contest case for the seat of the Second Kansas district was decided in favor of Moore, the Democratic contestant, by a majority vote of the House committee on elections to-day.

STATEMENT OF SUPERINTENDENT CLINE ABOUT ARMOR PLATES.

Startling Statement Made by One of the Chief Officers of the Carnegie Steel Company—Amos Cummings's Searching Questions—The Facts Developed.

Washington, June 26.—Superintendent Cline, in charge of the armor plate press shops at the Carnegie works at the time of recent irregularities in filling contracts, began his testimony before the congressional investigating committee to-day. The witnesses heretofore examined had blamed Cline for most of the irregularities so that much interest was attached to his examination. He was cross-examined by Chairman Cummings. He said he had general charge of treating armor plates and gave written and verbal directions to the workmen.

How He Construed It.

He construed the government specification that plates were to have a "uniform treatment" to mean that there were to be uniform results. Mr. Cummings questioned Cline closely on the charges made by Informer Sill that Cline changed the records of treatments. Cline said that he gave Sill and other clerks written directions of how the plates should be treated. Then the actual work done was entered on the workmen's slates. The clerks then returned to Cline a transcription from the slates. He changed the figures before the reports of actual work was submitted to the government officers.

Cline then submitted diagrams of the slates for the purpose of showing that the changes he made were not for fraudulent purposes. He made the changes, he declared, as a result of practical experience.

The changes covered prior work done on plates shown by the workmen's figures. Cline charged that Sill's testimony as to the slates had suppressed one-half of the entries on these slates. There had never been a false entry for the purpose of fraud.

Had Destroyed His Books.

Mr. Cummings then drew out the statement that Cline had destroyed all his books. He said he had done this because they contained a "lot of stuff" he knew nothing about. Sill and the other clerks had made these entries. The books were destroved after the settlement with the government had been made. The destruction of the books, Cline asserted, had not been for the purpose of destroying evidence. He now had no record of the treatment of armor plates.

Cline said as a whole the sheets were misleading and showed only a part of the record of work done. Representative Money took up a specific change on a sheet. It showed that an armor plate was actually in the furnace 18 hours. Cline's figures on the sheet showed that he raised the number of hours to 36. Representative Talbott asked why this specific change had been made. "To prevent fussing," answered Cline.

To Prevent Fussing.

This "fuss," he said, would be made by government officers. He wanted to please them.

"My superiors knew what I was doing," added Cline, who mentioned Superintendent Corrie, of the armor shops, as one who knew of what was being done.

The clerks did not know the technical details and such information as they might give the government inspectors would be misunderstood and used to create trouble at the ordinance bureau of the Navy Department. The naval officials did not understand such information as they received.

Cline said his changes in records were based on starting from a cold furnace; that is, he added, the time necessary in getting the furnace hot enough for the armor plates. Witness said he destroyed the books on his own responsibility. Cline denied that he had stated that the capacity of the furnaces was insufficient to do the government work properly.

ARMOR PLATE FRAUDS.

Informer Charles H. Craig Tells What He Knows.

Washington, June 26.—In the armor plate investigation yesterday, Informer Charles H. Craig, was questioned upon many collateral matters relating to the Carnegie works. He denied that he had approached Frick in the role of a blackmailer, as the latter claimed, and said that he had gone to Frick after leaving, to tell him about the frauds being carried on in the works.

"Frick endeavored to impress upon me that he knew nothing about these frauds," said Craig. The witness said that at this time he (Craig) knew of the plan to lay the matter before the Secretary of the Navy, and had consulted with Sill and others, but had not made up his mind whether to make an affidavit. He had received $1,350 from the government for his information. Had never offered to sell out to Frick, as Sill had charged, nor received any offer from Frick. When asked what had been his motive in going to Frick, Craig declined to answer for private reasons, he said.

Seven men had received rewards from the Secretary of the Navy, five of them receiving $35,000 to divide among them. Sill, Perry, Smith (the lawyer), Riley and James. Attorney Jenks came in for $2,000. One Williams and witness each received $1,350 and two men, T. A. Craig and Edward Hassler each $178.

Craig contradicted the testimony of Sill in several particulars, and said that he had understood from Sill that the government guaranteed them employment in the Navy department for their testimony.

Representatives Talbert and Dolliver pressed Craig for the motives of his communication to Frick, but could obtain no definite reply. They intimated that steps might be taken to compel him to do so. Craig will appear again at 10:30 to-day.

Superintendent Cline, of the Carnegie works, upon whom the responsibility for armor plate frauds has been laid by witnesses, will testify before the naval committee to-day.

PENSIONS FOR THE SOUTH.

To Increase the Pensions of Mexican War Veterans.

Washington, June 25.—The bill agreed upon by the House committee on pensions to increase pensions of survivors of the Indian and Mexican wars from $8 to $12 a month has been reported to the House by Representative Stallings, of Alabama.

Most of the beneficiaries he represents, have reached old age, and after adding vast territory to the United States are dependent upon their own exertions and government aid for support.

Their roll will increase yearly, and there will be no addition to it. Attention is called to the fact that no new titles to original pensions are created. The committee is constantly called upon to recommend private bills for the same class of beneficiaries, although under the act of January 5, 1893, Mexican war survivors in destitute circumstances are entitled to the increase. The committee thinks it a humiliating condition to compel them to prove themselves paupers, and also thinks the benefits should be extended to survivors of the Indian wars and widows of veterans.

A statement from the commissioner of pensions shows that there are on the rolls 13,625 pensioners of the Mexican war and 7,611 widows; 3,109 survivors of the Indian wars and 3,061 widows, while applications are pending for 2,576 mexican pensions and 2,152 Indian war pensions. The number of Mexican war pensions increased under the act of 1893 was 3,421. The commissioner estimates that 1,979 additional Mexican pensions and 1,320 Indian war pensions will be granted, and he makes an estimate that the cost to the government of increases made by the bill will be $1,309,632 per annum.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

Schedule of Dates Has Been Fixed by the Commission.

Washington, June 20.—The schedule of examinations to be conducted in the various states by the United States civil service commission during the next six months has been completed. The regular examinations will commence September 6 and end October 11. Among the places to be visited are the following:

Knoxville, Tenn.; Charleston, W. Va.; Harrisburg and Scranton, Pa.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Topeka, Kan.; Baltimore, Md.; Trinidad, Col., and Bismarck, N. D.

Examinations for the railway mail service will occur at the following named places on the dates given: Atlanta, Ga., October 5; Buffalo, N. Y., October 5; Chicago, Ill., September 24; Cincinnati, O., October 10; Cleveland, O., October 3; Columbus, O., September 12; Des Moines, Ia., September 19; Indianapolis, Ind., September 14; Kansas City, Mo., October 3; St. Louis, Mo., October 5.

It is announced that the quota of appointments from Alaska, Delaware, Arizona, District of Columbia, Montana and Wyoming is full, and no applications for any departmental examinations from legal residents of those places will be accepted, unless there is a failure to secure eligibles from other states.

The following states and territories have received an excessive share of appointments, and during the last half of this year no persons residing therein will be allowed to take the clerk copyist examination, except as a basis for supplementary examinations: Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Idaho, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Vermont and Virginia. Applications from residents of these states will be accepted for the clerk copyist examination as a basis for supplementaries and for all special railway mail and Indian service examinations.

NAROWLY AVERTED A PANIC

From a Fire in the Masonic Temple Building.

Chicago, June 25.—Five hundred visitors to the Masonic temple roof garden on the twenty-first floor of the Masonic temple, were given a decided fright Sunday afternoon, and a panic was narrowly averted. A few minutes before 4 o'clock fire was discovered in a rubbish room on the first floor, adjoining the shafts of the freight elevator, and for a few minutes it looked as though there would be serious consequences. Prompt action on the part of the firemen prevented serious damage to the building, and the fire was confined to the rubbish heap and the felt wrappings of scores of steam and gas pipes which run to the roof. There was no smoke perceptible on the roof until flames were discovered pouring from the doors of the freight elevator shafts. There was but little excitement in the building except on the roof. There the manager realized that there might be danger of a panic, with frightful results, and at once went to the theater. He told the people there was a fire in the building, and that as a matter of precaution they had better go down to the ground. Seven elevators were running, and the people were all taken down in a few minutes.

SOLDIERS WILL ALL BE PAID.

Money Advanced for All the National Guard.

Columbus, O., June 25.—The following was given out from the governor's office to-day:

"The necessary money is already advanced for the pay and subsistence of the Ohio National Guard, called out during the recent troubles to preserve the peace and protect property. The banks of the city of Columbus will advance the money to pay the Fourteenth regiment and Battery H. The Central National bank of Cleveland will advance money for the payment of the Fifth regiment. The First National bank of Findlay will advance the money for the payment of the Second regiment."

The governor has received a dispatch from the city of Cleveland, as follows:

"Governor Wm. McKinley:—The undersigned will advance the necessary funds for the payment of troops of the Ohio National Guard, lately called into service, upon such vouchers as you may furnish.—(Signed) National Bank of Commerce, National City Bank, the Secretary for Savings, the Union National Bank, the Euclid Avenue National Bank."

The last offer will provide funds for the payment of all troops and subsistence not heretofore provided for.

SAILED FROM BROOKLYN.

The Peary Auxiliary Expedition Left for the North.

Brooklyn, June 21.—The Peary auxiliary expedition, on board the steamer Portia left the pier South Brooklyn yesterday afternoon. The expedition is headed by Henry G. Bryant, the youngest man who ever attempted to lead a band of explorers into the far North, and is composed of the following: Prof. William Libbey, jr., professor of physical geography and histology at Princeton university; Prof. T. C. Chamberlain, professor of geology at the University of Chicago, geologist; Dr. Axelohlin, of Sweden, zoologist; Dr. H. E. Wetherill, of Philadelphia, surgeon; Mr. H. L. Bridgmon, of Brooklyn, taxdirmist; Mr. Emil Diebitsch, civil engineer, of Port Royal, S. C., who is Mrs. Peary's brother. They expect to reach St. Johns, N. F., on the 26th instant, to sail thence on the sealing steamer Falcon on July 4, meeting fair weather, in spite of ice, the sojourn at Peary's headquarters in Bowdoin Bay on the night of July 25, then if the safety of Lieutenant Peary is measurably guaranteed, to leave the supplies needed and at once explore for Cartographic purposes the shore of Ellesemere land, incidentally searching for the lost naturalists, Bjerling and Kallstenius, stopping on September 1 to take up Lieutenant Peary and his party and bringing them to this city about September 20.

ALARMED FOR THE LAOMANE.

She is Believed to Have Been Lost—Long Overdue.

San Francisco, June 26.—The British ship Laomane, bound from Calcutta for San Francisco, with a cargo of jute and gunnies, has been out 142 days, and shipping men and insurance men are becoming anxious about her. On February 4 she was sighted off Sauger, and 10 days later the Callierrhoe passed the same place on the same voyage. The latter vessel arrived in port last Friday and reported fair winds and good weather all the way across.

The Laomane was a strong iron ship and a fast sailor. Insurance men believe that she has met with an accident, and yesterday they were paying 50 per cent. for re-insurance with a prospect of paying more if the vessel does not arrive in a day or two. Shipping men have about given up the Colintrave as lost. She is now out 201 days from Newcastle, N. S. W., with coal, and a vessel of her class should have made the trip to San Francisco in half that time.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Miss May Holmes Stung to Death by a Locust.

Warsaw, Ind., June 26.—Miss May Holmes, aged 16 years, of Atwood, has been stung to death by a locust. The insect alighted on the back of her neck.The wound immediately began to swell, and the young lady suffered excruciating pain and very soon lost her power of locomotion.

A physician was called, but failed to relieve the patient, who soon died in great agony.

IN THE PRENDERGAST CASE.

Will the Murder of Carnot Affect His Chances?

Chicago, June 26.—The assasination of President Carnot, of France, has added fresh interest to the case of Carter Harrison's murderer, Prendergast, whose insanity case yesterday got fairly under way. It was freely predicted in the court room that this latest slaying of a public character would have its effect on the jury, the members of which are not denied newspapers, and that material would be found in the person of Prendergast for an example to would-be assassins.

GETTING READY FOR THE GREAT PULLMAN TIE-UP.

The Exact Situation in Each of the Great Railroad Centers—The A. R. U. is Loath to Go Into the Struggle.

Chicago, June 26.—Chief of Police Brennan was waited upon to-day by representatives of the railroad companies using Pullman cars asking protection in case of trouble as a result of the big boycott by the American Railway union, which went into effect at noon. Police officers were placed on duty in the yards of all the railroad companies with instructions to ask for additional forces from the nearest station if necessary. Half the night force was kept on reserve at all the police stations.

Nothing serious was expected until the Illinois-New Orleans train was made up at 1:35 p. m. The next Pullman train out would be at the Western Indiana depot at 2:35. If these trains get out of Chicago, it was stated, their troubles would only begin. Whenever they stop efforts would be made to cut out the Pullman cars.

READY TO BOYCOTT IN OMAHA.

The Men Are Not in Favor of It, but Will Join Just the Same.

Omaha, Neb., June 26.—The 400 members of the A. R. U. in Omaha are prepared to carry out the boycott as ordered to the letter. No trains will be made until night here, however, and until that time it is impossible to determine what will occur. President Miler, of the local union, said the men generally were not in favor of the boycott, but would obey the instructions cheerfully. The A. R. U. were strongly represented here on all roads except the Burlington, and they have few members.

Local railroad managers are alert to the situation, but declare that they anticipate no trouble. They intimate that they expect the good sense of the men to dictate their course and allow them to construe the boycott orders as applying wholly to large railway centers. Grand Chief Hefferling, of the A. R. U., of the Union Pacific system, is in Omaha to-day. He says the real boycott order was determined upn five days ago, and declares that the union is in a position to command the situation. He goes to Cheyenne to-night. The Union Pacific handles both Wagner and Pullman cars, and hence can easily dispense with the use of the latter and still accommodate their patrons.

ARE WAITING IN CINCINNATI.

Hope of Compromise Not Given Up—Will It Occur?

Cincinnati, O., June 26.—On orders from President Debs, of the American Railway union, the Pullman boycott was declared off here to-day noon. Mr. Phelan, who was sent here by President Debs states that this is simply a postponement and that the boycott might be ordered at midnight or any time.

He says the American Railway union don't want to tie up travel till the last effort at arbitration has been resorted to. There was some bad feeling at Ludlow, Ky., against the men who resumed work in the Pullman shops there to-day and the United States marshal has sworn in a force of deputies to protect the Cincinnati Southern's property, which is in the hands of a federal receiver.

CARS MOVING IN WASHINGTON.

The Boycott Has Not Gone Into Effect at the Capitol.

Washington, June 26.—The proposed boycott against the Pullman Palace Car company has not up to this time had any effect on the railroads centering here.

Both the Pennsylvania and the B. & O. railroad companies have sent out a train since noon, each of which have hauled one or more Pullman cars, and there was no move on the part of employes to discontinue their service with the companies because of this fact.

Notice to Pullman Employes.

Cincinnati, O., June 26.—The manager of the Pullman shop in Ludlow, in Kentucky, has posted a notice that all striking employes who do not promptly return to work will be discharged. Twenty-eight of the strikers returned to-day under that notice and resumed work.

FOR FIVE YEARS

Must Erastus Wiman Languish Behind Prison Bars.

New York, June 20.—Erastus Wiman, the one time millionaire, philanthropist, capitalist, was sentenced to Sing Sing by Judge Ingraham in the court of Oyer and Terminer to-day, for five years and six months. His crime was forgery in the second degree. Mr. Wiman, who had walked with a deputy from the Tombs, took his seat at the counsel's table, one of his sons on either side, before court opened. He maintained a composed appearance.

Gen. Tracy arose immediately after court had been declared open and made a formal motion for a new trial for the grounds—that the verdict had been contrary to the law and it was clearly against the evidence and the judge had misdirected the jury.

To the question if he had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon him Mr. Wiman made no audible reply. In passing sentence Judge Ingraham said to the prisoner: "For a long period you constantly appropriated the money of your associates. You resorted to forgery to accomplish your purpose. Mr. Dun trusted you. I cannot consider the plea that there was contributory negligence on Dun's part. I am also asked to consider that you had the right to do what you did. I cannot believe that. Every letter and act of yours shows you had no such right. On the other hand, the jury have recommended clemency. I wish to give full force and effect to that recommendation. I also wish to express appreciation to the jury for the way they performed their duty. I also wish to consider your public services, your age and your family.

"But sincerely wishing to make the punishment as light as I can, I do not feel I am justified in making it a nominal one."

Mr. Wiman showed little or no signs of agitation.

THE CRANKS HAVE STARTED.

One of Them Visited Gen. Harrison Monday Afternoon.

Indianapolis, June 26.—Owing to the presence of mind of Private Secretary Tibbotts, who was with him in the White House, Gen. Harrison was saved from much annoyance and possible danger yesterday afternoon. About 2 o'clock Mr. Tibbotts answered the door bell and found a young woman there asking to see Gen. Harrison, saying that she had a message of great importance to him. She had the features of a half-breed Indian and her long, black hair fell down over her shoulders. She said that there was a large sum of money due her.

The Democratic party, she said, had ruined the country and she and Gen. Harrison had been commissioned by the Lord to save it. Her manner and talk left no doubt as to her mental condition. Mr. Tibbotts detained her until two detectives arrived. They persuaded her to accompany them to the police station and on the way down she kept up an incessant incoherent talk about her imagined wealth. Her name is Louisa Hudson. She says she formerly lived in Tennessee and from addresses in her books she belongs in Nashville.

Jennie Campbell Receives $13,600.

Sioux City, Iowa, June 20.—The Pullman Palace Car company has paid Jeanie Campbell, of Chicago, $13,600 in settlement of a claim for damages. She was an only passenger in a Pullman coach coming into this city. Marcus Caraser, the colored porter, assaulted her and escaped. She sued here and the case was settled.

Parsons Get Five Years.

Saginaw, Mich., June 20.—Newell B. Parsons, late confidential clerk for Wells, Stone & Co., who was convicted of stealing $463,000 worth of railroad bonds from his employers, was sentenced to five years in the state prison today.

Suffering the Tortures of Eczema

And yet lives in ignorance of the fact that a single application of CUTICURA will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, when all other remedies fail. CUTICURA works wonders, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring humors are the most wonderful ever recorded.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," free.

COLGATE'S HORRIBLE FATE.

Report of the Expedition Who Went in Search of His Body.

Missoula, Mon., June 22.—The expedition which left Missoula on May 21 in search of the body of George Colgate, the cook to the Carlin party, and who was abandoned by that party last fall in the Big Clearwater country, one of the wildest forests in the Northwest, has just returned. The body of Colgate was not found, but sufficient evidence discovered to justify the conclusion that he died a horrible death. On the limb of a tree which projected into the eddy of the middle fork of the Clearwater river was found one sleeve caught under a huge boulder. The indications were that the body was washed down stream about half a mile from where the unfortunate man was abandoned by the Carlin party and caught in the eddy.

A sleeve caught in the limb of a tree, and the current being intensely rapid, the arm was torn from the body and remained there. The blankets left the unfortunate man by Carlin were found, and indicated that Colgate must have died a raving maniac, as the blankets had been strapped to his back by the Carlin party, and when this expedition found them they were just beyond high water mark.

The statements furnished by Ben Keeley, a member of the Carlin party, have been proven false by this expedition. Keeley claimed that the abandonment of Colgate was entirely unnecessary, and due to young Carlin. A dispassionate investigation was made by this expedition, and it is plainly evident that it was a miracle that any of the members of the Carlin party came out alive. There can be no question but that the bones of the unfortunate George Colgate are at the bottom of the middle fork of the Clearwater.

POPULISTS IN MONTANA

Meet in Convention in Deer Lodge and Nominate Candidates.

Deer Lodge, Mont., June 26.—The Populist convention which met here yesterday contained 844 voters, five counties out of twenty-one not being represented.

The platform declares for free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one, and against trusts and corporations; in favor of labor organizations; endorses the platform of the national party; denounces the issuance of interest bearing gold bonds; declares against the issue of national bank notes; demands an increase per capita to at least $50; favors an income tax; declares against pauper immigration; against alien ownership of land; favors the election of President and Vice President and United States Senators by a direct vote of the people.

The platform favors a constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum and declares against the employment of convict labor. There were only two officers for which nominations were to be made—associate justice of the supreme court and Representatives in Congress. Geo. W. Reeves was nominated for justice.

CALLED TILLMAN A LIAR.

Senator Butler Hits Right Out From the Shoulder.

Charleston, S. C., June 21.—The Senatorial campaign has taken on a bitter tinge, the result of some insinuations by Governor Tillman, that Senator Butler's supporters were carried free to the Yorkville meeting by the Richmond & Danville railorad, and that a corruption fund had been raised in New York. At to-day's meeting at Chester, Senator Butler, turning towards the governor, said: "I say in reply that if Governor Tillman or any one else makes that charge against me he is an infamous liar." Tillman made no reply, and although there was no disturbance, matters were at a dangerously high pressure for a few minutes.

THE ENSIGN OF THE KEARSARGE

Was Presented to the Navy Department by Capt. Foote.

New York, June 20.—The ensign of the old U. S. S. Kearsarge, which was recovered by Capt. Foote of the Brigantine Frederika Schepp, was presented to the navy department yesterday, on the Stock Exchange, Capt. Elmore and Lieutenant Morrell, of the Brooklyn navy yard, being impressed into service to represent the government.

The occasion was made interesting by brief speeches of a patriotic order and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the brokers.

COMING REPUBLICAN VICTORY

Causes an Increase of Wages in the McShane Co.

Baltimore, June 20.—The McShane Manufacturing company gave notice yesterday to their 1,000 employes that owing to improved condition of trade, their wages would be raised 10 per cent.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

What Dun Says About the Week's Trade.

New York, June 23.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The week has been rich in promise but poor in performance. It was confidently promised that exports of gold would cease, but they have not. It was promised that the end of the coal strike would bring immediate recovery of industries, but partial resumption of work discloses comparative scantiness of demand for products.

Operations in wheat advanced the price 1 3-4c, though Western receipts were only 1,381,510 bushels, against 2,269,185 last year, and Atlantic exports only 555,931 bushels, against 2,502,098 last year. Corn advanced, but again receded with small exports and fairly large receipts. Cotton declined a sixteenth, but recovered; the visible stock of American, here and abroad, is 2,512,990 bales, against 2,582,573 last year, and there is every reason to expect an increased yield.

Wool is less active and rather weaker, with sales about equal to one-half a full consumption, 3,252,541 pounds, against 2,989,800 for the same week last year, and 5,413,550 in 1892; for three weeks of June the sales have been 8,879,124 pounds, against 16,933,650 in 1892.

There is much disappointment that the partial termination of the coal strike does not promptly enlarge the demand for iron and steel products, which is evidently too narrow as yet to support much increase of production.

Failures during the week are 214 in the United States, against 273 last year, and 25 in Canada against 14 last year.

What Bradstreet Says.

New York, June 23.—Bradstreet's financial review to-day says: While speculative interests have settled down to the belief that the passage of the tariff bill by the Senate is close at hand, there is further uncertainty as to the fate of the measure in the House of Representatives. The stock market consequently exhibits further hesitation, and the trading has been exceedingly dull and professional in character. Activity is confined to such a limited number of stocks that the fluctuations have little real significance, although prices on the whole have displayed a declining tendency. This is partly due to the appearance of the Atchison reorganization plan, which, involving as it does a heavy assessment of $12 per share, caused liquidation in all the bankrupt stocks. The meeting of New York bankers to consider the position of the treasury and the possibility of checking the further depletion of its already shrunken gold reserve had an unfavorable influence on speculation. It is recognized that the willingness of some of the banks to part with gold for export or to join in reimbursing the treasury for part of the specie which has been taken from its vaults is a beneficial movement. At the same time the matter has drawn attention to the situation of the treasury, and seems to increase the unwillingness of Europeans to touch American securities at present.

The settlement of the coal strike and the resumption of work in most of the districts seems to have fallen flat, and railroad earnings continue to exhibit a very discouraging state of traffic, while reductions of dividends like its semi-annual dividend down from that of the Fitchburg road, which cut 2 to 1, have also an unsettled influence.

WHEAT AREA IN SOUTH RUSSIA.

What Consul General Crawford Says About It.

Washington, June 20.—Our consul general at St. Petersburg, Mr. Crawford, has been making an effort in conformity with the instructions of the state department to secure trustworthy information as to the probable extension of the wheat area in South Russia during the next three years. He reports ill success in the undertaking in spite of the assistance of the ministry of agriculture, which has carefully studied the question. There are, he says, so many adverse forces at work that it is considered doubtful ir any increase whatever may be expected in the next few years.

In many places the soil is said to be exhausted by overwork, and it has been advised to rotate the wheat crop less frequent. Again, the low prices realized have discouraged the peasants, though a stimulus is expected as a result of the new treaty with Germany. It is claimed, however, that the method so long in vogue in Russia of mortgaging grain to speculators will do more injury to the farming interests than will be offset by the treaty advantages.

PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT

For a Good Season for the Hop Crop.

Salem, Ore., June 26.—Reports from the hop yards from the surrounding country indicate bright prospects for a large yield. Insects have appeared in but few yards, and not so numerous in those as to cause any apprehension for the safety of the crop. Another formidable and unexpected pest has been operating. The caterpillar, which has been so numerous and destructive in orchards in some parts of the Willamette valley has attacked the hop yards.

Owners of yards are making every effort to exterminate the pests by using a strong solution. Only a few small yards have yet been attacked, and if successfully resisted in those the Oregon output will not be materially affected.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of the Toledo Blade,
Toledo, O., June 26, 1894.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	June 26.	June 19
U. S. 5s coupon	117⅞	118
U. S. 5s registered	118	118
U. S. 4s coupon	114	114½
U. S. 4s registered	96b	96
0U. S. 2s registered	96b	96b
Pacific 6s of '96	101	b100½

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday cash wheat at the Toledo Exchange is up 1-4c; July, 1-8c off; August 1-8c and September no change. Trade was fairly good. Higher Berlin cables helped the market for a time, but afterward there was ease.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 59c, 59 3-4c, then 59c; No. 3 soft red, 57 3-4c; rejected No. 1 red, 57 3-4c.

July wheat, 59 1-2c, 59 5-8c, and finally 59 3-8c; August, 60 3-4@60 3-8c; September, 61 3-4c, and to close 61 1-2c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

June.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	....	....	....	n59
Chicago	....	....	....	n59¼
St. Louis	....	....	....	56⅝
July—				
Toledo	59½	59⅝	59⅜	59⅜
Chicago	60	60⅛	59⅝	59⅝
New York	62¾	63½	62⅝	62⅞
St. Louis	b57⅝	58	57	57

Corn—Dull, Steady.

Trade was very much neglected in corn. Prices held steady. No. 2 mixed, 43 1-2c; No. 2 yellow, 44 1-2c.

Oats quiet; stock here about exhausted; No. 2, 46c; No. 2 white, 48 1-2c.

Rye dull; No. 2, 51c.

Clover seed dull, steady; prime, cash, $5.50; October, $5.15.

The Markets Elsewhere—Wheat Lower, Weak.

As compared with yesterday wheat is 3-8c lower. The markets opened fairly firm on higher Berlin and firm Liverpool cables, and light Northwestern receipts as compared with last year. For a time the markets showed strength, but at the close there was weakness. There were reports of rain in the harvesting districts. Bradstreet's shows decrease east of the Rockies, 1,853,000 bushels; west of the Rockies, 41,000 bushels. Europe decreased 2,424,000 bushels. Austria decreased 2,000,000 bushels. The world's visible decreased 4,500,000 bushels. Export clearances to-day, 38,641 barrels of flour and 137,589 bushels of wheat, or wheat and flour as wheat, 311,474 bushels. Receipts in the Northwest, 155,562 bushels, with 276 cars on track; same day last week, 147,938 bushels; same day last year, 239,754 bushels.

Corn—Dull, a Trifle Lower.

As compared with yesterday, corn is 1-8c lower. The markets were dull, comparitively speaking. Prices held fairly steady. At Chicago, July corn opened at 40 3-4c, rose to 41c, fell to 40 5-8c, and closed at 40 3-4c. At New York, July corn opened at 45 3-4c, fell to 45 1-2c, and closed at 45 5-8c.

Oats at Chicago opened for June at 44 1-2c, and closed at 45 1-2c bid; July opened at 38 1-2c and closed at 39 1-2c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Dairy, 12@13c; creamery, 15@16c; fair quality, 11c.

Eggs—Fresh gathered, 12c.

Poultry—Chickens, lb, 9c; turkeys, lb, 10@11c, dressed.

Vegetables—Cabbages, doz, 40@60c; string beans, bu, $1.25; cucumbers, doz, 25@30c; beets, doz, 20c; lettuce, lb, 3c; asparagus, lb, 4c; pie plant, doz, 10c; potatoes, old, bu, 90c; potatoes, new, bbl, $2.25; onions, doz bunches, 10c; radishes, doz bunches, 8@10c; dry onions, bu, $1.10; cauliflower, doz, $2; peas, bu, 50c.

Dressed Meats—Mutton, lb, 6c; lambs, lb, 7c; calves, lb, 6c; dressed hogs, per 100, $6.

Fruits—Gooseberries, bu, $2; cherries, bu, $2.25; lemons, box, $3.50@4.50; oranges per box, $3; pineapples, doz, $1@2.00; strawberries, bu, $3@3.50.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, lb, 3½c, light, 3¼c; cured heavy steers, lb, 4c; skins, shearlings, each 15c; lambs, 30c; tallow, lb, 4½@5c.

Wool—Washed, 12@15c per lb; unwashed, lb, 8@12c.

Salt Meats—Breakfast bacon, lb, 12½c; shoulders, lb, 9c; bologna, lb, 5c; mess pork, heavy, lb, $13; short mess, $13 50, short clear, $14.

Lard—Tierce, bbls, half-bbls and 50-lb tins, 10c.

Hams—Sugar-cured, lb, 11@13c.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, June 26.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 61c; No. 3 do, 59c; No. 1 white, 64c. Corn in good demand; small arrivals by rail; No. 2 yellow, 47½@48c; No. 3 do, 47c; 47½c; No. 2 corn, 46¾c; No. 3 do, 46c. Oats in good demand; No. 2 white, 50c; 51c; No. 3 do, 49@50c; No. 2 mixed, 48.

New York, June 26.—Butter—Receipts, 15,258 packages; market, firm; western dairy, 10@15c; western creamery, 14@18½c; Elgins, 18½c. Eggs—Receipts, 9,866 packages; market steady; western, 11½@12½c. Sugar—Rew, firm; fair demand; refining, 2 11-16c; centrifugal, 96 degrees test, 3¼c; refined, steady; crushed, 4⅝@5 1-16c; powdered, 4 7-16@4¾c; granulated, 4 3-16@4⅝c. Coffee, steady; No. 7, 16½c.

New York, June 26.—Close—Wheat easier; July, 62 7-8c. Corn dull, a trifle easier; July, 45 5-8c. Prices same as yesterday.

Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., June 26.—(Ebrick Bros. special report to The Blade.)—Cattle—No fresh receipts; feeling strong on good corn fed stuff. Hogs—Receipts, 5 cars fresh, 90 loads on sale; market firm an ddemand good; mixed and mediums, $5.35; few fancy heavy $5.40; Yorkers, $5.30@5.35; pigs, $5.35@5.40, all sold. Sheep an dlambs—Receipts light, market firm on good lambs; top grades, $5.25@5.50; common stuff slow; sheep steady.

St. Louis, June 26.—Cattle—Market quiet; natives unchanged; Texans easier; native steers and mixed, 1,300 to 1,500 lbs, $4.12½@4.25; cows, $1.50@2.00; Texas steers, light, $2.40@3.00; cows, $1.45@2.15. Hogs—Market strong and 5@10c higher; prime butchers, $5.15; medium light, $5.10; pigs and common light, $4.50@4.75. Sheep—Market fair; Texans, $3; native ewes, $2.40.

Kansas City, June 26.—Cattle—Market strong to 15c higher; Texas steers, $2.35@3.50; Texas cows, $1.25@2.30; beef steers, $2@4.70; native cows, $1.25@3.40; stockers and feeders, $2@2.55; bulls, $1.75@3.00. Hogs—Market strong to 5c higher; bulk of sales, $4.90@4.95; heavies, $4.90@5.00; packers, $4.90@5.00; mixed, $4.80@4.95; lights, $4.75@4.90; Yorkers, $4.85@4.90; pigs, $4.50@4.85. Sheep—Market steady.

Chicago, June 26.—The Evening Journal reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,500, of which 2,00 were Texans; natives steady; Texas lower; prime to extra native steers, $4.60@4.90; medium, $4.25@4.50; others, $3.80@4.10; Texans, $2.60@3.60. Hogs—Receipts, 17,000; market 10c lower than at any time yesterday, closed dull; rough heavy, $4.50@4.75; packers and mixed, $4.80@4.85; prime heavy and butcher weights, $4.90@5.00; assorted light, $4.30@5.00.

Something About Wheat.

The circular of Clapp & Co., of New York, has this to say about wheat:

"The government reports decreased acreage past two years 5,500,000 acres. The Prairie Farmer claims about same acreage now as in 1892. Expert crop reporters predict a yield in 1894 varying from 380,000,000 to 500,000,000 bushels. Many grain merchants seem to expect a crop of about 450,000,000 bushels. It is conceded the world's acreage and yield shows little if any decrease in past decade. Some statisticians claim consumption has increased about five million bushels yearly. The London Economist is authority for the statement that the Vienna congress meets this year for the last time. India has only exported since April 1, about 45 per cent as much as last season same time. Argentine shipments this crop year have increased about 35 per cent. Beerbohm reports total shipments to Europe for 44 weeks as 276,160,000 bushels, against 265,440,000 previous season; the continent importing about four bushels for every five Great Britain took. Germany's imports August 1 to April 30 were 15,120,000 bushels, against 13,824,000 last season. Italy imported same nine months 16,600,000 bushels, against 26,992,000. Spain's imports same time were 11,272,000 bushels against 9,568,000 bushels. The Mark Lane Express of the 18th inst. reports only 10,000,000 bushels remain in English farmers' hands, against 13,600,000 bushels a year ago. That cereals everywhere throughout Great Britain promise badly, owing to the cold weather. That France shows a similar state of affairs, and German rye will certainly be short. That rust extends through the Australian and Hungarian wheat fields, and they have also suffered from storms. That the Russian harvest, including Bulgaria and Roumania, promise well. Cables from Havre, Marseilles, Antwerp and Berlin are somewhat complex, reporting changeable weather. Roumania's reports are good. Belgium wheat and rye promise an average crop. Few or no complaints come from our early winter wheat fields now being cut. The more Northern and Western winter and spring wheat belts seems to be about as varied and spotted as European reports indicate their crops are. Summing up the world's crop we are led to believe the acreage and yield will show a possible 5 to 8 per cent. shortage, while consumption will be increased on account of the very low price. The freight from Chicago to this city is but 4c per bushel, against 40c thirty years ago. To Liverpool about 2½c, against 25c thirty years ago. The bread loaf in London was never cheaper. We look for weather markets, and, generally speaking, higher prices, with more speculation, increased export demand, and a decrease in the export surplus the coming year.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Condition of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

New York, June 26.—The stock market opened strong and on a fair amount of business St. Paul and Erie gained ⅛, C. C. C. & St. L. ¾, Sugar, Burlington, Distilling, East Tennessee, Louisville & Nashville, Kansas & Texas preferred, Union Pacific and Missouri Pacific ⅛. Denver & Rio Grande preferred moved up 1⅜ and Pullman receded 2 to 158.

11 a. m.—Under continued improvement General Electric advanced 1⅜, Northern Pacific preferred ⅞, Rock Island and ⅝, Tobacco preferred, Lake Shore, Missouri Pacific, Western Union and Reading ½. The upward tendency was then checked and Chicago Gas and General Electric ran off ⅞. Consolidated Gas ¾, Sugar, Distilling and Missouri Pacific ½. Lead preferred sold down 1⅛, St. Paul, M. & M. dropped 3½ to 105, and Wheeling & Lake Erie preferred reacted 1⅞ and rallied 1½.

Noon—Irregularity has characterized the market. New England certificates declined 1¼, Lake Erie & Western preferred ⅞, and Cotton and U. S. Cordage ¾. Colorado Coal and Iron sold at 5 against 13, the last previous sale. Missouri Pacific advanced ⅜, receded ⅜, and rallied ⅜. Toward noon an improvement was recorded of ⅛@1 per cent, the latter in Rubber preferred, ¾ in Chicago Gas and ½ in Sugar common and preferred, Distilling and Ontario & Western.

New York, June 26.—Higher prices obtained after midday and Tobacco, Richmond Terminal preferred and New York Central rose ½, Chicago Gas ⅝, Wabash preferred ⅜, Pullman 1 and Colorado CoCal and Iron 2. Then Burlington and Missouri Pacific sold down ½ and Tobacco preferred ¾. The rest of the list was unaffected.

3 p. m.—Changes in quotations have been slight, Lake Shore leading with an advance of 1½ and Oregon Navigation selling up 1 per cent. The market generally closed quiet but firm.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 2¾@4½. Sterling exchange dull but firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 485¾ for demand and 487½@487¾ for 60 days. Posted rates, 488½@490. Commercial bills, 486¾. Silver certificates, 64@65, no sales. Bar silver, 62⅞. Mexican dollars, 51½.

New York Stock Market.

	Opening	Highest	Lowest	Close
A. C. O.	26¾	....	....	26½
Atch	5⅛	5⅛	4⅞	5⅛
Sugar	97½	98⅛	97½	97⅞
C. S.	49¾	49⅞	49¾	49¾
Gas	78⅜	79⅛	77⅞	78⅞
B. Q.	77¼	77½	76⅞	77¼
C. C. C.	37	....	....	37
Erie	12½	13	12½	12¾
H. V.	16¼	....	....	16¾
J. C.	106½	....	....	106½
L. S.	131⅛	133	131½	133
L. & N.	44¼	44⅝	44¼	44½
Lead	38	38¼	37⅞	38
M. P.	26	26⅜	25⅞	26¼
U. S. C.	22½	22⅝	22	22⅝
N. Y. C.	97½	98	97½	97⅝
N. P.	3½	....	....	3½
N. P. pfd	15⅜	14¼	13⅞	14
P. M.	14⅜	....	....	14⅜
R. G.	15¼	15⅜	15	15⅜
R. I.	68¼	....	....	68½
St. P.	58⅞	59½	58⅞	59⅜
U. P.	10¼	10⅝	10	10⅜
W. P.	10⅜	14	13¾	13⅜
W. U.	83¼	83½	82⅞	83½
G. E.	35¾	36⅞	35⅞	36½
D. C. F.	23⅞	24⅛	23⅞	24
Man.	114⅞	....	....	114¼
T. C. & I.	18⅛	....	....	114⅜

Trade.

The past week has shown but little increase in the general trade of the country. The fact that large numbers of coal miners have gone to work has helped that branch of business some, but it will take a week or two yet to put the wheels of business in that line in active motion.

Cotton Markets.

Baltimore, June 26.—Cotton nominal; middling, 7⅜c; low middling, 6 15-16c; good ordinary, 6¼c.

Boston, June 26.—Cotton quiet; middling, 7 5-16c; low middling, 6 11-16c; good ordinary, 5 13-16c.

Philadelphia, June 26.—Cotton firm; middling, 7 11-16c; low middling, 7 3-16c; good ordinary, 6 5-16c.

Savannah, Ga., June 26.—Cotton quiet; middling 7c; low middling, 6⅝c; good ordinary, 6⅛c.

New York, June 26.—Cotton futures opened quiet and steady; sales, 4,100 bales; June $7.05 bid; August, $7.11; September, $7.14; December, $7.30 bid.

New York, June 26.—Spot cotton steady; middling uplands, 7 5-16c; middling gulf, 7 9-16c.

Wool.

St. Louis, June 26.—Wool firm and unchanged; current offerings sell readily.

Dun says of wool during the past week: The sales at the three chief markets for the week have been 2,617,396 lbs domestic wool against 1,575,200 last year, and 635,145 foreign, against 1,115,600 las tyear, the total being 3,252,541 lbs against 2,989,800 last year and 5,413,550 in 1892. The figures again indicate only about half a full consumption of all kinds, with a greater decrease in carpet wool than in other varieties. In three weeks of June the sales have been 8,879,124 lbs against 6,616,926 last year, and 16,932,650 in 1892. The markets are all dull, the hesitation of manufacturing concerns being increased by the situation at Washington, and there is much discussion regarding the question how far prices will change when the proposed bill takes effect. The increase of 3,000,000 lbs in Australian output, and a further increase in the South American output, are noted, but it is argued that medium and coarse wool is already as low as it would be without any duties, although fine and territory wools are relatively higher than abroad. Ohio XX being quoted at 20c, Michigan X at 17c and territory wool selling on the basis of 30@31c for scoured.